

THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL,

Translated into
ENGLISH VERSE.

By the Right Honourable
RICHARD, late Earl of LAUDERDALE.

----- *Sequiturque Sequentem.* Æn. xi.

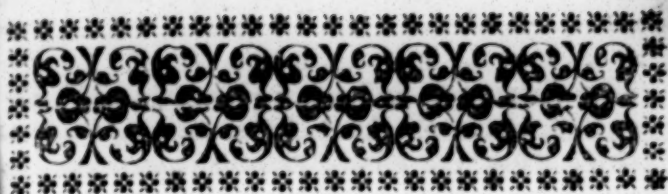
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VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.



BOOK VI.



The CONTENTS.

Æneas (grieving for the loss of his Pilot Palinurus) lands at Cumæ near Naples; goes strait to the Cave of the Sibyll, where whilst he is taken up with viewing the Temple of Apollo, and several things there described, he is advised by her to perform his Devotions, and to offer Victims to the Gods. The Sacrifice ended, he enquires several future Events of the Prophetess, and proposeth to her to go down to Hell,

Hell, to see his Father Anchises in the Elyfian Fields. The Sibyll returns him a threefold Answer, That he was immediately to engage in a terrible War with the Latin People : That he was to find out a golden Branch (very difficult to be done) before he could go to Hell : That one of his Friends was dead on the Shore. Æneas returning to his Fleet, finds his Trumpeter Milenus dead on the Sea-side, killed by Triton, a Sea God. Whilst he and his Men are busy in cutting Wood for Misenus's Funeral Pile, the Birds of Venus, two white Pidgeons, direct Æneas to the golden Branch. Here the funeral Rites of the Romans are exactly described in the manner of Misenus's funeral ; which being done, and the nocturnal Sacrifices performed to the infernal Gods, Æneas and the Sibyll descend into Hell ; where in the cuntry they see , First, The forms of several Monsters : Secondly, Upon the Brinks of the infernal Rivers many Ghosts of Men, whose Bodies were unburied ; amongst them Orontes, Leucaspis, and Palinurus ; Thirdly, Charon, the Ferry-man of Hell, in the River of Styx, whose Anger the Sibyll appeases, by shewing the golden Branch ; Fourthly, Having cross'd the River Styx, in the Gate they find Cerberus the Porter of Hell. Fifthly, They see the Mansions which are inhabited ; first, by the Ghosts of Infants ; secondly, by those unjustly condemned, and put to death on Earth ; thirdly, by those who had killed themselves ; Fourthly, The Ghosts of Lovers, amongst these Dido ; Fifthly, The Ghosts of Warriours ; amongst these Deiphobus, and o-
ther

ther Trojan and Grecian Captains. Sixthly, They see on high, on the Left, the Prisons of the Wicked and damned Souls; and because they cannot go thither, he is informed by the Sibyll of their several Punishments: Such as that of the Giants, Salmoneus, the Centaurs, Ixion, Theseus, Pirithous and Tantalus. Seventhly, turning towards the Right, they come to the Elysian Fields, where they find many Souls of Hero's. They are informed by Musæus (the Greek Poet) of the Nature of the resting Place of happy Souls; who also shews them the way to his Father Anchises. Eighthly, Anchises gives Æneas a full account of the Nature of Souls, and of the Creation of all Things (according to the Tenets of Pythagoras) and also shews him all the great Romans who were to descend from him down to Augustus Cæsar. Ninthly, Anchises having instructed him fully as to the Elysian Fields, and what he was to meet with in the World, sends out the Sibyll and Æneas by the Ivory Gate, who returns to his Fleet which sails to the Bay of Cajeta.



H u s spoke the mournful Prince; Then,
spread more Sail,
And soon made *Cuma* with a gentle-
Gale;

Their Heads to Sea the Ships securely ride
Hemming the Shore at Anchor side by side.
With eager haste the *Trojans* leap'd ashore.
Some strike out sparks of Fire, long kept in store

In Veins of Flint ; some level to the Ground
 The Dens of Beasts, and shew the Springs they found.
 The good *Aeneas* to those lofty Tow'rs
 Where *Phæbus* reigns, to dreadful Caves and Bow'rs, 10
 Directs his steps, where *Delos*' God inspires
 The *Sibyll*'s Breast with strong Prophetick Fires :
 These *Dadalus* to *Hecar* rais'd (if true
 The Fame receiv'd) when he from *Minos* flew :
 The first of Men, who cou'd on Nature dare 15
 To trust his weight on nimble Wings in Air,
 Through Paths untry'd he bent his airy way,
 Northwards to Tow'rs in the *Cumæan* Bay.
 His saving Wings he vow'd to *Phæbus*' Fame,
 And built a lofty Temple to his Name ; 20
 Upon its stately Front his skilful Hand
 ' Emboss'd *Androgeus*' death by Heav'n's command.
 The griev'd *Athenians* sent to *Crete* each Year
 Sev'n destin'd Youths his Murder to repair ;
 The fatal Urn which did their Names contain, 25
 With *Crete* at distance rais'd above the Main.
 The well-grown Bull, who fir'd *Pasiphaë*'s Breast
 With Lust unnatural, to the Life express'd ;
 To please her Gallant she exchang'd her Shape,
 And like a Cow receiv'd the lusty Leap : 30
 ' From her that monstrous Brood, half Man above
 ' Half Bull below, the Child of brutal Love.
 The Labyrinth, for endless windings fam'd,
 For this dire Guest by *Dadalus* was fram'd ;

In pity he to *Ariadne's* love, 35
(Such charms had Beauty bath'd in Tears to move :)
Preserv'd her *Theseus*, and to ease her smart,
Disclos'd the Secret and reveal'd his Art,
Unlock'd the Mazes. Thus a slender Thread
Return'd the Lover to the Lover's Bed. 40
Poor *Icarus*, Grief pierc'd thy Father's Heart,
Else thou hadst shar'd the wonders of this Art :
' Twice he essay'd to cast thy Fate in Gold,
' His trembling Hands twice drop'd the forming Mould.
These, and such sights, delight *Aeneas' Eyes*, 45
Achates with the *Sibyll* comes ; she cries :
Why thus on trivial Sights your Time mispend ?
The God requires you shou'd his Rites attend :
As grateful Victims to his mighty Name,
Seven unyok'd Steers, seven spotless Sheep must flame. 50
The *Trojans* heard her words, and soon obey ;
When Heaven commands 'tis impious to delay.
The holy Priestess next *Aeneas* calls
Up to the lofty Temple's outmost Walls ;
Cut out in Cliffs of *Cuma's* cragged Hill, 55
Whose hundred Doors a hundred Voices fill :
The *Sibyll's* answers from the Cave resound,
And shake the Caverns of the hollow Ground.
Before the Gate the Virgin call'd aloud.
' Now is the time ; he comes, behold the God ! 60
Her varying Looks and Face, with starting Hair,
The inward Tumult of her Soul declare.

Full of the God her Bosom fiercely swells,
 She bigger seems, her Voice by far excels
 All human sound : When the inspiring God 65
 Possess'd her lab'ring Soul, she call'd aloud :
 Pray, pray *Aeneas* ; without Vows and Pray'r
 No Mortal is allow'd to enter here.
 The *Trojans* hearts were fill'd with sudden dread,
 Cold streams of sweat their shaking Joints o'erspread, 70
 The Prince himself thus pray'd. -----
 Great *Phæbus*, we, the wretched *Trojans*, own
 Thou still hast Pity to our suff'ring shown.
 ' Thy hand directed *Paris*' killing Steel,
 To fierce *Achilles*' vulnerable Heel ;
 Under thy Conduct I have coasted round,
 Vast Regions, and have heard the dreadful sound }
 Of Seas which *Africk* and the *Syrtes* bound.
 With joy at last *Italian* Ground I view,
 Which seems to fly me still as I pursue. 80
 Fortune thus far hath vex'd the *Trojan* Race,
 Now let our Labours by thy favour cease.
 Since *Troy*'s no more, ye Gods, and Pow'rs above,
 She may your Pity, not your Envy move.
 And thou, great Prophetess, who things to come 85
 Know'st as things past, let me reach *Latium* :
 I ask my due, that *Trojan* Gods may find
 A place of Rest, now toss'd by Seas and Wind ;
 ' I shall to *Phæbus* and *Diana*'s Names
 ' Great Temples build, with Festivals and Games : 90

Nor shalt thou sacred Maid escape my care,
While to your Fame I shining Altars rear;
Where chosen Priests shall guard thy holy Place,
And secret Fates, foretold the *Dardan* Race.
Prophetick Maid, your Oracles rehearse,
Nor write on fleeting Leaves your holy Verse,
Lest sporting Winds displace the Characters.

} 95

Impatient of the God, she reels and raves,
Around the Vault; her Heart with Fury heaves.
She strove to shake the Godhead from her Soul:
Mortals in vain Celestial Pow'rs controul;
He curb'd her foaming Mouth, her Bosom fir'd,
Proportion'd to the Spirit he inspir'd.

100

Now of themselves the hundred Gates unfold,
Through which the *Sibyl's* Prophecies are told.
Great hazards you have past at Sea, yet more,
And greater still attend you on the Shore.

105

Fear not, the *Trojans* shall old *Latium* gain,
And soon repent their Voyage o'er the Main.

' Wars, horrid Wars I see along the Shore,
And *Tyber* foaming red with human Gore.

110

A *Simois* and *Xanthus* you shall find,
With *Grecian* Camps; like you, of heavenly kind,
A new *Achilles* waits you where you go,
And *Juno* with him join'd, your constant Foe.

115

In this distress all the *Ansonian* State
And Towns you shall for present Aid intreat:

The

The Root of all this Ill, a foreign Wife,
 Still source, and fatal to the *Trojan* Strife :
 Fortune submits to Valour, never yield, 120
 But dare her boldly, meet her in the Field.
 When least you hope, you certain safety find,
 A *Grecian* Town shall to your Cause prove kind.
 This from the holy Place the *Sibyll* sung,
 And round the Vault the Inspiration rung, 125
 Deep Truths wrapt up in words of doubtful Sense :
Phœbus at last withdraws his influence ;
 Checking th' impulses of her panting Breast,
 Her foaming Rage and raging Fury ceas'd.
 O holy Maid, you no new thing devise, 130
 No view of Labour can my Soul surprize,
 (The Hero said) I have resolv'd on all,
 And stand prepar'd to meet whate'er befall.
 But since the Palace of th' infernal King,
 (Whence *Acheron's* black Flood derives its spring) 135
 Is near at hand, I beg your help to go
 To see my Father in the Shades below ;
 Lead me the way, these hid Recesses shew.
 His feeble Limbs my back did gladly bear
 Through Flames, through *Greeks*, through dangers of
 the War ; 140
 With me he shar'd the hazard of the Seas,
 Contemn'd the Storms and his neglected Ease ?

But

But when his Soul fled to the Shades beneath,
 He charg'd me, praying with his latest Breath,
 To ask your Aid, and see him after Death. } 145

Pity the Son and Father's begging State,
 And yield our Pray'rs; for what you grant is Fate.
 Such trust great *Proserpine* ne'er gave in vain
 O'er the infernal Groves: The *Thracian* Swain
 With Musick charm'd the Shades, brought back his Fair,
 His lov'd *Enrydice* to open Air. 151

Could *Castor* and his Brother live and die
 By equal turns? Could *Theseus* Hell defie?
 Or *Hercules*? with theirs my Blood's the same,
 My Line Immortal from the Thund'rer came. 160

Thus pray'd the Hero, then his Arms embrace
 The sacred Altars. Prince of heav'nly Race,
 ' (The Maid replies) with ease we find the way
 ' To Hell, the Gates are open Night and Day:
 But oh! how hard and difficult to tread 165
 The Paths, to heav'nly Light which upward lead?
 Few Favourites of Heav'n, belov'd of *Jove*,
 Could by transcendent Virtue mount above.
 Thick Woods and Shades o'erspread the middle Ground,
 Which black *Cocytus*' Streams encompass round. 170

But since your Soul's so fill'd with strong desire,
 Of crossing twice those Floods of liquid Fire;
 Of viewing twice the boundless Deeps below;
 Charm'd with the bold attempt, before you go,
 Receive from me what is requir'd of you. } 175

OR

On a spread Oak there lurks a Branch of Gold,
 Sacred to *Proserpine* from times of Old;
 Shaded with gloomy Woods, depriv'd of Light,
 A constant Fence from prying Mortals fight.
 E'er any dare th' infernal Seats behold 180
 They first must pull the Branch whose Leaves are Gold.
 The mighty Empress of the Realms of Night
 Requires this grateful Present as her right.
 The first broke off, a second in its room,
 Like to the first, with golden Leaves will bloom. 185
 With Eyes lift up find out the sacred Bough,
 And seize when found; it drops, if Heav'n allow,
 And willingly inclines to meet your Hand;
 But Strength and Steel are vain if Fate withstand.
 Besides unknown to you, your hopeless Friend 190
 Whilst here you pray and on the Gods attend;
 By his untimely Fate pollutes your Host,
 Perform his Rites, appease his wand'ring Ghost:
 Black Victims to the holy Altar lead
 The Gods below, first Off'rings for the Dead: 195
 Then youth' infernal Lakes, those Realms of Night,
 May view, though seldom shewn to human Sight.

The Prince with Eyes cast down, and full of Thought,
 Goes from the Cave, his Heart with Sorrow fraught:
 Faithful *Achates* shares his Grief and Way, 200
 And equal Cares his troubl'd Soul bewray.
 Much Talk they had, afflicted and amaz'd,
 This dismal Chance alike their Wonder rais'd

To know this hapless Friend they must inter.
Both saw too soon the Cause of all their Fear, 205
For lo ! the brave *Misenus* murder'd lay,
All pale and lifeless on resembling Clay :
Ignobly slain.
The Son of *Eolus*, none better knew,
To raise old Courage and inspire the new ; 210
Or by his martial Sounds or fierce Alarms,
Still first in Danger and the last in Arms :
Hector's Assistant in the *Trojan* War,
' Both with his Trumpet and his pointed Spear.
But when *Achilles* by a fatal Blow, 215
Had sent that Hero to the Shades below,
Misenus chose *Aeneas* for his Lord ;
He cou'd not stoop to less, nor Fortune more afford.
But, as he sounded o'er the liquid Plains,
Mad to out-vie the Gods in lofty Strains, 220
The rival'd *Triton* (whom his Song provokes)
Seiz'd by Surprize, and drown'd among the Rocks :
Its strange, if true, that his stupendous Skill
Should even immortal Pow'rs with Envy fill.
With doleful Cries the *Trojans* rend the Air, 225
Aeneas most of all. They next prepare
T' obey the *Sibyll*, weeping all the while,
And cut whole Groves to raise a Fun'ral Pile :
They haste to Thickets of an ancient Wood,
Which long for cruel Beasts a Covert stood ; 230

Where by the force of oft-repeated Strokes
 They Pitch-Trees fell, with Ash and sturdy Oaks :
 From rocky Mountains greatest Pines they throw,
 Whose lofty Tops fill all the Vales below.

Accouter'd as the rest, *Aeneas* shows 235

Example to his Friends, by lusty Blows ;
 Alone he mus'd, and as he pensive stood,
 Thus pray'd as he beheld the shady Wood.
 Were I, ye Gods, so happy now to see

In this great Wood, the shining sacred Tree : 240

Since the fam'd *Sibyll* told, alas ! too true,
Misenus' Death. He said, when (strange !) in view
 Two Doves appear, descending thro' the Skies
 Upon the grassy Plain : Knowing his Mother's Birds, he
 cries :

' Be you my Guides, if any Tract is found, 245

Where golden Twigs o'erspread the teeming Ground :
 And thou, fair Goddess, never leave thy Son
 In his Distress. This said, he straight went on,
 Observing still their Course.

They, feeding, hopt along before his Sight, 250

Which easily pursu'd their ling'ring Flight.

But when arriv'd to *Acheron*'s stinking Lake,
 Through yielding Air their airy Way they make ;
 To wish'd-for Seats they flew with eager haste,
 Till on the double Tree they perch'd at last. 255

The golden Bough quite through the Verdure shines,
 Like that Excrescence which in Winter twines

Round fading Oaks ; which wanting Seed and Root,
 Its Saffron Leaves from viscous Moisture shoot.
 Ev'n thus the Branch appear'd, whose golden Rind 260
 And shining Leaves play'd in the wanton Wind.
 With so much haste the Hero seiz'd the Bough,
 Though Fate gave way, both Fate and it seem'd slow :
 His Fate obtain'd, to the dread *Sybill's* Eyes
Æneas next expos'd the fatal Prize. 265

Mean while the zealous *Trojans'* pious Care,
 The brave *Misennus'* Funeral prepare.
 First from the Ground a mighty Pile they raise
 Of Oaks new fell'd, fat Pines, and Fir ; to these
 They add the Twigs of Pitch-Tree and of Ewe, 270
 And round in order fatal Cypress strew :
 His shining Arms and Armour crown the Pile ;
 On flaming Fire the brazen Cauldrons boil. }
 They wash the Body, then anoint with Oil. }
 They mourn his Death, his cruel Fate deplore ; } 275
 Then place him on a Bier, they cover o'er
 With scarlet Robes, which brave *Misennus* wore. }
 Some bear, some fire the Pile, and turn away
 Their Face ; sad Duty (as of old) they pay.
 " Next Oil and Incense on the Fire they throw, 280
 " With Fat of Victims which his Friends bestow.
 When *Chorinaus* saw the Flames expire,
 The Bones and Ashes, which had escap'd the Fire,
 He gather'd up, and all the Warm Remains,
 When wash'd in Wine, a brazen Urn contains. 285

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 When *Chorinæus* saw the Flames expire,

The Bones and Ashes, which had scap'd the Fire,
 He gather'd up, and all the Warm Remains,
 When wash'd in Wine, a brazen Urn contains. 285

With Olive Branches dipp'd in purest Dew,
 He thence among the *Trojans* Water threw.
 Thus purify'd, no longer they attend
 The Fun'ral Rites of their unhappy Friend.

A stately Tomb the good *Aeneas* rears, 290
 Which brave *Misenus*' Arms and Trumpets bears;
 Under a lofty Mountain, to which Fame
 Has given for time to come, *Misenus*' Name.

These Rites perform'd, the Prince with speed obey'd,
 What was enjoyn'd by the Prophetick Maid. 295

A dreadful Cave, with Rocks environ'd round,
 Which dusky Lakes and blacker Woods surround;
 Belching such noisome Vapours to the Sky,
 O'er it the swiftest Fowl dare scarcely fly.

For this the *Grecian* Bard *Avernus* sings, } 300
Aeneas first four coal-black *Bullocks* brings,
 The *Sibyll* Wine upon their Foreheads flings :
 ' Pulling the curled Hair between the Horns.
 ' These first Oblations on the Altar burns.

Then *Hecate* calls, whose Pow'r is ev'ry where 305
 In Hell, on Earth, through Regions of the Air.
 With Daggers some the prostrate Victims slay,
 Under the Wounds some hallow'd Bowls convey.

The pious *Trojan* then his Faulchion drew, } 310
 To Night and Earth a Lamb of sable Hew,
 To *Proserpine* a barren Heifer slew.

Then whole burnt Off'rings to great *Pluto* kill'd,
 And seven strong Bulls his flaming Altar fill'd :

And

And then sweet Oyls and fragrant Oyntments pour'd
On burning Entrails which the Fire devour'd. 315

This Sacrifice, which in the Night begun,
Burnt on, and lasted till the rising Sun.

When from Earth's Hollow dreadful Sounds were heard
Of frighten'd Nature, sacred Groves appear'd
As if they mov'd, and Dogs were heard to bark 320
At the approach of *Hecate* in the Dark.

Fly hence, far hence (the *Sibyll* call'd aloud)
All unprepar'd, with speed forsake the Wood.

Prince, draw your Sword and force your way, for here
Are dreadful Sightings will try what Heart you bear. 325

This said, her self into the Cave she threw,
And he as boldly did her Steps pursue.

Infernal Gods, who rule the Shades below,
Chaos and *Phlegethon*, ye Realms of Woe,
Grant what I've heard I may to light expose, 330
Secrets which Earth, and Night, and Hell inclose.

They went obscur'd in gloomy Shades of Night,
Through empty Regions destitute of Light ;
As when Men walk by Night in thickest Woods,
When *Jove* o'ercasts the pale-fac'd Moon with Clouds.
Just at the Entrance of th' infernal Gate, 336
Grief and revenging Cares have fix'd their Seat :
Here pale Diseases dwell, with sad old Age,
Fears, shameful Want, and Hunger prompting Rage,
Forms terrible to see ; here's Death and Toil, 340
And Death's Companion, Sleep ; Joys which beguile.

Poor mortal Creatures : Here is dreadful War
 Oppos'd to these, and shakes a bloody Spear :
 Distracted Strife, Furies in iron Beds,
 With twining Vipers curling round their Heads. 345
 A lofty Elm o'er shades the middle Ground,
 Its spreading Boughs reach a vast Compass round :
 Close to whose trembling Leaves vain Dreams, they
 say,
 Have their Abodes, but lighter far than they.
 The Forms of divers Monsters haunt the Place, 350
 Eye-killing Gorgons and the Harpyes Race ;
Chimæra arm'd with Fire, and thousands more
 Such Guests inhabit round the *Strygian* Shore.
Thessalian Centaurs near the Entry dwell,
 Where double *Scylla* hath its dismal Cell. 355
 Here is the hundred-handed Giant's Shape,
 Here *Hydra's* Mouths with horrid Hissings gape,
 There threefold *Geryon*, who at once did reign,
 In distinct Bodies, o'er three Isles of *Spain*.
 Struck with a sudden Fear, *Aeneas* drew 360
 As if he would th' insulting Shades pursue ;
 But that his holy Guide told what they were,
 At best but empty Forms of bladder'd Air.
 T' infernal *Acheron* hence lies the way,
 Whose whirling Eddy's thick with Mud and Clay : 365
 Its dusky Sand to black *Cocytus* rolls,
Charon alone the horrid Waves controuls.

Down from his Chin his grizly Beard undress'd,
Uncomb'd, falls dangling on his hoary Chest;
His hollow Eyes are sunk in glaring Fire, 370
Ty'd on his Shoulders hangs his course Attire:
Freighted with Souls he drives his rusty Boat,
With Pole and Sail across th' infernal Mote.
Though old, yet strong; on him vast Numbers wait,
Matrons and Men bereav'd of Life by Fate. 375
The greater Souls of Hero's, blooming Maids,
And Youths of Parents living doom'd to Shades,
' Thick as the Leaves in Autumn fall in Woods,
' Or Birds, when forc'd by Storms from Winter Floods,
Seek after milder Climates on the Land, 380
Here Ghosts stood thicker on the *Stygian* Strand;
Their airy Arms the nearest stretching wide,
And beg quick Passage to the other side.
Some Souls the surly Ferry-man wafts o'er,
And thrusts off others from the burning Shore. 385
Mov'd and amaz'd *Æneas* ask'd his Guide,
What meant this earnest thronging to the Tide?
Why some receiv'd, and other Souls deny'd? }
" Son of *Anchises*, Off-spring of the Gods,
" The *Sibyll* said, you see the *Stygian* Floods, 390
By which the Gods dare never vainly swear:
All are interr'd whom *Stygian* Waters bear:
' The Boat-man, *Charon*: The expecting Crowd
Of Souls you see along th' infernal Flood,

Want

Want funeral Rites above, whose sudden ends- 395
 Have snatch'd their Bodies from their mourning Friends.
 The Body first must funeral Rites partake,
 Before the Soul can cross the *Stygian Lake*.
 ' A hundred Years these Fields they wander o'er,
 That time expir'd they reach the wish'd-for Shore. 400
Aeneas stops, bemoans their cruel Fate,
 And finds *Leucaspes* in this dismal State ;
 The *Lycian* Admiral, *Orontes* too,
 The Southern Wind o'erfet his Ship and Crew ;
 Sailing from *Asia* to th' *Italian Coast*, 405
 In foaming Billows Ship and all was lost.
 Vex'd *Palinurus* comes, his Eye-balls roll
 In Scouls, and shew the anguish of his Soul :
 ' Whilst he observ'd the Stars by Night, and bore
 " His Course from *Africk* to the *Latian Shore*, 410
 He fell amidst the Waves. *Aeneas* cries,
 When first through gloomy Shades the Ghost he spies :
 Say, *Palinurus*, which of all the Gods
 Tore thee from us, to perish in the Floods ?
 For hitherto *Apollo* always true, 415
 Sincere in all, but what relates to you :
 His Oracles assur'd me long before,
 ' That you shou'd safely reach th' *Italian Shore*.
 This I believ'd, and on his Word rely'd,
 ' Is this his promis'd Faith ? The Ghost reply'd, 420
 Nor you, nor me, *Apollo* hath deceiv'd,
 Nor was I by that God of Life bereav'd :

The Helm I govern'd, overcome with Sleep,
I with me drew, and plung'd into the Deep.
Nor was I (by the watty Pow'rs I swear) 425
‘ Concern'd for Life, for you was all my Care;
Fearing your Ship, the Helm and Pilot lost,
Should be by swelling Seas and Tempests tost.
‘ Three blurr'ring Nights, blown by the Southern Wind,
‘ On Seas I floated, could no landing find; 430
The fourth Day dawn'd, and then I cou'd perceive
Italian Land, high mounted on a Wave :
Forcing my self I safely swam to Shore
‘ And grasp'd the Rocks, quite spent, and wet all o'er :
The fierce *Lucanians* arm'd against me drew, 435
Expecting Boory, ignorantly flew.
Now for an Urn I have a rolling Wave,
And all the *Tyrrhen* Waters for a Grave.
By all that's Holy both in Heav'n and Earth,
By old *Anchises*, by *Iulus*' Birth; 440
For their dear Sakes I beg, your Pity crave
Of all my Woes; my Bones throw in a Grave,
Which you in *Velias*' Bay with ease may find :
But if fair *Cytherea* prove more kind,
And shew some Means by which you may convey 445
My wand'ring Ghost, and all my Griefs allay;
Without the Presence of some friendly God,
What Man wou'd come to view this dark Abode?
Reach me your Hand, ease my afflicted Mind,
That I in death a resting Place may find; 450
Thus

Thus *Palinurus*. Then the *Sibyll* spoke.

What strange Desire can thus your Soul provoke ?

Dare you, who want all funeral Rites, behold

The Furies curling Snakes ? are you so bold,

Uncall'd, to visit the infernal Seats ?

455

Nor hope by praying to controul the Fates.

Let this atone your Fate, your dire Mischance ;

The Towns all round shall expiate the Offence :

Constrain'd by Prodigies a Tomb shall rear,

And please your Ghost with yearly Gifts and Pray'r ;

460

And to all future Ages shall proclaim,

This sacred Ground bears *Palinurus*' Name.

This eas'd his Mind, his Soul with Pleasure fill'd,

The Place should bear his Name where he was kill'd.

The good *Aeneas* and his holy Guide,

465

Their way continue to the River side ;

Whom *Charon* seeing from the *Stygian* Flood,

Approach the Shore and cross the silent Wood.

He call'd aloud ; Mortal, whoe'er you are

Who dare in Arms upon these Banks appear ;

470

Retire from hence, these dusky Shores I keep

Sacred to Night, to gloomy Shades and Sleep :

Say, what has brought you to the Realms below ?

No human Bodies o'er these Waters go :

Nor had I cause to boast *Alcides*' name,

475

Or when great *Theseus* or *Pirithous* came,

All sprung from Gods, and of immortal Fame.

One

One bound in Chains the trembling Porter led
From *Pluto's* Throne, two would defile his Bed :
To whom the *Sibyll* briefly : Cease to frown, 480
These Arms all Fraud and Violence disown.

Let *Cerberus* with howlings still molest
The trembling Ghosts ; let *Pluto's* Queen be chaste :
The Prince you see, so fam'd for filial Love
And deeds in War, comes hither from above, } 485
To see *Anchises* in the *Elysian* Grove.

But if such pious Duty and such worth
Fail to persuade, (the hidden Branch holds forth)
This Present must prevail. The surly God
From anger ceas'd, admitt'd the shining Rod, 490

' Not seen for many Years : He put to land,
" The Ghosts forsook their Seats at his command :
" Then clear'd the Deck, receiv'd the mighty Freight,
" The leaky Vessel groan'd beneath the weight.

At last *Aeneas* and his holy Guide, 495
He safely landed on the other side.

Couch'd in his Cave, huge *Cerberus* they found,
Whose thund'ring Yells through these dark Kingdoms
found :

His Neck begun to swell, his Serpents hiss'd,
All round his Crest their spiral Volumes twist. 500

Soon as the *Sybill* did his anger view,
A Sop prepar'd with sleepy Drugs she threw :
Which he in haste with famish'd Jaws receives,
The Charm his Hunger and his Rage deceives.

Immo-

Immediate Sleep invades his drowfy Eyes, 505
 While on the Ground his monstrous Body lies.
 The Guard asleep, *Aeneas* gains the way,
 From whence there's no return to light of Day.

' Hard by the Gate the Ghosts of Babes new born,
 ' Whom rigid Fate from Mothers Breasts had torn, 510
 With unavailing Plaints were heard to cry;
 Form'd not to be, and only born to die.
 ' Next legal murder'd Souls, by Forms of Laws,
 And Peers, who sat on all, except the Cause,
 Now after Death with Justice find their due; 515
 Great *Minos* calls his Council, must review
 The Sentence, and their Lives severely hear,
 Where no apostate Witness dares appear.
 Self-murd'ring Souls were next, haters of Light,
 Mistaken Fools, damn'd to eternal Night; 520
 Repenting of their change, would now retrieve
 Their mighty loss, and be content to live:
 The Fates are deaf to these poor Wretches cry,
 Nine *Stygian* Channels their return deny.

Not far from thence, stretch'd out on ev'ry side, 525
 Lie gloomy Plains, where Groves of Myrtle hide
 Those pining Souls, whom irresistible Love,
 With endless Tears, and whining kill'd above:
 In secret Paths they feel like Pains below,
 Death, which ends all, ne'er ends a Lover's Woe. 530
Aeneas, *Phadra* here, and *Procris* found,
 There *Eriphyle* shew'd *Alcmaon's* Wound:

Evadne

Evadne and *Pasiphae*, *Laodamia* too,

And with them hand in hand saw *Canens* go;

A Virgin once, by the decrees of Fate, 335

Now after Death resumes her former State.

With these th' unhappy *Dido*, newly come,

While her fresh bleeding Wound express'd her Doom,

Walk'd thro' the Woods; when her the Hero knew

Through Shades, and near her stood, as when we

view

The rising Moon, thro' Clouds, when she is new;

We see, or think we see her in the Skies;

A Flood of Tears fell from his weeping Eyes:

By Grief intranc'd his amorous fit returns,

The Fire renew'd with greater ardour burns. 343

Ah! Queen (he cries) alas I find its true,

What I have heard by Fame concerning you;

That her own hand made fair *Elisa* bleed,

Alas! I fear, I caus'd the bloody Deed.

Now by the Gods above, and those below, 350

By all the starry Heavens I firmly vow:

The Gods, no choice of mine, made me forsake

Your Arms, and forc'd me to the *Stygian* Lake;

To this dire place inclos'd with shades of Night,

To these dark Regions destitute of Light; 355

How cou'd I think, or how durst I believe,

That even to death you wou'd my Absence grieve?

Stay, Princess, stay, consider whom you fly,

The Minute Fate allows will you deny?

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Thus with soft words the weeping Hero strove 560
 To sooth her Anger, and her Hate remove:
 Silent she stood with a disdainful Frown,
 And on the Ground her sullen Looks cast down;
 Fix'd as a marble Rock which braves the Floods:
 Then sprung with Fury to the shady Woods, 565
 To shun his Sight and meet her former Mate,
 Equal in Sorrow, Kindness, and in Fate.
 Mov'd with her Death, *Aeneas*' watry Eyes
 Follow with Looks of Pity while she flies,
 ' And then pursues the way the Fates ordain'd, 570
 ' He and his Guide the outmost Fields attain'd;
 Where by themselves Heroick Souls remain
 Of Men renown'd in War. Here on the Plain
 He met *Parthenopæus*, *Tideus* here,
 And pale *Adrastus* trembling still through fear. 575
 ' Of Trojan Ghosts he saw a mighty Train,
 " All much regretted, all in Battel slain;
 ' *Thersilochus*, *Glaukus*, *Medon* with the rest,
 " *Antenor*'s Sons; and *Ceres* sacred Priest,
 Great *Polyboetes*, glad *Idæus* there 580
 Driving his Chariot, in his Hand a Spear.
 Enquiring Ghosts around *Aeneas* stood,
 Not satisfy'd to view they nearer crowd;
 They're pleas'd to stay and gaze, and long to know,
 What Chance had brought him to the Shades below. 585
 Not so the Captains of *Atreides*' Host
 Beheld the Prince, amaz'd they quit their Post,

As heretofore, when to their Fleet they ran
At the approach of so well known a Man.
Some wou'd have cry'd, cou'd they have cry'd for fear,
When first they saw his glitt'ring Arms appear. 591

Deiphobus, old *Priam*'s Son, near these,
Mangl'd and torn from Head to Foot, he sees;
His Hands, Ears, Nose cut off, his Face appears
Cover'd all o'er with ignominious Scars : 595

" He scarcely knew him, striving to disown

' His sad disgrace, and fearing to be known.

The good *Aeneas* kindly call'd his Friend,

And longs to hear his sad and fatal end.

Thrice noble Prince, who cou'd such Pains enjoin 600

On Royal Blood, and sprung from *Tenue*'s Line?

What cruel Mortal could so meanly kill?

Or who had power to use the Brave so ill?

For I have heard our last and fatal Night,

That after wonders you perform'd in Fight, 605

Endeavouring still your Countrey to sustain,

You sell its Victim over heaps of Slain.

An empty Tomb on the *Rhætean* Shore

I rais'd, your Arms and greater name it bore;

With loudest Voice I rent the trembling Air, 610

And thrice invok'd your Ghost; I took all care,

In native Ground your Body to inter.

Deiphobus reply'd, You all things pay'd

' Fit for the quiet of my wandering Shade:

“ But cruel Fate ; and my more cruel Wife, 615

• Inconstant *Helena*, betray'd my Life :

She plung'd me in these Woes, her marks I bear.

Our sad and dismal Night, then free from Care,

Alas (you know too well) in Joys we past,

And never thought it was to be our last. 620

The fatal Horse roll'd in through Walls thrown down,

Full fraught with *Grecians* to invade the Town :

She cunningly a Feast to *Bacchus* feign'd,

With Balls and Masks our Ladies entertain'd :

She with a Torch led up the solemn Dance, 625

The signal to the *Grecians* to advance.

• Mean while with watching and with cares oppress'd,

“ Unhappy I had laid me down to rest ;

Rest, more I like Death than Sleep my senses seiz'd,

My drooping Soul and weary'd Body eas'd. 630

My worthy Spouse disarm'd my House, from whence

She stole my trusty Sword, my sure defence.

She *Menelaus* call'd, unbarr'd the Door,

Hoping his Pardon for what past before,

And hid old Crimes by still committing more ; } 635

They enter, on me rush, and basely kill :

Amongst the first (the Author of all Ill)

Base-born *Ulysses* ! May the Gods repay

• Such measure to the *Greeks*, if I with Justice pray.

My end you know, 'tis now your turn to tell 640

• What chance hath brought you living down to Hell ?

Is it your roving o'er the foaming Main?
 Or is it what the Gods and Fate ordain?
 While they discourse, the Chariot of the Sun
 Thro' more than half th' *Ethereal* Course had run, 645
 And had to *Thetis* rolling Waves declin'd;
 But thus the *Sibyll* put the Prince in mind
 Their time was short. We weeping spend the Day,
 The Night comes on apace, and here the way
 Divides it self; this to *Elysium* tends. 650

And *Pluto's* Court, that on the Left which sends
 Souls of the damn'd to everlasting Pains,
 For ever there to howl in fiery Chains.

' Then thus *Deiphobus*: Thou holy Maid,
 Forbear your Anger 'gainst a trembling Shade: 655
 I go to darkness, with pale Ghosts retire,
 ' Till my appointed time of Years expire:
 Go on, brave Prince, and better Fortune share.
 Then with these words he vanish'd into Air.

' *Aneas* turning to the Left, espy'd 660
 ' A dreadful Fortrefs, strong on every side
 With treble Walls, encompass'd all around
 By *Phlegethon*, where tumbling Rocks resound
 'Midst burning Waves; the Adamantine Gate
 Upon the Front, whose Columns vastly great 665
 Support a Tow'r of Iron, which proudly stood
 Above th' insulting reach of Man or God.
Tisiphone does this dire Entry guard,
 In bloody Robes she Night and Day keeps Ward;

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With watchful Ears they hear the Stripes and Pains 670
Of Souls in torment, dragging weighty Chains.

Aeneas struck with Horror, listen'd and stay'd,
And ask'd his Guide, the learn'd and holy Maid,
What horrid Noise? What Pains? What ghastly Fear?
What dismal Torments pierc'd the fleeting Air. 675

Illustrious Leader of the *Trojan* Race,
The *Sibyl* said, no virtuous Soul must grace
With its auspicious Look this woful Place. }

But when great *Hecate* plac'd me o'er the Wood
Of black *Avernus* Lake, I understood 680

From her the Pains the Gods inflict below
On guilty Souls, with their eternal Woe.

Here *Rhadamanthus* his dire Empire holds,
Who nicely tries, and all the Tricks unfolds
Of self-deceiving Fools, who durst delay 685

Their slow Repentance to a longer Day :
Ah now too late they must their Crimes confess,
When Sighs and Tears can yield them no Redress.

The Sentence past, the Queen of Furies shakes
Her bloody Lashes, arm'd with stinging Snakes ; 690

At once insults and whips the Criminals,
And to her Aid her hellish Sisters calls.

' Th' accursed Leaves of the eternal Door
' Grate on hoarse sounding Hinges with a dreadful roar ;
' At last unfold ; you see what horrid Ghost 695
' Stands guard without, what Cent'nel keeps this Post ;

' More

‘ More frightful *Hydra* guards the Pass within,
 Whose fifty Heads with constant Hissings grin.
 The Pit of Hell full twice as deep sunk there,
 As it’s from hence up to the starry Sphere. 700
 I saw bold Sons of Earth, who durst ev’n *Jove* with-
 stand,

Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his hand ;
Aloens Giant Twins, so bold to try
 To scale the Heav’ns, and pull *Jove* from the Sky :
 His flashing Lightning which ne’er struck amiss, 705
 Cast them down headlong to the vast Abyss.

I saw *Salmonæus* there severely smart,
 For counterfeiting *Jove*’s *Æthereal* Dart :

“ The audacious Wretch four fiery Horses drew,
 ‘ Waving a Blaze, through *Elis* Town he flew, 710
 And *Grecian* Tribes, requiring all to pay
 Him honour as a God, in his fantastick way :
 Most impiously vain, the foolish Man
 With horny Hoofs which o’er brass Arches ran,
 By sacrilegious Pride dar’d to aspire, 715

“ To imitate inimitable Fire.
 Almighty *Jove*, who Heav’n and Earth can shake,
 Hurl’d him down flaming to the burning Lake ;
 No smoaking Blaze, but deadly Lightning sent,
 From thickest Clouds with rolling Thunder pent. 720
 I saw huge *Titys* there, nurs’d by the Earth,
 (Which nurseth all things) fair *Elara*’s Birth :

His

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His vast Gigantick Limbs and Body found,
 ' Stretch'd on nine Acres of infernal Ground.
 With crooked Bill a rav'nous Vulture tore 725
 His everlasting Liver; deep in Gore
 Her bloody Talons sunk, still chose the best,
 Lodg'd in the spacious hollow of his Breast :
 She still devouring could no rest allow
 To his torn Entrails, which as fast renew. 730
 Nor need I tell of proud *Theſſalian* Swains,
 Bold *Ixion's* Subjects, his, or *Pirithous'* Pains :
 A pondrous Rock of Flint hangs o'er his Head,
 Still threats to fall, so slender is the Thread.
 There *Tantalus* lay on a Bed of State, 735
 At once invited and forbid to eat ;
 For near him stood a Table cover'd o'er
 With all variety of Royal Store :
 The Queen of Furies stop'd his eager choice
 With Torch aloft, or Thunder of her Voice. 740
 Here those who Brothers for a Crown disown,
 Turn out their Parents and usurp the Throne,
 Deceive the Subjects who are not their own. }
 Who ill-got Riches like a God adore, }
 Forgetting Nature's ties, their Parents poor, } 745
 Of such in Hell there is a mighty store. }
 These kill'd for lawless Love, bold Rebels there,
 Who 'gainst their lawful Prince had levy'd War,
 Ungrateful Creatures, impious, as unjust,
 Contemn'd their Honour and betray'd their Trust. 750
 Shut.

Shut up, they wait their Doom, nor seek to know
The Punishments they here receive below.

Some to the Spokes of Wheels extended hung,
And others roll'd a mighty Stone along ;

For ever and for ever, *Theseus* there 755

Unhappy sits. Proud *Phlegyas* rends the Air,

And cries through Shades, (if Cries the Shades cou'd
move)

Learn Justice, warn'd by me, despise not Pow'rs above.

Here's one his Countrey to a Tyrant sold,

" Impos'd a foreign Lord, for foreign Gold ; 760

' Who Laws repeal'd and chang'd, or new Laws made ;

" Not as the People pleas'd, but as they pay'd.

Here's one his Daughter's Bed by Marriage stain'd,

" All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd ob-
tain'd.

Had I a hundred Tongues they all wou'd tire, 765

Did brazen Lungs my panting Breast inspire ;

' I could not all their Punishments repeat,

Or count their Crimes so various and so great.

This said, Great Prince, the Prophetess then cries,

The brazen Walls the *Cyclops* founded rise : 770

Make haste, the front and lofty Gate I see,

Here we must offer by the Heav'ns Decree

To *Pluto's* Queen ; Through gloomy Ways they pass,

The middle chose, and reach'd the Gates at last.

' He

' He enters, and around pure Water threw, 775
 Then to the Door made fast the shining Bough;
 ' The Rites perform'd, when they had pay'd their
 Vow,

They came to Plains, where smiling Nature yields
 Perpetual Verdure through th' *Elysian* Fields:

Luxuriant Groves which bloom eternal Spring: 780
 Here happy Souls in endless Consorts sing.

Through Skies more spacious, more divinely clear,
 Their Sun and Stars shine round them all the Year.
 Here sporting Ghosts were wrestling on the Ground,
 Repeating Verses some, or dancing found. 785

The *Thracian Orpheus* breath'd harmonious Lays
 In a long Robe, crown'd with unfading Bays:
 His tuneful Lyre his nimble Fingers press'd,
 Or striking with his Quill, sev'n diff'rent Notes ex-
 press'd.

' Here *Tenace*'s ancient Line, th' illustrious Race 790

' Of Heroes born, far better Days to grace

There *Ilus* and *Affaracus* the Great,

And *Dardanus* the Founder of *Troy*'s State:

The Prince their Arms, the Chariots from afar

Admir'd, Spears fix'd in Earth, their Horse for War, 795

All loosely feeding on the verdant Field:

Whate'er Delight the love of Arms cou'd yield,

' Or care of Horses, whilst they were alive,

' Like Care and Pleasure Death it self survive.

Others

Others he saw feast on the tender Grass, 800

On ev'ry side with joyful Voice express

Triumphant *Pæans*, set around in Rings

In Groves of Bays ; from hence to Earth his Springs }
In crystal Streams the King of Rivers brings : }

7 Here Troops of those, who for their Countries good, 805
(Whilst yet alive) had spent their dearest Blood :

' Here Priests of blameless Lives have their Abode,

' And who sung worthy of great *Delos*' God :

Here those who human Life by Arts improv'd,

Or others Kindness by their Merit mov'd. 810

With Snow white Garlands all their Temples crown'd,

To them the *Sibyll* spoke (whilst thronging round)

First to *Musæus*, whom vast Numbers crowd ;

In manly Stature above all he stood.

Say, happy Souls, and you, bless'd Poet, say, 815

What shady Grove, What pleasant Place, What Way

' Leads to *Anchises* ? For his only sake

' We hither came, and cross'd the *Stygian* Lake.

' To whom the Hero briefly thus reply'd.

We have no fix'd Abodes, we here reside 820

' In silent Groves, or lie on mossy Beds

' Near purling Streams, which murmur through the
Meads.

If you resolve, that gentle Hill ascend,

That Path directs you to your Journey's end.

This said, he led the Way, describing still 825

The pleasant Fields as they went up the Hill.

Its Top now past, a fertile Vale they view,
 Where old *Anchises* round about him drew
 Souls set apart, appointed by the Fates
 For human Life, where he their Number rates 830
 With nicest Care, and takes exact survey
 Of his illustrious Race, ordain'd the World to sway :
 Their Fates, their Fortunes, Manners, Deeds in War
 Was reck'ning o'er. *Anchises* from afar
 Beheld his Son walk through the flow'ry Plain ; 835
 He spread his Arms, nor could his Eyes refrain
 From Tears of Joy ; these Tears his Kindness fire,
 Welcome at last to glad thy happy Sire.
 ' The filial Love and Duty which you pay,
 ' Have triumph'd o'er the Dangers of the Way : 840
 Kind Heaven allows, that once we meet again,
 And with known Voice each other entertain :
 ' The time computing I have still believ'd,
 ' My Son must come, nor are my Hopes deceiv'd :
 After such spacious Seas and Regions cross'd, 845
 Through all in Dangers and by Tempests tofs'd,
 At last I view my Son ; oh how I fear'd,
 Lest you had been on *Lybian* Coasts ensnar'd !
 Then great *Aeneas* to his Father said,
 Hither I come, forc'd by your airy Shade 850
 Which oft appear'd ; my Ships at Anchor ride
 On *Tyrrhen* Seas, tofs'd by the swelling Tide.
 Why flyest thou, Father, to embrace thy Son ?
 With that a Flood of Tears ran trickling down

His manly Face: Thrice he attempts to lay
His Arms around his Neck, the Ghost thrice slip'd
away
Like fleeting Winds, or Dreams less fix'd than
they.

Mean while *Aeneas* sees a lonely Grove
Far in the Vale, where gentle Breezes move
The twining Shrubs, and whistling through them slide, 860
Sees near this Place the River *Lethe* glide;
Souls without Number haunt this cool Retreat
Of divers Nations. As in Summer's Heat
The Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r fly humming o'er the
Field

To suck the Morning Dew, which new-blown Lilies yield.
Aeneas struck with wonder, longs to hear 866
What River this, or why such Crowds appear.
Then thus *Anchises*: Souls whom Fates ordain
To animate fresh Bodies once again,
No sooner here of *Lethe's* Water taste, 870
Ne'er mind the Present, and forget the Past.
I long have wish'd to shew that noble Line,
Which from your Loins shall spring, as you from mine;
That so your Heart, my Son, when you have found
The *Latian* Coast, may with more Joy abound. 875
Oh Father! can I think that Souls refin'd,
Should e'er again return to be confin'd
In lazy Bodies? Can such strange Desire
Their wretched Minds with love of Life inspire?

Dear Son, I'll quickly all your Doubts unfold ; 880
Then thus began, and all in order told.

When from the Womb of *Chaos* Time was born,
When infant *Phæbus* gilt the blushing Morn,
Sun, Moon and Stars, then God and Nature fir'd,
With vital Heat the Elements inspir'd, 885
Throughout the whole infus'd an active Soul,
Which shall for ever the vast Frame controul.

' Hence Man and Beast the Breath of Life retain,
' Fowls of the Air, and Monsters of the Main.
A fiery Vigour of Ethereal kind 890
Gives Life to all ; but as they are confin'd
To earthly Bodies subject to decay,
Obscur'd in Night, ne'er mind eternal Day.

' From hence Desire and Fear possess their Mind,
Sometimes to Joy, sometimes to Grief inclin'd : 895
Ev'n Death it self scarce wipes away the Stain
And Crimes of Life, some Dregs of Guilt remain ;
Which strangely cleave to Souls inur'd to Ill,
Which here their Penance and their Time fulfil.

To purge old Faults here various Torments find, 900
Some hung in Air, and some expos'd to Wind ;
' Some plung'd in Water, others thrown in Fire,
' Till all the Dross and Rust of Sin expire.

All suffer in our Shades ; then we attain
Elysian Fields ; but few these Souls who gain 905
The State of perfect Bliss, when Length of Time
Wears out the Guilt of each invet'rate Crime

From

From Souls refin'd, all pure Ethereal Fire.

' But when a thousand rolling Years expire,

Then mighty Crowds of Souls *Cyllenius* brings 910

To drink of *Lethe's* stupifying Springs :

Forgetting all once more, they wish to view

The starry Sky, and irksome Lives renew.

This said, his Son and Guide *Anchises* led
Through Swarms of Souls, who wander'd in the Shade,
' And mounts a rising Ground from whence they
might 916

The Ghosts survey, as they appear'd in sight.

And now, my Son, behold the *Trojan* Race,

What mighty Glories shall your Off-spring grace

Sprung from *Italian* Blood, which shall our Name 920

Bear and record to all succeeding Fame :

I thus disclose the Secrets of your Fate,

And shew the Greatness of the *Roman* State.

You see that Youth a pointless Spear sustain,

He shall the first Ethereal Light attain : 925

Thus Fate ordains ; his Name shall *Alba* grace,

He joins the *Trojan* and *Italian* Race :

Your Posthume Son, whom, when you late remove

To swell the Number of the Gods above,

Your Wife *Lavinia*, from the Forest brings, 930

Himself a Monarch and the Sire of Kings :

Succeeding Princes shall his Name sustain,

And we in *Sylvius* over *Alba* reign.

Troy's Glory next, great *Procas* with these two,
 Are *Capys*, *Numitor*, and *Sylvius*, nam'd like you; 935
 Alike for Virtue, as for Arms ador'd,
 When by ungrateful *Alba* once restor'd.

What Strength and Courage in these Youths appear?
 Whose manly Temples oaken Garlands wear:

Nomentum, *Gabii*, these *Fidena* found, - 940

' And raise *Colatia's* Tow'rs from rocky Ground;

Pometii, *Faunus* Town, shall *Bola*, *Cora* build;

These shall be Names to each, each now a nameless
 Field.

See *Romulus*, the Son of *Mars*, who shall

Great *Numitor* revenge; as great in all; 945

This warlike Prince of *Ilia* must be born,

' Two shining Plumes his Royal Head adorn:

Him *Jove* ev'n now hath for a God design'd,

Rome by the Conduct of this Hero's Mind,

To both the Poles shall make her Eagles fly, 950

And by her virtuous Souls surmount the Sky;

Shall seven proud Hills with Tow'rs and Walls surround,

Bless'd in her Sons. As *Cybele*, when crown'd.

With Tow'rs of Gold, in triumph makes her way

Through *Phrygian* Towns, Parent of Gods, who

sway

955

The starry Frame, whom Heav'n and Hell obey.

Your *Romans* see, there's *Cesar* with the Line

Of great *Iulus*, who one Day must shine

Above

Above the Spheres : Behold, Oh here's the Man !

Augustus, *Cæsar's* Son, who only can, 960

As you have heard, bring back *Saturnian* times,

The golden Age, to bleſs *Italian* Climes.

Beyond the Tropicks, o'er the *Indian* Main

Must stretch his Sway, he o'er the *Moors* shall reign, } 965

And where'ere *Atlas's* Hands the Stars sustain.

' At his approach the *Caspian* Kingdoms shake,

' His dawning Glory frights *Mæotis's* Lake ;

His Name disturbs old *Nilus* in his Bed,

Who deeper dives for fear his unknown Head.

Not great *Alcides*, who could stop that Hind, 970

Whose brazen Feet out-ran the Northern Wind,

' Though deſtroy'd the *Erymanthian* Boar,

" And dipp'd his Arrows in *Lernaean* Gore ;

Nor conqu'ring *Bacchus* who would urge his Wheels,

By Tygers hurry'd over *Nisa's* Hills 975

E'er went ſo far. And ſhall we fear or ſtand

To ſpread our Fame through the *Anſonian* Land? }

Or ſhun the Glory of the World's Command?

Who's that afar, who holy Veſtments wears,

With Olives crown'd? I know his ſilver Hairs ! 980

That mighty *Roman* King ſhall *Rome* confine ;

And arm with Laws, before in Arms it ſhine ;

Whom the mean *Cures*, from their poorer Land

Send forth to Empire, worthy his Command.

Tullus next him, who ſhall his Countries Peace 985

Disturb with Arms, and with new Triumphs grace

His lazy Troops, and quite disus'd from War :
 Him *Ancus* follows, prouder than he by far ;
 Too much a Brave, and vainly popular.
 Wou'd you the *Tarquins*, or proud *Brutus* see ? 990
 Who durst revenge and set his Countrey free ;
 From Kings to Consuls royal Ensigns brings,
 And who shall first expel the Pow'r of Kings :
Rome's new got Freedom fondly to maintain,
 Th' unhappy Father sees his Children slain ; 995
 At his Command receive the fatal Blow,
 For Loyalty such Pains they undergo :
 Succeeding Times shall see the wond'rous Deed,
 His Countries Love o'ercomes, and Glory is the Meed.
 The *Decii* next ; who for their Countries good, 1000
 Shall willingly devote their dearest Blood.
 From *Drusus* fam'd, the *Livian* Line afar ;
Torquatus too severe to Rules of War,
 Using his Axe 'gainst his victorious Son,
 Who without Orders mighty things had done. 1005
 See brave *Camillus* (who ne'er fights in vain)
 Triumphant o'er the *Gauls*, in Battel slain :
 ' These two you see in equal Armour shine,
 ' Whilst hush'd in Night in close Embraces join :
 What cruel Jars shall they in bloody Fight 1010
 Against each other raise, when they attain the Light ?
 From rocky *Alps* and *Monæco's* proud Hills
Cæsar descends ; *Pharſalian* Plains he fills

With

With Legions arm'd against his Son-in-law,
Who all his Forces from the East shall draw, 1015
My Sons forbear, for your dear Countries good,
To stain her Childrens Hands in Brothers Blood :
You, *Cæsar*, first, whose Birth is all divine,
Sprung from the Seed of great *Iulus*' Line,
Throw down your Arms my Bloods. 1020
' Here's one from *Corinth* shall in triumph ride,
' And to the lofty Capitol his Chariot guide.
He *Argos* shall subdue, the Chief of *Grecians* kill,
And *Persæus*' Blood, sprung from *Achilles*, spill ;
Shall *Agamemnon*'s Towns in Ashes lay, } 1025
Revenge his *Trojan* Fathers the same bloody way,
And *Pallas*' Rites profan'd with Vengeance pay. }
Who blameless can let *Cato* silent lie ?
Or *Cossus* and the *Gracchi*'s Name pass by ?
Or both the *Scipio*'s in War renown'd, 1030
With *African* and *Asian* Titles crown'd,
Fabricius greatly Poor, *Serranus*' Plough ?
Under your Yoak the Foes of *Rome* must bow.
Oh whither hurried by the *Fabian* Name,
Tir'd with rehearsing the Records of Fame ? 1035
' 'Tis *Maximus* who saves our sinking State,
' And by delaying gives a stand to Fate.
Let others better liquid Metalls mould,
Give seeming Life to Marble and to Gold,
' Some better plead at Bar, or know the Skies, 1040
' Describe the Heav'ns, and when Stars fall and rise.

Ye *Romans*, learn the way to govern well,
 Give Peace, make War, in Arts like these excel ;
 Spare those who yield, chastise who dare rebel.

}

Anchises thus then to their wondring Ears, 1045

Said, See *Marcellus*, what royal Spoils he bears ?

Look how the Victor shows above the rest !

The *Roman* State by foreign Wars oppress'd

With Horse-men shall relieve, then beat the *Gauls*,

And drive the *Carthaginians* from our Walls. 1050

The third, who glorious Spoils of conquer'd Kings,

To *Jove's* high Altar home in triumph brings.

' *Aeneas* sees a Youth of Form Divine

Go with *Marcellus*, in bright Armour shine ;

A gloomy Cloud hung hovering o'er his Brow, 1055

With melancholy Looks dejected low.

Father, who's this ? who holds an equal Pace

With this great Man, his Son, or of his Race ?

His great Resemblance in his Looks is seen.

What gaping Crowds attend his lofty Mien ? 1060

But Night surrounds him with her mourning Veil.

Then old *Anchises* thus began to wail.

Oh Son ! forbear to know the dismal Grief,

Which must afflict your Race past all relief :

Fate only shows him, as the Sum of Man 1065

Cuts of his Thread, and makes his Life a Span :

Such lasting Worth would fright the jealous Gods,

And 'gainst the Pow'r of Heav'n give *Romans* odds.

What

What mournful Pomp in *Mars's* crowded Field,
 Shall his fresh flaming Pile to *Tyber* yield? 1070
 None of the *Trojan* or the *Latine* Race,
 With greater hopes their Ancestors shall grace;
 Not one of all the *Roman* Soil or Line
 Shall with more Majesty or Glory shine.
 Ah Piety and Worth renown'd in War! 1075
 What Man so fond of Death, so bold to dare
 To meet him arm'd a foot, or if he go
 To spur his foaming Steed against the Foe?
 Ah Youth, couldst thou o'ercome thy Destiny,
 Ah hapless Youth, thou should'st *Marcellus* be! 1080
 Handfulls of Lilies and of Roses bring,
 With all the fragrant Treasures of the Spring;
 At least such Off'rings to his Soul I owe,
 With heavy Heart such empty Presents throw.
 Discourfing thus, they view'd those airy Fields 1085
 With all the Pleasures which that Countrey yields:
 ' When these *Aeneides* to his Son had shown,
 ' And fir'd his Soul with hopes to mount a Throne;
 Next future Wars foretold, Deeds bravely great,
 Against the *Latine* and *Laurentine* State, } 1090
 Show'd him the way to push, or shun his Fate. }
 Sleep's silent Palace double Gates adorn,
 One made of Ivory and one of Horn:
 Through this the truer Visions upward fly,
 Through that, deceiving Shades still send a Lye. 1095
 Now

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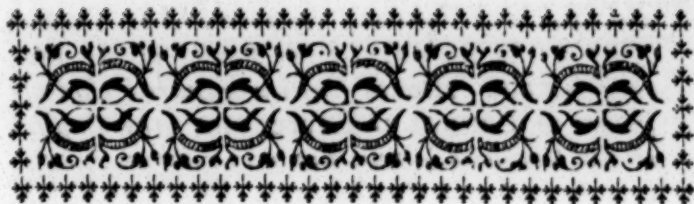
Now thus his Story old *Anchises* ends,
 And then his Son, and the fam'd *Sibyll* sends
 Out by the Ivory Gate. He bent his way
 To see his Friends, embarks, then stood to Sea,
 And came to Anchor in *Cajeta's* Bay.

} 1100

The End of the Sixth Book.



V I R-



VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.



BOOK VII.



The CONTENTS.

Æneas setting sail from Cumæ, steers his Course Westward, and having buried his Nurse on the Auruncian Shore (now called Cajeta, from her Name) sailing still Westward, he pass the Circean Promontory (infamous by the Residence and Incantation of Circe) and with his whole Fleet safely enters the Mouth of the River Tyber. At that time Latinus was King of the Latins, the ancient Inhabitants of that part of Italy, called
Lati-

Latium. *This King had but one only Daughter, named Lavinia, destin'd to a foreign Husband by the Oracle of Faunus, yet promis'd to Turnus King of the Rutuli, by the Power of her Mother Amata. Æneas sends a hundred Embassadors to Latinus at Laurentum (the Capitol of his Kingdom,) who not only receives Æneas as a Friend and Confederate, but (mindful of the Oracle) admits him as his Son-in-law. In the mean time Juno incensed at the prosperous Condition of the Trojan Affairs, raises Aleto (one of the Furies) from Hell. Aleto first so enrages Queen Amata, that she feigning Feasts and Ceremonies to Bacchus, runs to the Hills with Latine Matrons, and hides her Daughter, the fair Lavinia, in the Woods. Next the Fury incites Prince Turnus to the War against the Trojans; then engages the Trojans with the Latins in a Quarrel, occasion'd by Ascanius's killing of a tame Stag: Which Tyrrhenus, the King's chief Shepherd, entertain'd for his Pleasure. The whole Latin People run to Arms; only their King Latinus is for Peace, and withstands their Rage. Juno descends from Heaven, and opens the Gates of the Temple of Janus with her own Hand, and declares the War. Latinus is necessitated to submit to the Will of Fate. Confederate Troops flock to Turnus's Aid from all parts of Italy. Their Numbers, Names, and Commanders are elegantly described by Virgil. Mezentius King of the Etruscans, with his Son Lausus, both expell'd his Kingdom for the Father's Cruelty. In the end, the Poet gives a fine Description of Camilla, a Volscian Princess, a warlike Maid, who*

who fought like the Amazons. This Book begins the War, the second part of the Æneis. The first six Books being contriv'd in imitation of Homer's Odysseis, or Travels of Ulysses, and the last six in imitation of his Iliads.



ERE dy'd *Æneas'* Nurse, and by her
Fame

Has grac'd our Shores with an immortal Name ;

Cajeta's Tomb adorns th' *Hesperian*
Fields,

Glory to her, and to the Countrey yields.

' Soon as the Prince her funeral Rites had pay'd, } 5
' And her remains in mould'ring Earth had laid, }
' He plough'd the silent Seas with Sails display'd. }

At Night fair Winds arise, the Moon shines bright,
The trembling Waves reflect her glitt'ring Light.

Circe's enchanted Shores they coast and shun, 10
Where the rich Daughter of the glorious Sun,
With sweet harmonious sounds spends all her Days,

' The secret Groves repeat her tuneful Lays ;
And in her Palace spinning all the Night,
' Burns Cedar to supply her Father's Light : 15

From whence at Midnight they fierce Lions hear,
Roaring at Chains which they disdain to bear.
Here Boars and Bears in dismal Caverns roll,
And cruel Wolves in dreadful accents howl.

These once were Men, whom by the powerful Aid 20
 Of Herbs and Charms, the Goddess's Beasts had made.
 But that the pious *Trojans* might be free
 From such a change, nor these curs'd Harbours see;
Neptune their Sails with prosperous Winds supplies,
 By which their Fleet from that dire Countrey flies. 25

When from the rose East *Aurora's* Beams,
 With purple blush, had dy'd the Ocean Streams,
 A sudden Calm upon the Waters stood,
 And shining Oars divide the gentle Flood.
 Here from the Sea a Grove *Aeneas* spy'd, 30
 Where *Tyber's* Streams in pleasant Mazes glide,
 Whose yellow Sands his crystal Waters dye,
 Birds on his Bank and through the Copses fly,
 And with their chearful Notes salute the Sky: }
 All, as the Prince commanded, thither row'd 35
 With Joy, and enter'd in the shaded Flood.

Now *Erato* let's sing the *Latian* Fame,
 When to its Shore the *Trojan* Navy came;
 What Kings then rul'd the State let's now declare,
 And shew the first occasion of the War. 40
 Inspire thy Poet, Goddess, while he sings
 Of dreadful Wars, of Armies, and of Kings.
 Forc'd to their Tombs by Honour, and by Rage:
 How *Tyrrhen* Troops and *Latian* force engage
 Against the *Trojans*: Now my Song proceeds 45
 To Scenes more glorious, and to nobler Deeds.

His Realms in Peace *Latinus* govern'd long,
 From Nymph *Marica* and from *Faunus* sprung;
Faunus from *Picus*, who from *Saturn* came,
Saturn the first of that illustrious Name. 50

The King's Male Off-spring, in their Ages bloom,
 The Fates had snatch'd by too severe a Doom;
 One of the softer Sex alone remain'd,
 Who had the Age for *Hymen*'s joys attain'd:
 Many *Italian* Princes for her su'd 55
 With less success than graceful *Turnus* woo'd;
 For him the Queen with eager Fondness strove,
 And, pleas'd with his Descent, approv'd his Love.
 Dire Omens from the Gods this Match debarr'd,
 Who their aversion by strange Signs declar'd. 60

Long had a Laurel in the Palace stood,
 By King *Latinus* vow'd to *Delos*' God;
 He found it when he built his Town, and then
Laurentines, from the Tree, he nam'd his Men.
 A swarm of Bees cut through the liquid Sky, 65
 And with strange Hummings to the Laurel fly;
 Their twining Thighs around each other clung;
 And on the verdant Boughs in clusters hung;
 An Augur this perceiv'd, and thus he sung. }
 These Bees forebode some foreign Prince will land, 70
 And in this Countrey bear supreme command.
 As fair *Lavinia* near her Royal Royal Sire
 With Virgin Hands upon the sacred Fire

Did Incense offer, Flames appear'd to glare
 Upon her Robes, and blaz'd around her Hair; 75
 They fire her Crown adorn'd with Gems and Gold:
 Fires from her Dart, which thro' the Palace roll'd,
 Strange to relate, and wondrous to behold.
 This did *Lavinia's* glorious Fame forebode,
 But to the Land portended War and Blood. 80
 The careful King to *Faunus's* Temple went,
 To ask the Prophet what these wonders meant,
 Who in *Albunea's* Grove, near sacred Springs,
 Which cast a noisome Scent, told future things.
 " To him th' *Italian* and the *Sabine* Land 85
 " Fly when distress'd, and his Relief demand.
 " The Priest at Night on Skins of Off'rings lies,
 And on them sleeping monstrous Visions spies;
 Hears shrieks of Spectres flutt'ring to and fro,
 With Gods converse and the Pow'rs below. 90
 Here to consult the God *Latinus* flew,
 A hundred Sheep (the Rites observing) flew:
 And as reposing on their Skins he lay,
 From the dark Grove a Voice was heard to say:
 My Son, let not our Child *Lavinia* wed 95
 With any *Latian* Prince, shun *Turnus's* Bed;
 Kind Heaven for her a foreign Match prepares,
 By whose great Deeds our Name shall reach the Stars;
 Our Race shall rule the Earth, shall rule the Main,
 O'er all the Sun beholds for ever reign. 100
 At

At Midnight thus sung the Prophetick God,
And his Advice *Latinus* blaz'd abroad ;
Which busie Fame through all the Cities bore ;
Mean while the *Trojans* land on *Latium's* Shore.

Beneath a spreading Tree *Æneas* chose 105
A place, where he, his Son, and Train repose,
And on the tender Grass prepare to eat :
Instead of Tables, Cakes support their Meat ;
Wafers for Dishes serve ; Fruit from the Woods
Augments their Treat : for so decreed the Gods. 110
Hunger made quick dispatch, by Want constrain'd,
They eat their Dishes and their Plates profan'd.
Nor were their Tables spar'd : *Iulus* cries,
We eat our Tables too. His Voice straight flies,
And strikes a pleasing joy in ev'ry Breast, 115
That first sure Omen of their future Rest.
Transported with delight *Æneas* took
The word the first, and thus inspir'd he spoke.
Hail to the Land, the Fates ordain for me,
All hail, ye Gods, which bore me Company : 120
This is my Countrey, this my promis'd Seat,
This sign to me *Anchises* did relate, }
When he reveal'd the dark Decrees of Fate.
My Son, said he, when on an unknown Shore
Your Meat consum'd, your Tables you devour, 125
There hope to find Repose ; remember there
To build your Houses, and your Ramparts rear :

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This was that Famine, which of dangers past,
 We dreaded most, but was to be our last.
 Then early with the Morn, let's search what Land, 130
 What People this, and where their Cities stand :
 This Night to *Jove* let us Devotions pay,
 Let's offer Wine, and to *Anchises* pray.
 This said, with leafy Boughs he crown'd his Head,
 Then to the Genius of the Countrey pray'd ; 135
 Ador'd the Earth, the first of all the Gods,
 The Night, the Stars, the Nymphs, and unknown
 Floods ;
 Made Vows to *Cybele* and mighty *Jove*,
 ' His Sire below, his Mother Queen of Love.
 Thrice thro' the Air *Jove* grumbling Thunder roll'd,
 Brandish'd a Cloud adorn'd with Light and Gold : 141
 The *Trojan* Camp a sudden Rumour fill'd,
 The time was come when they their Walls should build.
 With pleasing transport then they Goblets crown'd,
 And Feasts renew'd upon the flow'ry Ground : 145
 Soon as next Morn, in rosie Robes array'd,
 Had o'er the World her cheerful Light display'd,
 The *Trojans* then in several Bands divide,
 First *Latium's* Borders, then the Towns descry'd
 Where *Latines* dwelt, where *Tyber's* Streams did
 glide. 150
Aeneas chose a hundred of his Friends,
 Crowns them with Olives, then with Presents sends
 Em-

Embassadors of Peace to meet and treat
With old *Latinus* at his Royal Seat :

Quick their departure, as their March was fast, 155
They shew their Duty by their eager haste.

Near to the Shore the Hero first broke Ground,
Then did his Army with a Ditch surround ;

' To guard the Camp his Men a Rampart cast,
' Which to secure they Pallisadoes plac'd : 160

The Youth advance their way, high Tow'rs appear,
And now they to the City Walls draw near :

Without the Gate a gen'rous Band they spy'd,
Of blooming Youths, on warlike Horses ride. }
And some thro' dusty Fields did Chariots guide. } 165

Some bend strong Bows, and with the others vie,
Some to the Race, or Darts, their Mates defie ;

One spurr'd away, and to the Palace run
To tell, that Foreigners approach'd the Town.

' There *Picus*' ancient Palace, vast and proud, 170

" Supported by a hundred Columns stood,
Enclos'd by sacred Groves ; which gave delight,
And claim'd a Rev'rence from beholders sight.

' There Kings receiv'd the mark of Royal Pow'r,

' There *Lictors* first before them Axes bore : 175

" Here their Tribunal stood and House of Prayer,

' Thither the awful Senate did repair ;

And at long Tables in their order plac'd,
They eat a fatted Ram, their sacred Feast,

" Above

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" Above the Portal carv'd in Cedar Wood, 180
 Old *Saturn* and the two-fac'd *Janus* stood ;
 And King *Sabinus*, the Vine-planter styl'd,
 A Pruning Hook his well carv'd Fingers fill'd ;
 With other Monarchs, who in former days
 For *Latium* fought, and by their Wounds gain'd praise. 185
 " Around the Posts hung Helmets, Halberts, Spears, }
 " And captive Chariots, Shields, Darts, Axes, Bars, }
 ' Beaks torn from Ships, the spoils of former Wars : }
 There *Picus*' Image in a Robe of State,
 Holding a Shield and *Angurs* Sceptre sat ; 190
 For him in vain the cruel *Circe* burn'd,
 And to a Bird by her Inchantments turn'd.
 But now the *Trojans* were conducted in,
 And first the King *Latinus* did begin,
 In his proud Palace on his Throne reclin'd, 195
 In state Majestick as his words were kind.
Dardans, for I have heard of *Ilium*'s Fame,
 And know from whence your Race ; say why you came,
 Or by mistake, or have loud Tempests toss'd
 Your Fleet against your will upon our Coast ? 200
 Long have you sail'd, and Men who use the Seas
 Are often subject to such Ills as these :
 ' Say what you want ; the *Latins* you will find
 ' To goodness of their own accord inclin'd :
 Not forc'd by Laws ; since *Saturn*'s golden Reign 205
 We all the Customs of that God retain.

" I

“ I call to mind, but time the Tale has worn,
“ Th’ *Aurunci* said, that *Dardanus*, though born
“ On *Latium*’s Plains, sail’d hence to *Ida*’s Shore,
“ And *Samothracia*, *Samos* call’d before ; 210

Then chang’d his earthly for a heav’nly Crown,
Now reigns a God and swells his Father’s Throne.
Thus ends the King. Then *Ilioneus* begins :

O Prince, who spring from royal *Fawnus*’ Loins,
We are not forc’d by Tempests on your Coast, 215

Nor have our Course, the Stars mistaking, lost.
Hither we come, expell’d the greatest Throne

On which e’er *Phæbus* from *Olympus* shone,
And on your Shores design’dly we arrive,
The *Dardan* Youth from *Jove* their Race derive : 220

Our Prince himself, who from that God descends,
By us to you this willing Message sends.

’Tis needless to relate what Fury rag’d,
When War with *Trojan*, *Grecian* Armies wag’d,
And in our Quarrels half the World engag’d. } 225

Since to remotest Isles our Fate is known,
And mourn’d by Lands beneath the Torrid Zone :

Since that Destruction we through raging Floods
Have long been toss’d ; now for our Household Gods

A safe Repose we ask, a sure Retreat, 230

For Air and Water, free to all, intreat :

This you will ne’er repent, nor we disgrace

Your Realin, and time your praise shall ne’er deface.

Now

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Now by my Prince's Destiny I swear,

His Faith in Peace, his Gallantry in War : 235

" Oft our Alliance other Lands requir'd,

" And what we ask of you, of us desir'd ;

" Despise not then that in our Hands we bear

" These suppliant Boughs, and come with words of
Pray'r.

The Pow'rs above oft gave express command, } 240

That we should search out the *Ausonian* Land ;

From hence we sprung, and this we re-demand.

Oft have we been enjoin'd by *Delos*' God

To seek *Numicus* Springs and *Tyber*'s Flood :

Our Prince these Presents sends you, poor alas, 245

Remains of *Troy*, to shew you what he was.

Anchises from this Goblet, when he pray'd,

Pour'd sacred Wine. The *Trojan* Ladies made

These Robes of State which Royal *Priam* wore ;

When he gave Law his Hand this Sceptre bore. 250

While thus he spoke, the King's fix'd looks express'd

The anxious Cares which labour'd in his Breast ;

He roll'd his Eyes which all his Mind declare,

Unmov'd with *Priam*'s Sceptre : But his Fair,

His lov'd *Lavinia*'s Marriage fill'd his thought, 255

And *Faunus*' words to his remembrance brought.

The Gods decree, within himself he said,

A stranger Prince for my *Lavinia*'s Bed ;

Since their auspicious Omen this ordain,

This foreign Prince with me shall equal reign :

This,

This, this is he from whose blest'd Loins shall spring
A Race the World shall to subjection bring.
Thus he resolv'd, then full of joy begins,
Prosper your Omens, Gods, and my designs.
Trojans, I grant your Prayer, your Gifts receive, 265
And Peace and *Latium* in return I give:
Then let *Aeneas* come, if he intend
To be my Guest, or wish me for his Friend;
Let him not dread my Friendship nor my Face,
Nor shun a King that longs for his Embrace. 270
This tell your Prince, and say besides, that I
A Daughter have, and that our Gods deny
That any *Latian* Prince enjoy her Bed;
None but a Stranger must *Lavinia* wed:
They sing, that Fate a foreign Match prepares, 275
Whose glorious Race shall mount above the Spheres;
And as I think, I wish your Prince to be
Him whom the Fates ordain, and whom the Gods decree.

Thus kindly spoke the good old King, and calls
To choose fierce Coursers from three hundred Stalls; 280
For each a snow-white Steed in scarlet dress'd,
Trappings emboss'd with Gold hung down their Chest, }
And Bits of beaten Gold they champ'd and press'd. }
A Chariot which two wind-bred Coursers drew
He sent the Prince, flames from their Nostrils flew. 285

The cunning *Circe* to her Father's breed
 Stole in a lusty Mare of earthly Seed,
 Purloin'd a Leap, and they did thence proceed. }
Latinus thus the *Trojans* did carefs,

Who mounted on their Steeds return'd with Peace. 290

Now cruel *Juno* did from *Argos* glide
 Through yielding Air, and from *Pachinus* spy'd }
 The *Trojan* Fleet in *Tyber's* Harbour ride ;
 Saw they had left their Ships, prepar'd to build.
 Grief, Envy, Rage, her boiling Bosom fill'd ; 295
 At length burst out : Oh Race ! my hated Foes !

' Oh *Phrygian* Fates, which *Juno's* Fates oppose !
 Could you not fall on *Ida's* Plains, nor yet
 In *Ilium's* Flames consume, but still to rise more great ?
 Could you your way through Flames, through Armies
 break ? 300

My Hate is glutted, or my Pow'r too weak.
 I drove them from their *Troy*, their native Seat,
 Pursu'd the Fugitives with Storms and Hate ;
 ' 'Gainst them oppos'd the Skies, oppos'd the Main,
 " But Billows roar'd and Tempests rag'd in vain : 305
 They now in *Tyber's* wish'd-for Channel ride,
 And *Juno's* Rage and raging Seas deride.

The *Lapithæ* by *Mars* were overthrown,

Diana's Rage subverted *Calydon* ;

(Yet what, alas ! had they deserv'd ?) while I, } 310
Jove's Queen, in vain unweary'd Mischiefs try,
 The *Trojans* still prevail, and still despise.

But

But if my Pow'r's too weak, and those above
Refuse their Aid, I will th' Infernal move.

Fate for *Aeneas Latium* has design'd, 315

And fair *Lavinia* must the Treaty bind ;

All this I grant, yet I may be allow'd

To stain his Purple with both Nation's Blood :

I may the Match delay, and stir up Wars ;

Bellona, Maid, thy nuptial Rites prepares : 320

Thou shalt contract in Blood, and for thy Dow'r

Have Floods of *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Gore.

Not only *Hecuba's* flame-teeming Womb

Brought forth a Torch which burnt old *Ilium* ;

From *Venus* too another *Paris* came, 325

By whom this rising *Pergamus* shall flame.

Thus *Juno* rag'd, then on the Earth she fell,

And rais'd *Alecto* from the Shades of Hell ;

That baleful Fury who delights in War,

In Envy, Mischief, Anger and Despair. 330

Such horrid Shapes the hellish Monster takes,

Teeming with crawling swarms of hissing Snakes,

The Fiend, even *Pluto* and her Sisters hate.

Juno provok'd, did thus her Aid intreat :

Give thy Assistance, mighty Child of Night, 335

And let thy Pow'r, (thy own) support my Right ;

Let not the *Trojan* to a Match persuade

The *Latine* King, or *Latium's* Bounds invade.

You Brother against Brother fire with spight,

You Families undo and fun'ral Torches light ; 340

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You know a thousand different ways to ill,
 Your fertile Breast with raging Malice fill ;
 Confound the Peace agreed, sow Seeds of War,
 To Arms incline, to Arms the Youth prepare.
 Tainted with *Gorgon's* Blood *Alecto* flies
 Where King *Latinus*' lofty Turrets rise,
 Then in *Amata's* secret Chambers pries ;
 Whom the Arrival of the *Trojans* vex'd,
 But more with fair *Lavinia's* Match perplex'd :
 The baleful Fury from her azure Crest
 A Serpent darts deep in *Amata's* Breast,
 (Firing the Queen, she the whole Court possess'd.)
 Unfelt the Snake glides through, infects her Soul,
 Between her Robes and Skin his spiral Volumes roll :
 Surround her Limbs all o'er, like Chains of Gold,
 Her Neck, or Ribbon-like, her Locks infold.
 The humid Poison gently first invades
 Her Sense, till by Degrees the Venom spreads
 Through all her Veins, not fully blown to Fire,
 She mildly spoke a Mother's kind Desire :
 Her Daughter's Lot bewailing : Must (she said)
 A banish'd *Phrygian* my *Lavinia* wed ?
 And shall not Pity turn a Father's Mind ?
 To her, to me, and to your self be kind,
 The Ravisher is gone the first fair Wind.
 Thus *Paris* snatch'd from *Greece* the *Spartan* Bride,
 O where's your Care of us ? Your Faith so try'd,

345

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So

So oft to *Turnus* plighted, if our God,
Faunus, and you, resolve on foreign Blood,
Who's not your Subject, but a Prince, and free, 370
To you he's foreign, that's the God's Decree ;
“ And if you *Turnus* Royal Line retrace,
“ He springs from *Inachus* of *Grecian* Race.
When she perceiv'd *Latinus* stand his ground,
To all she said, the Viper's fatal Wound 375
Had thoroughly fir'd and to a Flame had blown,
She like a Fury roams about the Town.
As sporting Boys in empty Courts scourge round
A whirling Top, which reels upon the Ground ;
The beardless Crowd (the Cause unknown) admires 380
His flutt'ring Motions, which the Lash inspires.
Thus to *Alecto's* Rage *Amata* yields,
Around fierce People roves through Towns and Fields,
In Woods she sacred Rites to *Bacchus* feigns,
Tries greater Ills, and Rage to Fury strains. 385
To shaded Hills her Daughter she conveys ;
The *Trojans*, and glad *Hymen's* Joys delays :
And *Evoë* roars aloud. *Bacchus* (she said)
Bacchus is only worthy of the Maid ;
To thee she Dances leads ; her flowing Hair, 390
Fame says, for thee she feeds, and bears an ivy Spear.
Like Madness all the *Latine* Matrons seiz'd,
They quit their own, to seek new Dwellings pleas'd ;

To wanton Winds expose their flowing Hair,
 While some with Howlings rend the trembling Air, } 395
 And wrapp'd in Skins they vine-leaf'd Lances bear.

The Queen a Torch amidst the giddy Throng
 Sustains, and sings young *Turnus*' nuptial Song :
 And then she darts her sanguine Looks around,
 And of a sudden cries with dreadful Sound ; 400

Io, grave *Latine* Dames, if Parents care
 Can touch your Hearts, with me unbind your Hair,
 And *Bacchus* Rites pursue ; through Woods and Wilds
 They run, *Alecto* drives them through the Fields.

Alecto sees her first Attempt with joy, 405
Latinus' Councils and his House destroy ;
 With rapid Flight display'd on dusky Wings,
 To daring *Turnus*' Walls the Fury springs.
 This Town by *Danae* built for *Greecian* Swains,
 By North Winds hurry'd through the watry Plains, } 410
 Then *Ardua* call'd, now *Ardea*'s Name retains.

Fortune would have it so.

Here in his lofty Palace *Turnus* lay
 In his first Sleep, when Night had conquer'd Day.
 Her hellish Form *Alecto* laid aside, 415
 Which she with Matrons Looks and Limbs supply'd ;
 Her wrinkl'd Brow with silver Fillets bound,
 Her silver Hair with Olive Garlands crown'd ;
 Like *Calybe*, *Saturnia*'s Priestess shows,
 And with these Words to *Turnus*' Presence goes. 420

Must

Must *Turnus* toil and take such Pains in vain?
 Or shall your Scepter *Dardan* Hands sustain?
 Your Bride and Dow'r, which you with Blood have
 bought,

The King denies, a foreign Heir is sought.
 Go forth, ungrateful Prince, your Life expose, 425
 Despis'd, the *Tyrrhens* beat, save *Latins* from their Foes;
 While you at ease in pleasing Slumbers lie,
 By me great *Juno* sends this Embassy.

Haste, and your youthful Troops draw out with
 joy,

And meet in Arms those Fugitives of *Troy*,
 In *Tyber's* Flood their painted Ships destroy. 430

This is the Sum of what the Gods decree:

Unless *Latinus* to your Match agree

Let him your Anger feel, your Valour try.

Turnus to her did scornfully reply: 435

' You tell me News which well I knew before,

' The *Trojan* Fleet invades the *Latian* Shore;

Nay more, their Ships in *Tyber's* Chânel ride,

Nor doubt that *Juno* favours *Turnus's* side;

Thy doting Age procures this needless Care 440

And frights the Priestess with vain thoughts of War;

Go, Mother, go, and keep your Temple clean,

Leave Peace and War, those manly Cares, to Men.

His Words with Rage inflam'd the Furies Breast,

Horror and Trembling all his Limbs invest; 445

Her dreadful Aspect, native Looks, return,
 Fear stiffens his Eyes, and hers with Sulphur burn :
 Then from her hissing Locks she tore two Snakes ;
 She stopp'd him, pausing what to say, then shakes
 Her bloody Lashes, and with Fury said : 450
 Am I so doating, and with Age decay'd ?
 Am I with Fear deceiv'd of warring Kings ?
 Behold *Alecto* from the *Strygian* Springs,
 Who in her Hand, Death, War, and Terror brings. }
 This said, a Torch against his Breast she threw : 455
 Infernal Flames through all his Entrails flew :
 Rous'd from his Sleep, with sudden fright he shakes,
 A Flood of Sweat from all his Body breaks :
 For Arms he calls in rage, to fierce Alarms,
 Wrath fires his Courage and his Soul to Arms. 460
 So when a Caldron crackling Boughs enclose,
 The Water boils with Heat, and sparkling flows,
 Swelling beyond it self the Brims defies,
 And tow'ring Smoak in Clouds mounts to the Skies.
Turnus the Chief of the *Rutulian* Race 465
 To King *Latinus* sends to break the Peace ;
 Others he arms for War, and bids them go,
 Defend their Countrey and repel the Foe ;
 Bragging that he alone could Armies bring,
 Both 'gainst the *Latin* and the *Trojan* King. 470
 This said, he next invoc'd the Pow'rs Divine,
 His Men each other to the Wars incline.

Some

Some by his Shape and blooming Youth are won,
Some by his Birth, and noble Actions done.

While he their Courage rais'd, *Alceto* flew 475

On *Strygian* Wings, a Mischief strange as new,
Against the *Trojans* hatch'd ; her Eyes survey
The Shore where young *Iulus* hunts his Prey.

The *Strygian* Maid his Hounds with Rage inspir'd,
A well-known Scent their subtle Noses fir'd, 480

To chase a Stag, first Cause of all these Ills,
Which rustick Minds with thoughts of Battel fills :

' A Stag snatch'd from the Dam of lofty Head,
Old *Tyrrheus* and his Sons with care had bred ;
He round the Fields *Latinus*' Flocks did keep, 485
(Great breeder of his Cattle and his Sheep.)

This Stag young *Sylvia*, *Tyrrheus*' Daughter, taught,
To know her Hand, and to Subjection brought :
She comb'd with Garlands crown'd, wash'd in the Flood ;
He from his Master's Table begg'd his Food ; 490

He stray'd in Woods all Day while it was Light,
And to his well-known Home return'd at Night.

Iulus' Hounds had rouz'd him as he stray'd,
When falling Streams to shady Banks convey'd,
To shun bright *Phæbus* Rays ; *Ascanius* too 495

With equal Ardour did the Chace pursue,
Fir'd with the Glory of the noble Game,
And with his sounding Bow directs his Aim ;

The whizzing Dart the cruel Goddesses guides,
Which pierc'd his Bowels through his panting Sides. 500

The

The bleeding Stag flies to his Stall, and Moans,
As one complaining fills the House with Groans.

“ First *Sylvia* beats her Breast, and cries aloud,
While churlish Swains to her Assistance crowd.

The baleful Fury, who their Courage fires, 505

Lurks in the Woods. Such Arms as Rage inspires,
What first they find they seize ; One snatch'd a Brand,
This with a Club all knotty fills his Hand.

Tyrrheus then cleft an Oak, enraged takes
(When he had call'd his Men) his cleaving Axe ; 510

Alecto now a time for Mischief finds,
She mounts the Stables lofty Roof, then winds
A Shepherd's Horn. This dreadful Signal giv'n,
Shook all the Woods, and rent the Vault of Heav'n :
Her hellish Notes from *Trivia's* Lake rebound, 515

Sulphureous *Nar* and *Velins* Fountains found :
The tender Infants hanging on the Breast
Their frighted Mothers to their Bosom prest.

Soon as the Clowns had heard the Furies sign,
They run to Arms, and Wrath to Malice join : 520

Now from their Camp the *Trojan* Youths draw out
To aid *Ascanius* : Nor is this a Rout

Of rural Swains with Clubs and Countrey Arms,
Jav'lins and Spears are us'd on these Alarms,
And glaring Swords in doubtful Combate vie, 525

Bright *Phæbus* Rays reflecting to the Sky.

As on the Surges rising Tempests blow,
Which swelling by degrees still whiter grow ;

“ Till

" Till by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
 " The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. 530
 ' First *Almon* falls (old *Tyrrheus*' eldest Son)
 Kill'd by a Dart while he his Troops led on ;
 The whizzing Arrow through his Wind-pipe past,
 Which choak'd his Voice and stopp'd his vital Blast :
 His Men in Heaps attend him as he lies. } 535
 Next old *Galeus* falls, the Just, the Wise,
 As he did Peace amidst their Arms advise : }
 By far the richest of th' *Ausonian* Field, }
 ' Five Flocks of Sheep, five Doves his Pastures }
 fill'd, }
 ' And by a hundred Ploughs his Grounds are till'd. } 540
 While doubtful thus the Chance of War remain'd,
 With Blood *Alecto* had both Nations stain'd.
 Her Work perform'd, from *Italy* she flies
 Through Air, and thus to *Juno* proudly cries.
 Dire Seeds of War I've sown, now if you please 545
 Let them agree, and join their Hands in Peace ;
 Since the *Ausonian* Blood the *Trojans* spill :
 I can yet more to gratify your Will :
 I shall the neigh'bring Towns provoke to Rage,
 And spreading Rumours to fierce Wars engage ; 550
 By scatt'ring Arms around, together bring
 Their joint Assistance to the *Latin* King.
 No more of Fraud and Terror ; by your Care, }
Juno replies, you have begun the War, }
 Which both pursue, both sides for Arms prepare. } 555

A bloody

388 VIRGIL's, &c. Book VII.

A bloody *Hymen* shall th' Alliance join,
Of *Venus*' Race and *Faunus*' Royal Line :

Retire from hence, great *Jove* will ne'er consent,
That thus you range above the Firmament ;

" Leave what remains to me, *Saturnia* said. } 560

Alecto flew on hissing Wings display'd,

" From azure Skies down to the *Stygian* Shade. }

" In midst of *Italy* of mighty Fame,

" There lies a Lake (*Amsanctus* is its name)

With Mountains pent, which shady Woods sur- } 565
round,

In this a rapid Torrent cleaves the Ground,

The rocky Cliffs repeat the murmur'ing sound. }

This horrid Cave's a Mouth of Hell, whence rise
Infernal Vapours to the tainted Skies :

To *Stygian* Floods the hated Goddesses here, 570

Sunk deep, freeing the Earth, the Heavens, and Air.

What *Juno* had begun she hastes to crown,
The Shepherds from the Fight rush to the Town,
And there slain *Almon* and *Galesus* bring ;

Their Gods invoke, and then implore their King. 575

Turnus amidst the Dead exclaims aloud,

Heightning the Terror of the Fire and Blood ;

Complains a *Trojan*'s call'd to mount the Throne,

Himself rejected and his hopes undone.

These meet, whose frighted Mothers rear'd the Fame }

Of *Bacchus* in the Woods (*Amata*'s name }

Was great with all) all War and Blood proclaim : }

'Gainst

'Gainst Fate, 'gainst Omens, War they only found,
By Fury led *Latinus* Court surround.

' He like a Rock, which sounding Billows braves, 585

' And stands unmov'd the fury of the Waves :

In vain against its foaming sides they roar,
And beat the Sea Weeds from its rocky Shore.

The King now saw no Pow'r their blind desire
Could stem, for *Juno* did their Passion fire. 590

First he attests the Gods and airy Skies,

O miserable *Latins* ! (then he cries)

Ruin'd by jarring Fates, by Rage undone,

Your sacrilegious Blood shall this atone.

Turnus, thy Crime shall find a bloody Fate, 595

You shall implore the Gods, but ah ! too late :

Secure of Death, the safe retreat I crave,

Shall only want the Pomp attends a Grave.

This said, the King within his House confin'd
Himself and care, the Reins of Pow'r resign'd. 600

' *Italians* first, then *Albans* us'd of old,

' A Rite which now all-conquering *Romans* hold :

A sacred Custom when they would declare

'Gainst *Indians*, *Arabs*, or *Hyrcanians* War ;

' Or lead their Troops to *Parthia* to regain 605

" The Eagles lost in *Carrhae's* bloody Plain,

And make those Eagles over *Indus* fly,

To meet *Aurora* in her Eastern Sky.

Two iron Gates a hundred Levers bar

With Bolts of Brass, and nam'd the Gates of War ; 610

Sacred

390 VIRGIL'S Book VII.

Sacred to *Mars* by awful Rites of old,
 And double *Janus* guards the dreadful hold.
 Soon as the Fathers have a War resolv'd,
 The *Roman* Consul with his Robes involv'd,
 Unfolds the sounding Gates denouncing War, 615
 While Shouts and Trumpets rend the trembling Air.
 Such Rites as these the *Latin* Tribes enjoin
 Their King to use against the *Trojan* Line.
 But he refus'd, and with abhorrence fled,
 An Act so base, and hid his Royal Head. 620
 Then *Juno* from her heav'nly Throne descends,
 Unbars the Gates, resisting Hinges rends.
 Peaceful *Ansonia*'s fir'd to Arms and War,
 Some for the Foot, some for the Horse prepare;
 Thus all in Fury to the War inclin'd, 625
 They polish Spears and Shields, and Axes grind;
 ' With joy they view their warlike Ensigns fly,
 " And hear the Trumpets clangour pierce the Sky.
 Five Towns to forge new Arms huge Anvils place,
 Pow'rful *Atina*, proud *Tybur*, *Ardea*'s Race, 630
 With tow'r'd *Antenna*, *Crustumerians* join,
 They hollow Casques and willow Branches twine,
 To form their Shields, some brazen Crosetts mould,
 Some damask silver Cuiſhes o'er with Gold.
 They now forget their Plough-shares, Scythes and
 Spades, 635
 And temper in the Fire their Fathers Blades.

The

The Trumpets found, the warlike Lots are giv'n,
Some Helmets seize, by others Horses driv'n ;
Some fit their Shields, and some their Corslets ty'd,
Others their trusty Swords girt by their side. 640

From *Helicon*, ye sacred Sisters, fire
My Soul, and with your Lays divine inspire,
' To sing the Kings then rul'd the *Italian* Land,
" Their Arms and Armies under their command.
Fame, thro' long tracts of time, can scarcely shew 645
These Truths, which you as Pow'rs Immortal know.

First proud *Mezentius*, the *Etrurian* King,
(Despiser of the Gods) his Troops did bring,
With him young *Lausus* join'd his graceful Son,
In Beauty he to *Turnus* yields alone, 650
" A skilful Horseman and a Hunter bred,
' In vain a thousand from *Agylia* led,
" His Sire unworthy of so brave a Son,
Deserving to ascend a purer Throne.

' Next *Aventinus* o'er the flow'ry Ground 655
' His Chariot drove, with Palms and Laurels crown'd,
And shews his conqu'ring Steeds ; his blazing Shield,
His Father's hundred-headed *Hydra* fill'd :
From Priestess *Rhea* he deriv'd his Blood,
And great *Alcides*, whom that conqu'ring God } 660
In secret courted in the *Aventine* Wood :
Who triple *Geryon* then had kill'd in *Spain*,
And fed his Doves on *Tyber's* grassy Plain.

‘ For Arms his Men long Piles and Javelins bore,
 ‘ And *Sabine* Poles their Foes in Battel gore : 665

A Foot the Hero to the Palace goes,
 His frightful Dress like great *Alcides* shews,

‘ Wrapt in a dreadful Lion’s shaggy Skin,
 ‘ Whose Jaws around his Face did fiercely grin.

‘ Two *Grecian* Brothers next from *Tybur* came, 670
 “ Which from their Brother *Tybur*s took its name.

Before their Troops rush fiercely to the Fight,
 As from *Thessalia*’s snowy Mountains height,
 Two Cloud-born *Centauers* rapidly descend ;
 Vast Woods give way, and rustling Bushes bend. 675

There *Caculus*, *Praneste*’s Founder came,
 A King of Shepherds always styl’d by Fame :
 Old *Vulcan*’s Son : with him *Praneste*’s Band,

‘ And those who till *Saturnia*’s *Gabine* Land :
 With those who on cold *Anienus* dwell, 680

And where rough *Amasenus*’ Billows swell,
 Near the *Hernican* Rocks till *Sabine* Ground,
 Nor Shields nor Corsets on their Bodies found,
 Nor Chariots use for Arms : They Jav’lins bear,
 And throw from Slings Lead-Bullets through the

Air ;

Instead of Helms they Caps of Wolf-skins wear. } 685
 They fix’d their left Feet naked on the Ground,
 Their Right with Shoes of Bulls raw Hides are bound.

Next them great *Neptune*’s Son, *Messapus* came,
 By Fate secure from hurt of Steel and Flame ; 690

The

The lazy Courage of the Troops he warms,
 Long Peace had turn'd their Minds from War and Arms;
 ' To fight *Fescennians* and *Faliscans* brings,
 " With those who live where *Lake Ciminia* springs;
 ' Near Mount *Soracte* and *Flavinian* Lands, 695
 " And where *Fetonia's* Grove and Temple stands.
 These march in Battel, loudly praise their King,
 As Swans from feeding mounted on the Wing,
 With stretch'd out Necks thro' airy Regions sing. }
 The chearful Notes the neighbouring Shores rebound, 700
 And *Asia's* Lake re-echo's to the sound;
 Whoe'er had heard their joyful noise afar,
 Wou'd ne'er have thought them Soldiers arm'd for War,
 But rather Fowl which from the Ocean soar,
 To ease their Sea-beat Bodies on the Shore. 705

Heading a warlike Band next *Clausus* came,
 Of ancient *Sabine* Blood, his mighty Fame
 Did more than equal all: The *Claudii* come
 From him, since *Sabines* share the Power of *Rome*.
 With them old *Cures*, *Amiternum's* Band, 710
 Those of *Eretum* and *Mutusca's* Land;
 Those *Tetrica* and Mount *Severus* yields,
Nomentum's Town and *Velins* rose Fields,
 Or *Foruli*, those in *Casperia* dwell,
 Where *Fabaris* and *Himel Tyber* swell. 715
 The *Hortine* Troops, those of cold *Nursia's* Blood,
 ' The *Latins* wash'd by *Allia's* woful Flood.

Soldiers and Arms the trembling Earth sustains,
 Thick as the Ears of Wheat on *Hermus*' Plains,
 * Or *Lycian* Fields, when scorching *Phæbus* reigns. } 720
 Thick as the Waves in *Lybian* Seas are roll'd,
 When dire *Orion* sets in Winter's cold.

Troy's Foe, *Hæfusus*, next his Chariot drives,
 (From *Agamemnon* he his Birth derives,)
 To *Turnus* Aid, with him a thousand join 725
 From *Massica*, that fertile Soil of Wine :
 Those where *Vulturnus*' shallow Waters roar,
Aurunci from their Rocks and *Sidicinum's* Shore.
 Troops from *Caserta* and from *Cales* go,
 The *Ofci*, who long pointed Jav'lins throw : 730
 To dextrous Hands ty'd with a slender Cord,
 They bear light Shields, and use a crooked Sword,

Nor, *OEbalus*, must thou be here forgot,
 Whom *Telon* on *Sebethus*' Daughter got :
 When he, well-strick'n in Years, in *Caprea* reign'd, 735
 * Th' ambitious Son so mean a Throne disdain'd,
 * And o'er *Sarraffes*' People stretch'd his sway,
 * Where *Sarnus*' Streams run to the *Tyrrhen* Sea ;
 O'er *Rufa*, *Batulum*, *Celenna's* Land,
 Where rich *Abella's* lofty Tow'rs command : 740
 These *German* like, long corded Jav'lins flung,
 And by their sides brass Swords and Bucklers hung.
 With Casks of Cork. Great *Ufens* too, thy name
 I must rehearse, renown'd for Arms of Fame,
 He to the War from hilly *Nursæ* came : } 745

The

The stubborn *Æqui* his commands obey'd,
 " Hunting their Sport, as plund'ring was their Trade,
 " In Arms they plough'd, in Arms they use the Spade. }

Brave *Umbro* sent from the *Marrubian* Ground
 By King *Archippus*, who his Helmet crown'd 750
 With Olive Boughs, a Priest train'd up to Arms,
 Who Snakes and Vipers lull'd asleep by Charms :
 His Art their Rage allay'd, their Bites did cure,
 Charms weak, alas, the Charmer to secure ;
 Nor Herbs nor Numbers shall relief afford 755
 ' To heal a Wound giv'n by a Trojan Sword.
Angitia's Grove shall mourn thy Death and Wound,
Fucinus' Lake and crystal Streams around.

Hippolytus's warlike Son was there,
 Young *Virbius*, like his Sirg and Mother fair, 760
 " Whom in *Egerian* Groves *Aricia* bore,
 " And nurs'd his Youth along the humid Shore :
 " Where chaste *Diana's* peaceful Altars flame :
Hippolytus (as it is told by Fame)
 When torn asunder by his Horses fright, 765
 And glutted by his Death his Father's spight ;
 A bloody Victim to his Step-dame's Love,
 His Innocence did chaste *Diana* move,
 To raise by Herbs to vital Air above.
 Almighty *Jove* with Indignation bore 770
 A Mortal's rising from the *Stygian* Shore ;
 Him whom Physicians for their Patron own,
 With Thunder to the *Stygian* Floods threw down.

Diana to the graceful Youth more kind ;
 With Nymphs to sweet *Egerian* Groves confin'd, 775
 To pass his Days in Woods unknown to Fame,
 He for *Hippolytus* took *Virbius*' name.

Horses from *Trivia*'s Temple and her Wood
 ' Debarr'd, e'er since a Monster of the Flood }
 ' Frighted, and caus'd them shed their Masters Blood. }
 But yet his Son drove Horses o'er the Field, 781
 And round the Plain to War his Chariot wheel'd.

Amongst the first brave *Turnus* graceful Mien
 Appears, his Head o'er all his Troops is seen ;
 Upon his triple Crest *Chimera* stands, 785

And from *Ætnean* Jaws darts flaming Brands.
 The more in bloody Fields burns *Turnus* ire,
 More fierce appears the Monster breathing Fire.
 Fair *Io* like a Cow his Shield adorns,
 Imboss'd in Gold with large erected Horns ; 790

(A noble charge) her Keeper *Argus* too,
 Near from his Urn her Father's Waters flow.
 The Infantry march'd next with glaring Shields,
 And Steel-arm'd Legions crowd the dusty Fields.
Aurunci, *Rutuli*, *Sicilian* Bands, 795

And *Grecian* Youth in warlike order stands.
 With Troops *Sacrana* and *Laticum* yields,
 (In *Tyber*'s Forest) bearing painted Shields,
 Who near *Numicus*' sacred Streams reside,
 And *Circe*'s or *Rutilian* Hills divide ; 800

With

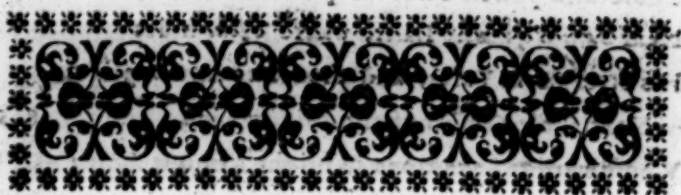
With those of *Anxur* rul'd by mighty *Jove*,
 Those who possess *Feronia's* pleasant Grove;
 Near *Satura's* dusky Lake, where *Ufens* hides
 His Streams in Vales, and thence to *Neptune* glides.

Next these *Camilla* of the *Volscian* Line, 805
 Whose warlike Squadrons in bright Armour shine:
 A daring Maid, unus'd to *Pallas' Arts*,
 But bred to War, to Jav'lins, and to Darts,
 To suffer Toil; in speed the Winds out-vies,
 Nor bends the standing Corn, o'er which she flies; 810
 Her hov'ring course she bends through raging Waves,
 Her nimble Feet no sawcy Billow laves.
 The Youth and Matrons from the Buildings round,
 Run and admire to see her tread the Ground;
 Amaz'd they stare, and view her graceful Air, } 815
 Her purple Robes, the Chains which link'd her Hair,
 Her *Lycian* Quiver and her myrtle Spear.

The End of the Seventh Book.



VIR-



VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.



B O O K VIII.



The CONTENTS.

Turnus, King of the Rutilians, joining with the Latins, resolves to oppose Æneas. Venu-
lus is sent to Diomedes to acquaint him with
the Trojans landing upon their Coast, and to
persuade him to enter into the League against
them. Æneas, wearied with Care and the
thoughts of the War, falls asleep near the Ri-
ver Tyber: The God of the River appears to
him, assures him of success, and advises him

to go to Evander, King of Arcadia ; who being banish'd from Home, had built a Town (call'd Pallantium) upon Mount Palatin, afterwards one of the seven Hills of Rome, to make Friendship with him, and to beg his Assistance. He finds Evander intent upon Sacrifices and Devotions to Hercules ; to which he kindly admits Æneas, and gives him a full account of the first beginnings of these holy Rites ; by relating the Story of Hercules's Victory over Cacus, a famous Robber of that Countrey. Gives four hundred Horsemen to Æneas, under the command of his only Son Pallas. Then sends him to the Tyrrhens, a People of the Etruscans (who had expell'd their King Mezentius for his Cruelty, and now earnestly desired a stranger Prince) assuring the Trojan Prince of the Obedience of that People. Next day Æneas sends half his Men down the River, to give his Son an account of all that had pass'd ; with the other half he marches to Tarchon's Camp, who commanded the Tyrrhen Army. In the meantime Venus brings him the Armour she had promised, made by Vulcan. He admires the Shield above all the rest, whereon were engraven all the great Actions of the Romans, his Posterity, and more particularly the Victory of Augustus at Actium, against Anthony and Cleopatra Queen of Ægypt, upon which the Poet enlargeth, by an elegant description of Augustus's triple Triumph.

SOON



ON as bold *Turnus*' blazing Standard
crown'd

Laurentum's Tow'rs, the martial Trum-
pets sound

Provok'd the sprightly Courfers to the
War ;

The Men their Harness and their Arms prepare :

Tumultuous Rage inflam'd the People's Mind; 5

The *Latin* State in strict Alliance join'd :

The head-strong Youth with thoughtless Fury run.

Bold *Ufens*, and *Messapus* leads them on,

Mexentius too, contemning Pow'r's divine,

From neighb'ring Parts confed'rate Forces join : 10

They waste the Fields and spoil the Countrey round,

Nor Plough-men leave to till or sow the Ground,

First *Venus* they sent to *Diomed*,

As their Ambassador, to beg his Aid,

And let him know the *Trojan* Fleet and Host, 15

And conquer'd Gods possess the *Latine* Coast ;

And that *Aeneas* own'd himself to be

Design'd their Monarch by the God's decree ;

Which spread his Fame abroad, that ev'ry Hour

Some neighb'ring Nation join'd and swell'd his Pow'r : 20

Nor was it hard to see the Foe's design,

Should smiling Fortune to their side incline :

He better knew than *Turnus* or the King,

The fatal consequence that War would bring.

While

While thus the *Latins* Arms and Friends prepare, } 25
Aeneas' anxious Soul foresaw the War,
Drown'd in a tossing Sea of racking Care.
His nimble thoughts through swift Ideas glide
And future Chances turn on ev'ry side ;
As Light reflected from bright *Phæbus*' Rays, 30
Or paler *Phæbe*, in brass Cisterns plays ;
On fleeting Water skips from place to place,
And strikes the Cieling in its twinkling Race.
'Twas Night and Nature slept, both Man and Beast
And weary'd Birds lay hush'd in pleasing Rest. 35
On *Tyber's* Banks asleep *Aeneas* lay,
Whom thoughts of War had troubl'd all the Day.
Old *Tyberinus*, Genius of the Place,
In pleasant Streams which shady Poplars grace,
Appear'd to rise, in azure Linen clad, 40
A wreath of Reeds adorn'd his rev'rend Head :
Thus to the Hero spoke, to ease his Care,
With gentle words. Son of the Gods, who bear
From Foes to us the sad remains of *Troy*,
In whom that Town yet stands ; our Fields with Joy 45
Long look'd for now receive, here sure abodes
For you and yours, and certain Household Gods :
Slight all the Rumours of these threatening Wars,
Most of the Gods are pleas'd, and end their Jars :
When on the Ground a Sow stretch'd out shall lie 50
Beneath an Oak, her thirty young ones by

White

White as their Dam ; this seen distrust no more
 That these are Dreams ; there is your promis'd Shore :
 Upon this Place your Son a Town shall build,
 Which shall Repose from all your Labours yield. 55
 After the end of thirty rolling Years,
 From this Prefage he noble *Alba* rears.
 I shew what's true, next tell you how your Pains
 May merit Glory for what yet remains.
Evander's Followers, of *Arcadian* Race 60
 The Hills inhabit, which surround this Place ;
 Where they have built a Town scarce known to Fame,
Pallantium call'd, from old King *Pallas'* Name :
 In constant Broils the *Latians* they dare ;
 Makethem your Friends and Brothers of the War. 65
 My Course directs your way, the Banks that hem
 My rapid Current, which your Oars shall stem :
 Arise, bright *Venus'* Son, at break of Day,
 To Heav'ns great Queen your due Devotions pay, }
 With humble Vows her Hate and Wrath allay. } 70
 When you o'ercome I shall expect your Thanks.
 I *Tyber* am, who glide through flow'ry Banks ;
 My swelling Stream these fertile Fields divides,
 No River to the Gods more grateful glides :
 And here my mighty Seat, whence to the Skies 75
 The conquer'd Globe's Imperial Town shall rise.
 This said, the God div'd through the mighty Deep,
 And to the Bottom plung'd. Both Night and Sleep

For-

Forlook *Aeneas*' Eyes, he sees the Beams
 Of rising *Phæbus* from the crystal Streams. 80
 With both his hollow'd Hánds he Water throws,
 Then to th' Pow'rs Divine address'd his Vows.
 Nymphs, Oh *Laurentine* Nymphs, who guard each Spring,
 Whence noble Rivers all their Waters bring,

' Receive *Aeneas*, from all Dangers save, 85

' O Father *Tyber*, in your sacred Wave ;

Where'er you dwell, where'er your Streams are found,
 Where'er your pleasant Fountains cleave the Ground,
 I for your Pity shall due Honours pay,

And grateful Victims on your Altars lay : 90

Who rule *Hesperian* Floods your Help afford,

And by your Presence seal your sacred Word.

He said; then from his Fleet two Gallies drew,
 With Rowers fills their Banks, then arms their Crew.

And now the Hero's wond'ring Eyes behold 95

The Prodigy which *Tyber*'s God foretold ;

A Sow with all her Off-spring white as Snow,

Lay 'mongst the Trees, which near the River grow :

Which good *Aeneas* to great *Juno* kill'd,

' The Mother and the Brood her Altars fill'd. 100

That silent Night old *Tyber* calm'd his Flood,

His rolling Waves, forc'd back, now level stood,

Like stagnate Pools, or like a crystal Lake,

And no Resistance to the Rowers make ;

Who cut the Billows with a cheering Cry, 105

The well calk'd Gallies o'er the Waters fly.

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The Streams and Groves as if they wonder'd stood,
 That shining Vessels row'd against the Flood ;
 With glittering Arms they tug both Night and Day
 From Reach to Reach, and swiftly make their way, 110
 Under the Shade of spreading Boughs and Leaves,
 And cut reflected Forests on the Waves.

The Sun had reach'd his full Meridian Height
 When Walls and Tow'rs from far salute their Sight,
 And distant Houses, thinly set, appear'd, 115
 Which since, the *Romans* to the Clouds have rear'd.
 This homely Town *Evander* then possess'd :
 They row to Shore, and to the City haste.
Arcadia's King, his Son, and poorer States,
 That Day, in Groves without the City Gates, 120
 Their usual Honours to *Alcides* paid,
 And grateful Victims on his Altar laid :
 But when they saw tall Ships move through the Wood,
 And row against the Current of the Flood,
 Amaz'd with fear all from the Table rise. 125
 Friends, mind the Rites, nor leave the Sacrifice,
 Bold *Pallas* said : Then seiz'd in haste a Spear,
 And mounts a rising Ground, he calls afar.
 Strangers, who led you to this unknown Road ?
 What are you ? Whither ? Where is your Abode ? 130
 Say, Peace or War ? *Aeneas* from the Prow,
 In sign of Peace, stretch'd out an Olive Bough :
 The *Latins* Foes, you *Trojan* Captains see,
 A cruel War with such an Enemy

Has forc'd us hither ; let *Evander* know 135
We beg his Aid against the common Foe.

' Struck with the Name, he said, Who e'er thou art,
Come thou ashore, and to the King impart
All your Concerns, and land a welcome Guest.
They join'd their Hands, and tenderly embrac'd ; 140
They left the Shore and enter'd in the Grove,
Then to the King Words might his Kindness move
Aeneas spoke.

Great King, the Glory of the *Grecian* Line,
Since to beg Peace the cruel Fates injoin. 145

I neither fear'd a *Grecian* Leader's Name
Born in *Arcadia*, or that you came
From *Atreus* Loins ; secure in my own Worth
And Heav'n's Decrees, yours and my Father's Birth,
Your Countries Honour and your well-spoke Fame, 150
Though urg'd by Fate, most willingly I came.

Great *Dardanus*, the Founder of our Town,
Eletra's Son, as all the *Grecians* own,
To *Ilium* came : Her *Atlas* got, who bears
Upon his mighty Back the starry Spheres ; 155
You sprung from *Hermes*, *Maja* brought him forth
On Mount *Cyllene*, in the frozen North.

Her Father *Atlas* (as I hear) the same,
Who on his Shoulders bears the heav'nly Frame ;
The Blood of both from the same Fountain springs. 160
Trusting to this, I scorn'd, like other Kings,

To send before to sound and try my Fate ;
 My self I bring, thus lowly I entreat.
 The fierce *Rutulians* you and us pursue
 With cruel Wars; if to their Arms we bow, 165
 They think all Lets remov'd which stop their way
 To stretch their Empire out from Sea to Sea.
 Give yours, receive our Faith ; long us'd to War,
 Our Courage try'd, our Hearts are void of fear.
 With piercing Eyes, while thus *Aeneas* said, 170
Evander him from Head to Foot survey'd :
 Then briefly spoke. Best of the *Trojan* Race,
 Whom I most willing in these Walls embrace,
 And in your Voice and Air your Father find.
 Though long ago, I freshly call to mind 175
 King *Priam's* Visit to his Sister's Court,
 (Who then at *Salamina* had resort)
 Who in his Progress view'd th' *Arcadian* Shore,
 A youthful Down my Chin then cover'd o'er.
 I saw the *Trojan* Chiefs with wond'ring Eyes ; 180
Priam himself I saw ; yet my surprize
 Was more to see *Anchises* top the rest ;
 ' A friendly Ardour fir'd my youthful Breast
 To know the Man ; I mutual Friendship sought,
 Accosted first, then to *Pheneus* brought ; 185
 And when we parted with a close Embrace,
 He gave me Arrows in a *Lycian* Case,
 A Tissue Robe, two Bits with golden Reins,
 The noble Gift with *Pallas* still remains.

‘ The League you ask, by this Right Hand I plight; 190
 When *Phæbus* next displays his chearing Light,
 My Wealth shall ease, my Troops shall force your
 way,

‘ But since as Friends you came this solemn Day,

‘ And that our Rites admit of no delay,

‘ Honour our Feast, accept a friendly Treat; 195

Then he commands to bring both Wine and Meat.

On Seats of Turf he plac’d the *Trojans* round,

Then on a Maple Throne, rais’d from the Ground,

He sets *Aneas* on a Lion’s Skin:

The Priests and Youth broil’d Bowels next bring in, 200

With Baskets full of Bread, and Bowls of Wine,

On Chines of Beef the Prince and *Trojans* dine,

On offer’d Entrails plentifully Feast.

Then said *Evander* to his Royal Guest,

No Superstition or blind Zeal impose 205

This Feast and Rites, nor to such Height arose

This sacred Altar from obscurer Fame:

We pay what’s due to our Preserver’s Name:

That Rock, those pointed Cliffs afar you view,

Fell down, and with their Fall a mighty Ruin drew; 210

The mould’ring Craggs all round with Rubbish fill

The Vale adjoining the abandon’d Hill.

There was a Cave sunk a prodigious way,

Which never gave access to Light of Day:

Here brutal *Cacus* hid his horrid Face, 215

Slaughter and Blood besmear’d the dismal Place;

Fix'd to the Pillars of the lofty Door
 Pale human Heads hung dropping livid Gore.
 This hideous Giant, belching Smoke and Flame,
 Was *Vulcan's* Son ; expected safety came ; 220
 The great Avenger of all horrid Crimes,
 God-like *Alcides* came in later times,
 Proud with the Spoils of three-fold *Geryon* slain,
 And drove his Bulls on *Tyber's* grassy Plain.
 The thieving *Cacus* itching to essay 225
 All kind of Villany, convey'd away,
 Dragg'd backward to his Cave, four well grown Bulls :
 And from the Drove he four fat Heifers pulls,
 Shuts in the hollow Rock ; no Tracks betray,
 No forward Step directs the Owner's way. 230
Alcides' now to shift his Folds prepar'd,
 And drive to other Grounds his well-graz'd Herd :
 ' The Bulls, who miss'd their Mates, complain'd aloud,
 With Bellowings fill'd the neighb'ring Hills and Wood ;
 One of the Cows inclos'd within the Rock 235
 Return'd the Sound, and *Cacus'* Measures broke.
 Revenging Fury great *Alcides* warms,
 He pull'd a knotty Oak, his usual Arms,
 With rapid Speed he gain'd the Mountains Height :
 Then first we saw fierce *Cacus* in a Fright, 240
 Shewn in his Looks ; then to his Den he springs
 More fleet than Winds, fear arms his Feet with Wings :
 Then clos'd the Entry with a Rock, secure
 His Father's Art had hung above the Door

On Chains of Iron, then shut the Bolts within. 245
Alcides came, wild Fury made him grin ;
He gnash'd his foaming Teeth, his burning Eyes
Darts all around, and ev'ry place surveys
Of the *Aventine* Hill ; he thrice in vain
Attempts the solid Gate ; thrice from his Pain } 250
Rests weary'd in the Vale, then tries again.
A flinty Rock of a stupendous Height
Stuck out behind the Cave : (where Birds of Night
Their dire Abodes had made) this o'er the Flood
Hung on the Left, upon the Right he stood ; 255
With all his Force he heav'd the pond'rous Rock
And tore it from the Roots, Heaven with the Shock
And trembling Shores resound ; old *Tyber* shrinks
His frightened Head within his shiv'ring Brinks.
Now *Cacus*' spacious Court appears in sight, 260
The horrid Cave receiv'd unusual Light,
As if a dreadful Earthquake rent in two
The shatter'd Globe, and shew'd the Realms of Woe,
Unseen by heav'nly Pow'rs ; and radiant Light
Should fright the Shades shut in eternal Night, 265
And from above disclose the Pit of Hell :
Surprizing Day thus struck the gloomy Cell.
He roar'd aloud, 'gainst him *Alcides* flew
With all his Arms, and Rocks like Millstones threw :
The Monster now who knew no way to shun 270
Approaching Fate, his last Reserves begun,
Strange to relate !

His

His open'd Jaws a Cloud of Smoke pour'd out
 And spread *Cimmerian* Darknefs round about ;
 With Vapours shrowded from *Alcides'* sight 275
 Fills all the Cave with tow'ring Flames and Night.
 This Trick too weak to stop *Alcides'* Ire,
 Who cast himself amongst the Smoke and Fire,
 Which like a rapid Torrent rolling flow,
 And with thick Fogs fill all the Cave below ; 280
 While *Cacus* flam'd in vain, the gloomy Grot
 The Hero gain'd, and squeez'd his bloodless Throat ;
 He twist his Limbs and wrung his Neck about,
 Till with the Strain he forc'd his Eye-balls out :
 The Doors broke down, the dusky Vaults display 285
 Unjustly taken Goods to open Day.
 He by the Heels the filthy Carrion drew,
 Beholders were not pleas'd enough to view
 The frightful Aspect of this human Beast,
 His horrid Eye-brows and his hoary Breast ; 290
 His dreadful Throat which no more Fire sends forth.
 E'er since that time due Honours to such Worth,
 Posterity with Joy and Gladnefs pay,
 To great *Alcides* keep this Holy Day.
Potitius first, and the *Pinarian* Name 295
 This Altar rais'd to his eternal Fame,
 This lofty Altar, this *Herculean* Shrine
 Which shall with us above all Altars shine.
 Brave Youths, in honour of this high Renown,
 'Your Hands with Bowls, your Heads with Garlands crown,
 Pray

Pray to our common God, drink freely round ; 301

This said, his Locks with Poplar wreaths he bound.

Evander's right a hollow Goblet fills,

Some Drops the Monarch on the Table spills :

Thus all the Guests the sacred Liquor pour, 305

And all with joy th' immortal Gods adore.

Mean while *Apollo* in the West declin'd,

Potitius and the Priests their Bodies bind

With shaggy Skins, and burning Tapers held,

Then with the second Course the Tables fill'd. 310

The Holy Altars with full Chargers crown'd,

The *Salian* Priests their Heads with Poplar bound,

And dance about them with a joyful sound. }

Thus double Choirs, this old, the other young,

Alcides' praise in lofty numbers sung, 315

' How, for a tryal, ty'd in swathing Bands,

' He strangl'd *Juno's* Snakes with Infant Hands.

In War he stately Cities overturn'd,

Troy, and *OEchalia* to Ashes burn'd ;

O'rcame a thousand Labours sent by Fate 320

Under *Eurytheus*, push'd by *Juno's* Hate.

Invincible, he kill'd bold *Ixion's* Brood,

The double *Centaur*s, gender'd on a Cloud :

No Arm but his could *Cretan* Monsters brave,

Or kill the Lion of *Nemea's* Cave : 325

The *Stygian* Rivers trembl'd at his name,

His Hand alone could Hell's dire Porter tame :

No Shape could fright, or huge *Typhæus* dare
 Resist his Arms, when he 'gainst Heav'n made War.
 The *Hydra's* many Heads at *Lerna's* Flood 330
 Could ne'er surprize amongst the hissing Crowd.
 All hail thou glory of thy heav'nly Race,
 True Son of *Jove*, our Gifts with Favour grace !
 ' Thus they in numbers sing, but above all,
 They celebrate Fire-breathing *Cacus* fall ; 335
 The chearful noise the shady Woods resound,
 The echo'd Songs from Hill to Hill rebound.

All to the Town retire, the Rites now done,
 First old *Evander* with his Guest and Son ;
 He with his pleasant Talk beguil'd the way. 340
Aeneas wond'ring Eyes all round survey ;
 All Objects please, the Hero much enquires,
 And noble Acts of former Kings admires.
 Then spoke the Founder of *Pallantium's* Tow'rs,
 Where *Rome* now stands, here Nymphs and *Sylvan*
 Pow'rs 345
 First dwelt, with Men who liv'd in Roots of Oak,
 Who Arts nor Manners knew, nor Plough nor Yoke ;
 Knew neither how to save, nor purchase Goods,
 But liv'd on Fruits and Hunting in the Woods.
 Old *Saturn* coming from th' Ethereal Sway, 350
 Expell'd by *Jove*, first taught them to obey :
 From Hills he gather'd and together brought,
 He gave them Laws and civil Customs taught :

From

From lurking here the Countrey *Latium* nam'd,
During his Reign the golden Age was fam'd. 355
For Peace and Plenty overflow'd the Land,
When he rul'd *Latium* with a gentle Hand:
Till more degenerate times a coarser Age,
And love of Money brought forth War and Rage:
' Then bold *Ansonians* and *Sicilians* came, 360
' Who for their own chang'd oft the *Latine* name.
Then Kings and Monarchs rul'd old *Saturn's* Land,
And Giant *Tybris* bore supreme Command;
Who to the River *Tyber* gave his name,
Call'd *Albula* by old Records of Fame. 365
Thrust from my Countrey, on the Billows tofs'd,
By irresistible Fate and Fortune cross'd,
My Mother's care inspir'd by *Delos' God*,
Has brought me hither to this safe abode.
' This said, he shew'd the Altar and the Gate, 370
" Since nam'd *Carmental* by the *Roman* State,
In honour that *Carmenta* first foretold
Æneas' Line, and *Roman Fame* of old.
' Then shews that Grove, which in succeeding times
' Great *Romulus* a Refuge made for Crimes: 375
And next *Pan's* lofty Temple on a Rock,
Built by *Arcadian* Rites to guard his Flock:
" Next tells of *Argus' Death*, his murder'd Guest,
" The Tomb and Grove his Innocence attest:
Next to *Tarpeia's Capitol* he led, 380
Instead of Gold with fenny Reeds o'erspread.

An awful reverence of this holy Ground
With terror fills the neighb'ring Swains all round.

With fear approach this Rock, they dread the Wood,
Within whose Shade a God hath his Abode, 385
What God not known, but sure it is a God.

Arcadians say they saw *Jove's* heav'nly Form
Oft wield his Shield when tow'ring in a Storm :

Two ruin'd and dismantl'd Towns behold,
Remains of mighty Men renown'd of old : 390

Janus built this, old *Saturn* built that Town,
Janiculum this, and that *Saturnia* known.

Discourfing thus they reach'd the homely Court,
Where now the *Roman* Senators resort :

Evander's Cattel low'd around their Stalls : 395

When near his *Trojan* Guest *Evander* calls,

Saying, *Alcides* enter'd at this Door,

' This House receiv'd the mighty Conqueror :

Contemning Riches, gain an equal Prize,

Do like a God, nor what is mean despise. 400

Then by the Hand he great *Aeneas* led

Into the Hall, and plac'd him on a Bed

O'erspread with Bear-skins and with Quilts of Leaves,

Night's fable Wings the World of Light bereaves.

Now *Venus* justly for her Son afraid, 405

With *Latine* Rage and noise of War dismay'd ;

Couch'd in his golden Bed she thus bespeaks

Her Husband's Succour e'er the Tempest breaks :

And

And that her suit might more enticing prove,
 ‘ She all her words inspir’d with Charms of Love. 410
 Whilst *Grecian* Kings against the *Trojans* join’d,
 ‘Gainst Castles doom’d to fall in War combin’d;
 In their Distress I begg’d no Aid nor Arms,
 Or ask’d your Help, dear Lord of all my Charms;
 Because in vain your Hand I would not use, 415
 ‘ Though much I ow’d to *Priam*’s Royal House,
 ‘ And oft *Aeneas* suff’rings did deplore;
 ‘ By *Jove*’s Decree he lands on *Latium*’s Shore.
 A tender Mother and a loving Wife
 Now begs her dearest Lord’s divine Relief. 420
 Arms for my Son I beg; can *Venus* fail,
 And *Thetis* and *Aurora*’s Tears prevail?
 Behold what Nations join and shut their Gates
 ‘Gainst me and mine; the *Latins* Rage and Threats
 All for our Ruin arm, and whet their Swords. 425
 When she had thus express’d these moving words,
 She clasp’d her lingring Husband in her Arms,
 And in her melting snowy Bosom warms:
 ‘ His wonted Flame sets all the God on fire,
 ‘ And through his Bones infus’d a fierce desire; 430
 As when brisk Lightning which dark Vapours shrowd,
 Gilds with a sudden Flash the pregnant Cloud:
 Her wiles succeed, with joy she saw her Art,
 Sure of her Beauties Empire o’er his Art.
 O’er-powr’d with Love the fiery God replies, 435
 Why need you Reasons so remote devise,

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' And your own Beauty or my Love distrust ?
 ' In vain you strive to urge a Cause so just.
 ' To arm your Son, had you desir'd my Hand,
 ' You might the Artist and his Art command : 440

Nor *Jove* nor Fate withstood the *Dardan* Race,
 To reign in *Asia* for a longer space.

Now if your thoughts resolve upon the War

I plight my Skill, my Labour and my Care,

" Whatever melting Metals can conspire, 445

" Or breathing Bellows or the forming Fire ;

' Forbear to pray, and all your Doubts remove,

" And think no Task is difficult to Love.

' He said, and eager to enjoy her Charms,

' He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his Arms ; 450

' Till all infus'd in Joy, he lay possess'd

" Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

When his first Sleep broke off his sweet Repose,

Night half her Course had run, the God arose

When careful House-wives wake to gain their Bread, 455

By *Pallas*' slender Arts and spinning Thread :

The Ashes stir, and blow the Embers bright,

By Night employ their Maids with Candle-light,

That they their Husbands Bed may keep from stain,

And their small Children frugally maintain. 460

Thus early *Vulcan* from his downy Bed

Rose to his Labour, and himself convey'd

,Twixt *Sicily* and *Lipare*, where lie

Hiera's smoking Cliffs which touch the Sky.

Under

Under this Island dreadful Thunders found 465
From flaming *Ætna's* Caves, and tear the Ground.
The *Cyclops* glowing Forges scorch and tear,
Resounding Anvils strokes of Hammers bear :
Hot Bars of Steel in hissing Water roar,
And pointing Flames through fiery Tunnels soar : 470
This *Vulcan's* Shop, and honour'd with his Name :
Down to this place from Heav'n old *Vulcan* came.
In the vast Cave the brawny *Cyclops* bear
The sparkling Steel, their naked Bodies sweat.
Brontes and *Steropes* their Vigour join, 475
Both with *Pyræmon* their whole Strength combine ;
A deadly Thunderbolt they had begun,
Such angry *Jove* from pregnant Clouds throws down ;
Three points of Hail, and three were made of Rain,
Three made of Fire, the last three Wind contain : 480
They dreadful Lightning, Sounds which Fear inspire,
Mix'd with their Works, and Vengeance arm'd with Fire.
For *Mars* a Chariot some in haste prepare,
With which he Men and Cities prompts to War.
Some angry *Pallas' Arms*, and horrid Shield 485
With polish'd Gold, and Scales of Serpents fill'd :
The *Gorgon's* Head cut off upon her Breast,
Rolling their Eyes in death her Serpents twist.
Cyclops, lay by unfinish'd Works, he said,
Arms for a valiant Hero must be made : 490
Take care, join all your Strength, use all your Art,
Hence all delay, nor would he more impart.

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They by their haste their quick Obedience show,
 And Gold and Brass in fiery Torrents flow :
 While glowing Pots the flaming Furnace fill, 495
 Sparkling with melting Bars of murd'ring Steel,
 They forge a massy Shield, which must alone
 Resist the Darts by all the *Latins* thrown.
 They seven strong Bucklers to one Circle bind,
 While panting Bellows breathe dissolving Wind. 500
 In Troughs of Water melted Brass is drown'd,
 While weighty Hammers on huge Anvils sound, }
 While crooked Tongs th' unwieldy Mass turn round. }
 Their brawny Arms around the Cavern range,
 Strike lusty Blows and still in order change : 505
 ' The *Cyclops* haste, since *Vulcan's* orders urge
 ' All hands to work and ply th' *Æolian* Forge.
 ' The joyful Light salutes *Evander's* Eyes,
 ' And feather'd Choirs invite the King to rise.
 He on his Feet two *Tuscan* Sandals wore, 510
 And on his Shoulders purple Garments bore ;
 ' A *Lycian* Sword he girded to his Side,
 ' And o'er his Shoulders threw a Panther's Hide,
 Two watchful Dogs their Master's steps attend,
 Who went to see his *Trojan* Guest and Friend ; 515
 To keep his word, and promis'd Succours bring.
Aeneas rose as soon to meet the King.
Achates with his Friend, young *Pallas* with his Sire,
 They meet, embrace, then to the Hall retire,
 And

And there discourse : *Evander* thus began. 520
Whilst *Trojans* follow so renown'd a Man,
I ne'er can think the *Trojan* Kingdom lost,
To aid so great a Name I want an Host.
' Here *Tyber's* Waves my little Kingdom bound,
And *Turnus's* Arms my narrow Land surround : 525
I pow'rful Nations to your Aid shall bring,
And o'er a mighty People make you King.
This to your Safety is your only way,
Your coming's happy, Fate requires your sway.
Not far from hence old *Agyllina* stands 530
Upon a Rock, where warlike *Lydian* Bands
Live all around on the *Etruscan* Hills,
Their Name since Ages, Fame's loud Trumpet fills ;
Till proud *Mezentius's* Reign their Glory stain'd,
And lost the Honour which his Fathers gain'd. 535
I need not now repeat each bloody Crime,
His cruel Acts ; the Gods shall find a time
For Vengeance on the Tyrant and his Race,
Who dead and living ty'd with Face to Face,
And Hand in Hand, in dire embraces join'd, 540
The noisome smell the living Bodies pin'd
With lingring Death : the People's Patience tir'd,
Turn'd into Rage, which all the Nation fir'd.
They fall upon the Tyrant, who was still
New Torments finding out ; his Friends they kill, 545
His Palace fire ; he through the Slaughter flies
To *Turnus's* Court, and on his Arms relies.

Now all *Etruria* fill'd with fierce alarms,
 Boldly demands her King by force of Arms.
 You all these mighty Armies shall command, 550
 And they receive you Gen'ral from my hand.
 The Fleet assembl'd murmurs on our Coast,
 And nothing's heard but Battel through the Host ;
 An ancient Priest their martial Heat restrains,
 And thus by Heav'ns Decrees their secret Fates ex-
 plains. 555

Choice *Lydian* Youth, the Glory of our Name,
 Whom just Revenge and juster Grief inflame,
 Against *Mezentius* and our *Latine* Foes,
 No *Tuscan* Chief can *Latian* Arms oppose ;
 Expect a foreign Prince. As with a damp, 560
 The stunn'd *Etruscans* keep within their Camp.
 To me Embassadors from *Tarchon* brought
 The Royal Ensigns, and with Pray'rs besought
 I wou'd the Army head, and take the Crown ;
 But frozen Limbs, through Age now feeble grown, 565
 Unfit to act or counsel, (sad decay !)
 Deny the Honour of th' Imperial Sway..
Pallas I would advise to mount the Throne,
 But that he is a *Sabine* Mothers Son ;
 But you, whose riper Age and Birth agree 570
 To be the Man whom Heav'n and Fate decree
 To lead the *Trojan* and *Italian* Line,
 I shall my Prop and Hope, my *Pallas* join.

By

By you instructed he shall learn to know
The Art of War, and your admirer grow 575
From tender Years, and imitate your Worth;
With him two hundred of *Arcadian* birth,
(Brave Horsemen all) like number for my Son.
Scarce had *Evander* said, their Eyes cast down,
Æneas and his faithful Friend, resolv'd 580
What might befall to Men, on all resolv'd.
But *Venus* gave a signal through the Air,
Which rais'd their hopes and dissipate their care;
A flash of Lightning, with a thund'ring sound
Inflam'd the Sky, and shook the trembling Ground, }
Shrill *Tyrrhen* Trumpets pierc'd the Ethereal round.
They upwards look'd, again they Thunder hear,
Again loud Thunder grumbl'd through the Air;
At last through breaking Clouds, their Eyes descry
Bright Armour tinkling in the azure Sky. 590
All but *Æneas* the strange sight amaz'd,
The promis'd sound his fainting Courage rais'd.
He to *Evander* calls; No more enquire,
Dispel the Doubts these Prodigies inspire.
Heaven calls me forth, behold the welcome sign 395
Foretold by *Venus*, should my Foes combine:
She promis'd then to bring me heavenly Aid,
Bright Armour through the Sky, by *Vulcan* made.
What Slaughter o'er *Laurentine* Troops impends?
Turnus thy Life a cruel Fate attends. 600

Nor

422 VIRGIL'S BOOK VIII.

Nor shall the *Latins* breach of Treaty boast
 When they encounter with the *Trojan* Host :
 Ev'n now I see old *Tyber's* yellow Flood
 Swell'd and distain'd with Bodies, Arms and Blood.

This said, arising from his lofty Throne 605

He stir'd *Alcides' Fires*, and then begun
 With Joy the Rites of the preceding Day ;
Aeneas and the King to great *Alcides* slay
 Two chosen Sheep, then all like Duty pay.

Then to his Ships he went to see his Friends ; 610

Those fit for War he chose, the rest he sends

‘ Down with the falling Stream, to tell his Son
 A full account of all that he had done :

‘ Horses are given to mount the *Trojan* Band,
 A chosen Steed from King *Evander's* Hand 615

‘ The Prince receiv'd, a Lion's Spoils infold
 His brawny Back set round with Studs of Gold.
 The quick Report o'er all the City's blown.

That Horsemen march'd to the *Etruscan* Town ;
 Matrons their Pray'rs redoubl'd every where, 620
 The fear of War brings War it self more near.

The good old King embrac'd his parting Friend,
 While Tears of Kindness all his words attend.

‘ Ah ! would the Gods, he said, my Days recal,
 “ Such as I was before *Præneste's* Wall ; 625

‘ I forc'd the foremost Squadrons to retire,
 ‘ My conqu'ring Arm set Hills of Shields a Fire.

When

When *Herilus* I sent to Floods below,
 On whom three Souls *Feronia* did bestow
 At his strange Birth, and thrice supply'd with Arms, 630
 Thrice to be kill'd or free from mortal Harms.
 This Hand disarm'd and kill'd the treble Foe ;
 You should not thus from my Embraces go
 Without your Sire, nor proud *Mezentius* boast,
 Or dare commit such Murders on our Coast, 635
 Or by his Crimes whole Cities desert lay :
 O Gods, great *Jove* ! who over all bears sway,
 A tender Father and a Monarch hear,
 And make my darling *Pallas*' Life your care :
 If Fate allow we ever meet again, 640
 I beg to live, I'll suffer any Pain,
 And all the Toil of feeble Age sustain.
 If cruel Fortune otherwise intend,
 Oh may my wretched Life this Minute end !
 Whilst Cares are doubtful, more uncertain Hope, 645
 Whilst thee, my Child, my Love, my Ages prop,
 I thus embrace, e'er fatal Tidings wound
 My tender Ears. Then fell upon the Ground,
 Swooning away with the last Words he said ;
 Him back his Servants to his Court convey'd. 650
 " The Horsemen march, the Gates are open'd wide,
 " *Aneas* first, *Achates* by his side ;
 ' Next other *Trojan* Captains march along,
Pallas rides shining 'midst his native Throng, 655
 Whose Robes embroider'd on gilt Armour hung.
 Bright

424 VIRGIL'S BOOK VIII.

Bright as fair *Venus*' Star which brings the Day,
 And rosie Beams darts from the Eastern Sea.
 From lofty Walls sad Mothers Looks pursue,
 The rising Dust and glitt'ring Squadrons view;
 Who through the Briars th' nearest way find out : 660
 Then they draw up and raise a warlike Shout :
 The Vault of Heav'n repeats the joyful Sound,
 Whilst fiery Coursers beat the tremb'ling Ground.

A spacious Grove near *Cercetanus*' Flood,
 Religion fam'd of old, whose shady Wood 665
 Inclos'd the hollow Hills; *Aemonian* Swains,
 The first Inhabitants of *Latium*'s Plains,
 This Place to God *Sylvanus* sacred made,
 Planted the Grove and yearly Off'rings paid.
 Nor far from hence the *Tyrrhens* safely lay 670
 In their Intrenchments, under *Tarchon*'s sway :
 Now from a rising Ground they had in sight,
 ' The Camp stretch'd on the Plain from Left to Right ;
 " Thither his warlike Train *Aeneas* led,
 " Refresh'd his Men, and weary'd Horses fed. 675
 Then *Venus* gliding through the yielding Air
 Her Present brought, and saw her Son afar
 Sit by a crystal Brook, retir'd alone
 Unto a fertile Vale : She thus begun.
 I by this Armour what I said fulfil, 680
 The last Effort of fiery *Vulcan*'s Skill ;
 From hence ne'er fear bold *Turnus* in the Fight,
 The *Latine* Malice or *Laurentin* Spight.

She

She then embrac'd the Prince when she had said,
And by an Oak the shining Armour laid. 685

Proud of the Honour, with the Present pleas'd,
On which his greedy Eyes with wonder gaz'd ;
Each part turns round ; the Casque his Eyes admire
The dreadful Crests like pointed Flames of Fire :

' His Hands the deadly Sword and Corset hold 690

' Of sanguine Hue, inlaid with burnish'd Gold.

As when the radiant Light of *Phœbus*' Rays,
Reflected Beams round thickest Clouds displays ;
The brazen Cuirasses damask'd o'er with Gold ;

' Admires the Spear, the Shields mysterious Mould : 695

The God of Fire well skill'd in things to come,
Had here engrav'd the future Fates of *Rome* ;
The glorious Triumphs of *Ascanius*' Line,
And future Battels in their Order shine.

In *Mars*'s Cave, with massy Verdure dress'd, 700

The Wolf and Royal Twins his Art express'd ;
Sucking her Teats the Infants fearless hung,
Securely plaid ; she with her fawning Tongue
Their tender Bodies form'd ; they kiss'd her Breast,
Bending her Neck she one by one caress'd. 705

Near stately *Rome*, and *Sabine* Maids betray'd
At solemn Games, and from the Stage convey'd
By force unknown before that impious Age ;
Which soon the *Romans* in new Wars engage
Against old *Tatius* and stern *Cures* join'd, 710

Then shews both Kings, in Amity combin'd ;

Off'ring

426 VIRGIL's Book VIII.

Off'ring a Sow, by *Jove's* high Altar stand,
 Confirm the Peace, a Bowl in eithers Hand.
 The *Alban Metrus* here for breach of Faith,
 By *Tullus'* Order finds a cruel Death : 715
 Four Horses tore asunder through the Wood,
 And stain'd the Bushes with the Traytor's Blood.
Tarquin exil'd *Porfenna* with him brings,
 ' To force the People to restore their Kings :
 He with a mighty Siege the Town surrounds ; 720
 For Freedom *Romans* rush on Death and Wounds.
 With threat'ning Looks there fierce *Porfenna* stood,
 When *Cocles* broke the Bridge o'er *Tyber's* Flood,
 Which *Clelia* swims, when she had broke her Chains.
 There *Manlius* the Fate of *Rome* sustains, } 725
Jove's Temple, and the Capitol maintains.
 There stood his heav'nly Palace thatch'd with Straw,
 Who gave the *Romans* both their Name and Law :
 The silver Goose in gilded Gates was here,
 Who by her Cackle sung the *Gauls* were near. 730
 The *Gauls* the Castle seiz'd, and reach'd its Height
 Through Shrubs in Darkness, and secur'd by Night ;
 Their Locks and Beards like gold , Vests strip'd with
 Gold,
 And golden Chains their snowy Necks infold :
 Their Right Hand carry'd two long *Alpine* Spears, 735
 Their Left Hand Shields before their Bodies bears.
 Here were emboss'd the *Salians* and their Dance,
 In Caps of Wool *Pan's* naked Priests advance ;

The sacred Shield dropp'd from the Sky was there,
 And *Roman* Dames in downy Litters bear 740
 Their Gods and Relicks round the Streets of *Rome*.
Vulcan far hence engrav'd the *Stygian* Gloom,
 With *Pluto's* Court, the Damn'd, and all their Pains ;
 There on a Rock hung *Cataline* in Chains,
 Whom dreadful Furies keep in constant awe : 745
 Bless'd Souls apart, and *Cato* gives them Law.
 There he enamel'd on the shining Gold
 A Prospect of the Sea, with Strokes so bold
 The foaming Billows seem'd to touch the Sky,
 In wanton Rings the silver Dolphins fly ; 750
 Their nimble Tails the swelling Surges sweep,
 Their wheeling Bodies cleave the briny Deep.
 There brazen Prows amidst the Billows shine,
 And gild the Waves : Oppos'd in equal Line,
 Two mighty Fleets near *Actium's* Shore engage, 755
 And Cape *Leucate* burns with martial Rage.
 Young *Cesar* there the *Roman* Navy leads,
 And Gods of *Rome*, and *Roman* Senate heads,
 High on his Stern, conspicuous from afar,
 A lambent Flame darts from his Father's Star } 760
 And wreaths his Brows ; bless'd Omen of the War !
Agrippa's Squadron Gods and Winds convey,
 To share the Glories of the bloody Day :
 ' A naval Crown his manly Temples bore,
 And blaz'd the Victories he won before. 765

428 VIRGIL'S BOOK VIII.

To them oppos'd *Antonius*' Fleet appears,
 From different Conquests various Nations bears.
 The Pow'r and Glory of the Eastern Kings
 From *Egypt*, *Bactra*, and *Arabia* brings.
 Next after him, the Stain of all his Life, 770
 A foreign Queen, his curs'd *Egyptian* Wife.
 Both Fleets to Battel rush, the Sea 'twixt both
 By Oars and pointed Prows is turn'd to froth ;
 They scour the foaming Main ; who see the Fray,
 Judge *Cyclades* afloat upon the Sea, 775
 Or lofty Mountains lofty Mountains meet,
 To see the moving Castles of each Fleet :
 Fireballs they throw, Steel pointed Darts let fly,
 ' And *Neptune*'s Plains receive a crimson Dye.
 From new-fied Blood the Queen amidst the Fray 780
 Sounds a Retreat, after her Countries way.
 She had not seen her fatal Snakes behind,
 With all her Gods, Monsters of diff'rent kind ;
Anubis barking, all with dire intent
 'Gainst *Venus*, *Pallas*, *Neptune* fiercely bent : 785
Mars grav'n in Steel rag'd through the moving Field,
 And Furies through the Air their dismal Turnings
 wheel'd.
Discord, the most unkind of all the Gods,
 Triumph'd in Robes all torn with bloody Rods.
Bellona follow'd hurling through the Air : 790
 All this *Apollo* saw ; his Hands prepare
 His Bow, which struck great *Cesar*'s Foes with fear

Egypti-

Egyptians, Indians, and Sabeans fly,
 No more on Arms, but on their Oars rely ;
 The frighted Queen made all the Sail she cou'd, 795
 Implor'd the Winds, and with stretch'd Tackle row'd,
 ' The fiery God engrav'd her driv'n along
 ' By Eastern Winds, amidst the dying Throng :
 All pale with Terror of approaching Fate,
 Great Nile new Rivers wept, all griev'd he sat, 800
 His Arms expanded, and his Robes spread wide,
 Invite the Vanquish'd in his Banks to hide.
 There mighty *Cæsar* three whole Days repeats,
 Three glorious Triumphs through the *Roman* Gates ;
 Three hundred Temples to the Gods of *Rome* 805
 His grateful Vows he pays for times to come ;
 The Streets with Games and Acclamations ring.
 Whilst Choirs of Matrons through the Temples sing,
 " All Altars flame, before each Altar lies
 ' In its own Gore the bloody Sacrifice : 810
Augustus there in full majestick State
 By great *Apollo's* shining Temple sat :
 His kind Acceptance friendly Presents grac'd,
 And on high Pillars in due order plac'd :
 In mighty Crowds the conquer'd Nations throng, 815
 ' Whose Habits differ as their Arms and Tongue.
 Here *Vulcan* for the lazy *Maurs* found place,
 For *Mysians, Carians* and the *Scythian* Race,
 And swift *Euphrates* glides a slower Pace.

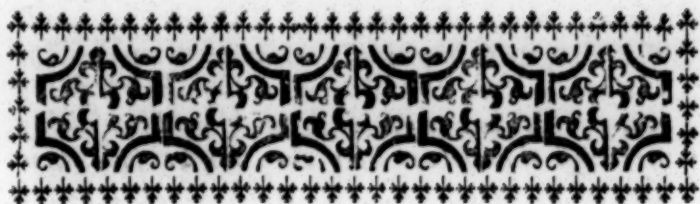
430 VIRGIL's, &c. Book VIII.

The *Belgians* and th' unconquer'd *Danes* till now, 820
 The horned *Rhine* and swift *Araxes* bow,
 Which once the *Grecian* Conqueror withstood,
 Now to *Augustus*' Bridge submit their Flood.
 All these were Wonders to *Aneas*' Eyes
 Which *Vulcan* wrought, and *Venus* brought through Skies:
 ' The things he knew not, but admires their Grace, 825
 ' Puts on the Fates, and Glories of his Race.

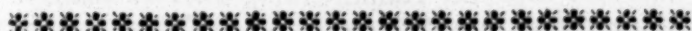
The End of the Eighth Book.



V I R-



VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.



BOOK IX.



The CONTENTS.

While Æneas is employed in raising Troops with Evander, King of the Arcadians and Tuscans, Turnus is advertised by Iris, from Juno, to make an Attempt upon the Intrenchments of New-Troy: The Trojans keeping within their Works by Æneas's express Command; Turnus prepares to burn their Fleet, which was joined to the Fort by a double Retrenchment; but the Ships having been built of sacred Oak from

Mount Ida, they are transformed into Sea Nymphs by Cybele, the great Mother of the Gods. Night drawing on, Turnus surrounds the Trojan Camp and Fort with Guards. In the mean time the Trojan Commanders being very solicitous to recal Æneas, and consulting amongst themselves how they might put their Design in execution, two noble Youths, Nisus and Euryalus, offer themselves to go voluntarily upon this Occasion: They are highly praised by Ascanius and the Trojan Commanders, by whom they are armed, and kindly dismissed. They make a great Slaughter in the Rutulian Camp, but arming themselves with some of the Enemies Spoils, as they go on they are met by a Party of Latine Horse, by whom they are both killed; their Heads cut off and carried into the Italian Camp on two Lances. The Heads are known by the Trojans from their Works, which occasions great Grief and Trouble in the Trojan Fort and Army, particularly to the Mother of Euryalus. Turnus in the Morning presses the Siege vigorously: Ascanius from the Wall kills Numanus (Brother-in-law to Turnus) with an Arrow, while he reviled the Trojans. Raised by this Success, Bitias and Pandarus, two Trojan Brothers of mighty Stature, open the Gates and beat off the Rutulians who endeavour'd to enter the Fort, with a great Slaughter. Turnus hearing the Trojans had opened a Gate, runs thither in great haste, and gets into the Town with the Throng of the Trojans. The Gates are shut. Turnus fights his way bravely through the Town to the River Tyber: He is known at last, and forced

*forced to leap armed into the River, and swims
to his Camp.*



HILST these Affairs in distant Coun-
tries lie

Juno from Heav'n sent *Iris* through the
Sky

To daring *Turnus*, who Devotions paid

In Groves were sacred to *Pilumnus*' Shade :

To him from ruby Lips *Thaumasias* spoke, 9

What all the Gods your pious Pray'rs invoke
Durst scarce assure your Wish, or Hopes inspire,
Revolving Time hath granted your Desire.

The *Trojan* King to old *Evander*'s gone,
And left his Fleet, his Army and his Town ; 10

Nay, from the farthest *Tuscan* Bounds his Care
Hath arm'd the *Lydian* Clowns and Swains for War.

Why lingers *Turnus* ? Haste to Arms, to Horse,
And in their frightened Camp the *Trojans* force.

" This said, on equal Wings she pois'd her Weight, 15

" And form'd a dazling Rainbow in her Flight.

The Hero saw the Goddess as she flew,

Whom thus with lifted Hands his Pray'rs pursue :

' Thou Glory of the Sky, what Pow'r divine

" Hath sent thee down thro' dusky Clouds to shine ? 20

The Clouds divide, and purest Heav'n appears ;

I see the Planets in their wand'ring Spheres :

' Such happy Omens gladly I obey,

Be who it will to Arms that shews the way.

This

This said, he wash'd his Hands in crystal Floods, 25
And pour'd out fervent Pray'rs to all the Gods:
Till now his Army stray'd o'er all the Fields,
Well Hors'd, well clad, with glitt'ring Arms and Shields.
Thus *Ganges*' Streams their wonted Channel fill,
Thus *Nile*, o'erflown, returns more calm and still: 30
The foremost Squadrons brave *Messapus* leads,
And gallant *Turnus* the main Battel heads;
His flaming Crests above the Troops appear,
Old *Tyrriheus*' warlike Sons bring up the Rear.

The *Trojans* see a Storm of Dust arise, 35
Which in its tow'ring Motion darkens all the Skies:
First brave *Caius* from a Bullwark calls;
A Cloud of Dust, my Friends, rolls to the Walls,
To Arms, to Arms; haste, run, the Ramparts man,
The Foe comes on with Shouts. The *Trojans* ran, 40
They shut the Gates and to their Posts repair;
For great *Aneas*, most expert in War,
Left order for no chance to fall out,
Or in the open Field the Fate of War dispute;
But from within defend the Camp and Wall, 45
Though Wrath and Honour to the Battel call.
They barr'd the Gates as he had giv'n Command,
And on their Guard upon the Ramparts stand:
Brave *Turnus*, mounted on a *Thracian* Steed,
Unlook'd for to the Town directs his speed; 50
The Foot out march'd, and twenty Horse-men led,
His glitt'ring Helmet crimson Plumes o'erspread:

Come

Come on, brave Youths, he said, if any dare,
Then threw a Dart the Signal of the War;
Then bravely scow'r'd the Plain with Shouts and Cries,
His Men applaud his Valour to the Skies; 56
Wond'ring to see the *Trojans* Courage chill'd,
And shun an equal Combate in the Field.
Turnus in Rage survey'd the Forts around
To force a Passage, where no Entry's found; 60
Ev'n thus by Night, expos'd to Wind and Rain,
A hungry Wolf invades a Fold in vain.
And grins for Anger, while the tender Lambs
Securely lie beneath their bleating Dams:
His yawning Stomach gnaws for want of Food, 65
He yerns to drench his famish'd Jaws in Blood.
Thus *Turnus* view'd the Fort inflam'd with ire,
Despairing Thoughts his raging Passion fire,
How he might make his way by Sap or Mines,
Or force the wary *Trojans* from their Lines. 70
The *Trojan* Walls their Fleet at Anchor join'd,
With strong Retrenchments guarded from the Wind.
To burn the Navy *Turnus* gave command,
And seiz'd a Pine all flaming in his Hand:
His Presence fir'd his Troops to share his Fame, 75
Each Youth is arm'd with burning Brands and Flame
Snatch'd from the Fires, prepar'd for Vapours fly,
Smoke mix'd with sparkling Fire invades the Sky.
Oh sacred Nine, my doubtful Breast inspire,
What God then sav'd the *Trojan* Ships from Fire? 80

Fame

Fame through long Ages has the Story told,
 That when *Aeneas* built his Fleet of old,
 Near *Ida's* Hill, preparing to be gone,
 The God's great Mother spoke to *Jove*, her Son.
 Since o'er the Heav'ns without controul you reign, 85
 A tender Parent must not sue in vain.
 A piny Forest hath for Ages stood
 On *Ida's* top, within whose sacred Wood
 I have a Grove, with Pitch and Maples stor'd,
 A gloomy Shade wherein my Name's ador'd : 90
 These to *Aeneas* freely I resign'd,
 To build a Fleet, now Cares distract my Mind ;
 Remove my Tears, and grant, because I pray,
 These Ships may never founder in their way, }
 Or be by stormy Winds o'erfet at Sea. 95
 Your Mother begs this may their safety prove,
 They grew in *Ida's* Hill, the Hill I love.
 Her mighty Son, who turns the starry Sky
 Around its Poles, to her gave this reply :
 Why tempt you Fate ? or why for Ships demand 100
 Immortal Lot, since they are made by Hand ?
 Or that *Aeneas* should pass through secure,
 Uncertain Harms ? What God can give the Pow'r ?
 ' Thus far I grant, *Aeneas* wafted o'er
 ' And safely landed on th' *Ausonian* Shore ; 105
 ' Whatever Ships shall 'scape the Sea and Storms,
 ' By my command, shall lose their mortal Forms :

Transf-

Transform'd to Nymphs shall on the Surges ride,
Like *Nereus* Daughters through the Billows glide.
This said, he seal'd it Fate ; th' Almighty swore 110
By burning Waves and the sulphureous Shore
Of *Styx* and *Phlegethon's* infernal Flood,
Heaven shook with awe of his Imperial Nod.
And now the time, th' appointed Day, was come,
Decree'd by the three fatal Sister's Doom ; 115
For *Turnus*' threatnings *Cybele* inspire,
To save the sacred Pines from raging Fire ;
Then first a dazzling Brightness scar'd their Eyes,
A Cloud from East shot flaming through the Skies,
Which tuneful Choirs from *Berecynthus* bears, } 120
A dreadful Voice shook the resounding Spheres,
Which stunn'd both Armies with amazing fears. }
Hold *Trojans*, hold, bold *Turnus* boasts in vain,
He can with greater ease burn up the Main
Than fire these sacred Ships ; from Moorings free, 125
Go (*Cybele* commands) to Nymphs transform'd by me ;
The Ships their Haulsers broke and quit the Shore,
And dive like Dolphins where they rode before.
Amazing fight !
' So many beauteous Nymphs the Billows sweep, 130
' As sail'd before tall Vessels on the Deep.
The *Latins* start, and bold *Messapus*' Horse,
Old *Tyber* roars, and backward turns his Course.
' *Turnus* alone undaunted Courage bears,
Inspires new Valour, checks his Soldiers fears. 135

These

These Signs against our Foes direct their aim,
 Nor dare their Ships resist our Darts and Flame ;
 Great *Jove* their trust removes, they lose the Main
 And half the Globe ; their hopes of Flight are vain.
 The Land is ours, *Italian* Troops abound, 140
 Nor Fate nor Prodigies my Soul confound ;
 Or if the *Trojans* any Omens boast,
Venus had done her part, they reach our Coast.
 Fate now declares for me, and bids destroy
 That wicked Race who would my Bride enjoy : 145
 Shall such Affronts the *Grecians* arm alone ?
 Am I less sensible than *Atreus'* Son ?
 Once ruin'd for a Woman should suffice ;
 For one the *Trojans* should the Sex despise.
 Fenc'd with this narrow Trench they prouder grow, 150
 This may retard, but cannot ward the Blow.
 Have they forgot, that Flames in Ashes laid
 The *Trojan* Walls, which *Neptune's* Hands had made ?
 Now, brave Companions, which of you prepare
 With me, to force their Lines ? Who boldly dare 155
 Invade their frighted Camp ? For such Alarms
 I want no *Grecian* Fleet or *Vulcan's* Arms ;
 Let all *Etruria* with the *Trojans* join,
 They need not fear I wou'd their Gods purloin,
 Killing the Guards by Night with secret force : 160
 Nor shall we lurk within a wooden Horse ;
 I shall by Day with Fire and Sword surround
 The Fort, and rase their Ramparts to the Ground.

They

They shall not find us *Grecians* who invade,
Whom *Hector's* Valour for ten Years delay'd ; 165
But now the Sun's Declension in the West,
Give we, as fit remains of day, to rest ;
To end with joy what is so well begun,
Expect the Signal with the rising Sun.

And now the Charge on brave *Messapus* falls, 170
With raging Flames, quite to surround the Walls :
Fourteen *Rutulian* Captains they elect,
Who by their turns relieve, the Guard direct :
Each leads a hundred noble Youths, all clad
In Crimson Cloth, their Arms with Gold were made. 175
By turns they watch, by turns sit on the Ground,
While all the Night the jovial Bowl goes round.
From their high Tow'rs the *Trojans* view the Scene,
All Warlike Weapons they provide within,
And many Darts and Spears and Jav'lins bring ; } 180
Bridges to Bridges join, and Tow'r to Tow'r,
And with more cautious Fear the Gates secure.
Bold *Mnestheus* here and stout *Sereftus* stand,
To whom *Aeneas* gave the chief Command :
If any sudden Accident befall, 185

During his absence, they should govern all.
The *Trojans* on the Walls, the same Lot share,
By turns relieve, and guard with equal Care.
The warlike *Nisus* kept the City Gate,
He that was on *Aeneas* sent to wait, } 190

And with such mighty Skill and wondrous Art
 Cou'd point his Arrows, and his Jav'lin dart.
 With him *Euryalus* his Companion stood,
 None more expert in Arms 'mong all the *Trojan* Blood.
 The Down upon his Chin did scarce appear, 195
 Their Friendship was the same in Peace and War;
 Both equally desir'd, what they both met,
 For now in the same Station both were set;
 When *Nisus* said, Or do the Gods inspire
 Our Souls, *Euryalus*, with warlike Fire ? } 200
 Or is that God only our own desire
 That spurs me on ? t' engage I am inclin'd,
 And rest's ungrateful to my active mind.
 You see what Guard the loose *Rutulians* keep,
 Few Fires appear, they're all now drown'd in Sleep 205
 And Wine ; and all things hush'd and silent are.
 What can we doubt ? but my Resolves first hear.
Aeneas' absence all the People mourn,
 But wou'd rejoice to see his safe return ;
 Fame's all I would for my reward obtain, 210
 The only Benefit that I would gain.
 Beneath yon Hill a Passage I've descry'd,
 That will me safely to *Pailantium* guide.
 His Friend, in whom Honour and Fame prevail,
 With strict Attention, listen'd to his Tale ; 215
 Then made this Answer to his zealous Friend :
Nisus, am I unworthy to attend ?

Think'ft

Think'st thou, I would permit thee to go there
Alone, and I not equal Danger share?
My Father ne'er bred me up so to Arms, 220
In *Troy's* dire Siege, and *Grecians* false Alarms;
Nor are my youthful Years unworthy you,
Or the Heroick Captain we pursue.
I have a Soul that values Life no more
Than what its purchase is in Fame and Honour's Score.
Nisus reply'd, I cannot think amiss 226
Of you, but tell you; My Opinion is,
There's too much Danger for my Friend to go;
Stay here, and *Jove* shall favour what I do:
But if by Chance, or adverse Fate I fall, 230
For Accidents are liable to all,
I only wish thou might'st thy Friend survive,
'Tis pity but thy Youth should longer live;
Then if I'm made a Pris'ner by the Foe,
Thou might'st my Ransom pay, or Funeral Rites be-
stow; 235
Or if hard Fate my Body keeps from Home,
Supply its absence with a grateful Tomb.
Ne'er let me be the Cause of so much Woe,
Such Grief, as will thy Mother then pursue,
Who did thy tender Sire at once forsake, 240
Her Father's House, and Country, for thy sake!
Enryalus then answer'd thus, and said,
I'm fix'd; In vain you offer to persuade,

Let us make haste : With that he chang'd the Guard,
 And others in their Stations left to ward, 245
 While to the Royal Tent they both repair'd. }
 'Twas now when all things rest, at dead of Night,
 And Toils and Care to gentle Sleep invite,
 The *Trojan* Chiefs in arduous Council met,
 Consult about the Bus'ness of the State ; 250
 What they shou'd do ! Whom to *Aeneas* send ?
 All bear their Shields, and to their Arms they stand.
 Then the two faithful Friends admittance crave
 Upon the urgent Bus'ness which they have.
 Straight on the Message, they're conducted in, 255
Ascanius then bids *Nisus* first begin.
 Which thus he did :
 Ye *Trojan* Chiefs, hear with inclining Ears,
 Nor judge of what we offer by our Years.
Rutulians sleep securely, drench'd in Wine, 260
 And we have mark'd the Place for our Design
 Near the Town Gate, adjoining to the Shore,
 We can the Passage easily explore.
 The Fire decays, and thick Clouds rise between
 Their Camp and us, now we may pass unseen ; 265
 If Fortune favour what we are about,
 We fear not but to find *Aeneas* out,
 And bring him from *Pallantium* back again,
 Laden with Spoils of rich *Rutulians* slain :
 Nor can we err, hunting so oft that way, 270
 That 'twixt the River and the City lay.

The

The old *Alethes* in Experience wise,
Pausing a while, at last he thus replies :
‘ The *Trojan* Gods I find, in whom we place
‘ Our Confidence, will save this wretched Race, 275
Since so much Bravery our Youth inspires,
Their Breasts with noble Ardour burn, and warlike Fires.
With this he hugg’d them in his Arms for Joy,
While flowing Tears the want of Words supply ;
Ye noble Youths, what Gifts can we bestow, 280
What Recompense can equal what you do ?
The Gods will make your Fame and Virtue live,
The rest our pious General will give :
Nor will *Ascanius* e’er unmindful be
Of so much Merit, and such Gallantry. 285
Then spake *Ascanius* ; By the Deities,
‘ My welfare in my Father’s Safety lies ;
Let all our Countrey and our Household Gods,
Let sacred *Vesta*’s Fane and dark Abodes,
Witness for me, my All on you depends ; 290
I place my Faith in two such trusty Friends.
Restore my Parent to these longing Eyes,
At his Return no Sorrow shall arise.
These silver Bowls wrought with nice Art I give,
My Father at *Arisba* did receive ; 295
Two Tripods, and two Talents of fine Gold,
Fair *Dido*’s Gift, a Cup of antique Mould.
But if in *Italy* we a Conquest gain,
And govern there, great Spoils we shall obtain ;

You've seen proud *Turnus*' Horse and Armour shine, 300
 When those are shar'd, that Prize is only thine:
 With these twelve captive Knights and Damsels, all
 Complete in Arms shall to thy Portion fall;
 To these a fruitful Field thy Toils shall bless,
 Choice of the Lands the *Latian* Kings possess. 305
 But thou, dear Youth, nearer to me ally'd
 In Years, no Love or Fortune shall divide;
 Come to my Arms, and take Possession here,
 Companion of my Glory both in Peace and War.
 Then thus *Euryalus* in answer said; 310
 What ever Fate I meet with, good or bad,
 No Day shall find m' ungrateful, false or vain,
 But this before all Grants I hope to gain.
 I have a Mother, by long Travels spent,
 Of *Priam's* ancient Race her great Descent, 315
 So doating of her Son, our Fate she took,
 And *Troy* and *Sicily* unmourn'd forlook.
 Now she is ignorant of what I do,
 What Perils and what Dangers undergo?
 This Night, and your Right Hand the Witnesses are; 320
 My Duty to my Passion I prefer,
 My Mother's soft'ning Tears I cannot bear:
 No leave I take, but trust her to your care;
 Aid her in want, support her when distress'd,
 This 'gainst the fatal'st Stroke will arm my Breast. 325
 At this the *Trojans* struck with Sense of Grief,
 Pour'd down whole Show'rs of Tears for their Relief.

Ascanius more in great abundance flow'd,
And all the Marks of tender Passion show'd.
The Father's Image in *Ascanius* shone, 330
When in these words reply'd the pious Son :
I grant thee all things worthy thy Design,
And she that is thy Mother shall be mine ;
The Name I'll only change, the rest shall be
Reserv'd, as worthy her producing Thee, } 335
Whate'er the Chance or dire Event shall be.
By this my Head, my Father's Oath, I swear,
Whate'er we gain thy Family shall share.
Then weeping, when he spoke that tender Word,
He made a Present of his gilded Sword, 340
Which with nice Art was by *Lycaon* made,
" An iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the shining Blade.
Mnestheus to *Nisus* gave a Lion's Hide,
And old *Alethes* chang'd his Armour often try'd.
Thus arm'd they march; the *Trojans* at the Gate, 345
Both old and young, with hearty Prayers wait
To wish them well. *Ascanius* 'bove the rest,
Beyond his Years, a manly Care express'd,
Many Commands he to his Father sent,
Which were all lost in Air, in Vapours spent. 350
They pass the Trenches in the gloomy Shade,
And reach the Camp where the proud Foes were laid,
Who suffer'd greatly e'er themselves were kill'd,
Lying confus'dly on the grassy Field.

All drunk with Wine, and snoring on the Ground, 355

Their Chariots cast upon the Shore they found,

'Midst Arms, and Wheels, and Reins the Soldiers lie

Rouling in Wine, the empty Goblets by.

Nisus observing this his Friend did show,

And said, see Conquest here without a Blow. 360

This is the way, the blest Occasion calls,

Do you observe none on our Rear Guard falls,

I'll go before and cut my Passage through,

While you securely may destroy the Foe.

This said, with silent Steps he took his way 365

Directly to the Tent where *Rhamnes* lay,

Sleeping in State upon his Tap'stry Bed,

A King himself, and Prophet by King *Turnus* fed :

Yet by his Prophecies cou'd not foretel

His destin'd Fate, which afterwards befel. 370

Three of his proud Retinue first he kills,

The Blood of 's Armour-bearer next he spills ;

From 's Charioteer betwixt his Horse and Wheels, }

Cuts off the pendant Head with his dire Sword,

Which next beheads in course the sleeping Lord ; 375

The purple Gore streaming from out the Wound

First stains the Bed, and then besmears the Ground.

Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamms*, and the young

Serranus, who with Gaming did prolong

The Night, oppress'd with Wine and Slumber lay 380

' The beauteous Youth, and dream'd of lucky Play, }

" More lucky had it been protracted to the Day.

" The

- “ The famish’d Lion thus with Hunger bold,
“ O’er leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold ;
“ The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws, 385
“ Wrapp’d up in silent Fears they lye, and pant beneath
his Paws.
“ Nor with less Rage *Euryalus* employs
“ The vengeful Sword, nor fewer Foes destroys ;
“ But on th’ ignoble Crowd his Fury flew,
“ Which *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhætus* flew, 390
With *Abaris* in Sleep the rest did fall :
“ But *Rhæus* waking, and observing all,
“ Behind a mighty Jar he slunk for fear,
“ The sharp edg’d Iron found, and reach’d him there ;
“ Full as he rose he plung’d it in his side, 395
“ The cruel Sword return’d in Crimson dy’d ;
“ The Wound a blended Stream of Wine and Blood
“ Pours out, the purple Soul comes floating in the Flood.
“ Now where *Messapus* quarter’d they arrive ;
“ The Fires were fainting there, and just alive. 400
“ The warlike *Horfes* ty’d, in order fed,
“ *Nisus* the Discipline observ’d, and said,
“ Our Eagerness of Blood may both betray,
“ Behold the doubtful glimm’ring of the Day;
“ Foe to these nightly Thefts, no more my Friend, 405
“ Here let our glutt’d Execution end.
“ A Lane through slaughter’d Bodies we have made,
“ The bold *Euryalus* (though loath) obey’d.

“ Rich

' Rich Arms and Arras which they scatter'd find,
 ' And Plate, a precious Load, they leave behind ; 410
 " Yet fond of gawdy Spoils the Boy would stay,
 " To make the proud Caparisons his Prey,
 Which deck'd a neighb'ring Steed.
 " Nor did his Eyes less longingly behold,
 ' A Girdle studded o'er with Nails of Gold 415
 Which *Rhamnes* wore : This Present long ago
 On *Remulus* did *Cadicus* bestow,
 " And absent join'd in hospitable Ties,
 " He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the Prize ;
 ' Till by the conqu'ring *Rutul*i oppress'd 420
 " He fell, and they the glorious Gift possess'd.
 The gaudy Spoils *Euryalus* now bears,
 And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears ;
Messapus' Helm he found amongst the Dead,
 Garnish'd with Plumes and fitted to his Head. 425
 They leave the Camp, and take the safest Road ;
 Mean time a Squadron of their Foes abroad,
 Three hundred Horse with Bucklers arm'd they spy'd,
 Whom *Volsens* by the King's Command did guide.
 To *Turnus* these were from the City sent, 430
 And to perform their Message sought his Tent ;
 Approaching near their outmost Lines they draw,
 When bending t'ward the Left their Captain saw
 ' The faithful Pair, for through the doubtful Shade
 ' His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd, } 435
 " On which the Moon with full Reflection play'd :
 " 'Tis

" 'Tis not for nought, cry'd *Volsens* from the Crowd,
 " These Men go there, then rais'd his Voice aloud.
 " Stand, stand, why thus in Arms, and whither bent ?
 " From whence, to whom, and on what Errand sent ?
 " Silent they make away, and bend their Flight 441
 " To neighb'ring Woods, and trust themselves to Night ;
 The speedy Horsemen spur the Steeds, to get
 'Twixt them and Home, and ev'ry Path beset,
 And all the Windings of the well-known Wood ; 445
 ' Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
 ' With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn,
 ' Where Tracts of Bears had scarce a Passage worn :
 " The Darkness of these Shades, his heavy Prey,
 " And Fear, misled the Younger from his way ; 450
 " But *Nisus* hit the Turns with happier haste,
 Who now unknowing had the Danger pass'd :
 " And *Alban* Lakes, from *Alba's* Name so call'd,
 " Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen stall'd.
 " Till turning at the length he stood his Ground, 455
 ' And vainly cast his longing Eyes around
 For his lost Friend.
 " Ah Wretch ! he cry'd, where have I left behind ?
 " Where shall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find ?
 " Or what way take ? Again he ventures back, 460
 " And treads the Mazes of his former Track
 Through the wild Wood ; at last he hears the Noise
 ' Of tramp'ling Horses, and the Rider's Voice :
 " The

- " The Sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
 " His Foes enclosing, and his Friend pursu'd, 465
 " Forelaid, and taken, while he strove in vain
 " The Cov'ring of the neighb'ring Wood to gain.
 " What should he then attempt? What Arms employ
 " With fruitless Force to free the Captive Boy?
 Ortempt unequal Numbers with the Sword, 470
 And die by him, whom living he ador'd?
 ' Resolv'd on Death his dreadful Spear he shook,
 " And casting to the Moon a mournful Look.
 Fair Queen, said he, who do'st in Woods delight
 Grace of the Stars, and Goddess of the Night, } 475
 ' Be present, and direct my Dart aright.
 " If e'er my pious Father, for my sake,
 " Did on thy Altars grateful Off'rings make;
 ' Or I increas'd them with successful Toils,
 " And hung thy sacred Roof with savage Spoils: 480
 Through thy brown Shadows guide my flying Spear
 To reach this Troop; then poising from his Ear,
 The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw,
 Through the divided Shades the deadly Jav'lin flew.
 O'er *Sulmo's* Back it splits, the double Dart 485
 Drove deeper onward, and transfix'd his Heart,
 " He staggers round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,
 " And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath.
 " All stand amaz'd, a second Jav'lin flies
 From his stretch'd Arm, and hisses through the Skies; 490
 ' The

‘ The Lance through *Tagus*’ Temples forc’d its way,
 “ And in his Brain-pan warmly buried lay.
 “ Fierce *Volsens* foams with Rage, and gazing round
 ‘ Descry’d no Author of the fatal Wound,
 ‘ Nor where to fix Revenge. But thou, he cries, 425
 “ Shalt pay for both; and at the Prisoner flies
 “ With his drawn Sword; then struck with deep Despair,
 “ The fatal Sight the Lover could not bear,
 “ But from his Covert rush’d in open View,
 “ And sent his Voice before him as he flew; 500
 “ Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone;
 “ The Crime’s confess’d, the Fact was all my own:
 “ He neither could, nor durst the guiltless Youth:
 “ Ye Moon and Stars, bear witness to the Truth;
 ‘ His only Fault, if that be to offend, 505
 ‘ Was too much loving his unhappy Friend;
 Too late, alas! he spoke.
 “ The Sword, which unrelenting Fury guides,
 “ Driv’n with full force, had pierc’d his tender Sides.
 “ Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping Wound; 10
 “ Gush’d out a crimson Stream, and stain’d the Ground;
 ‘ His nodding Head reclines on his white Breast,
 ‘ Like a fair Flow’r in furrow’d Fields oppress’d
 ‘ By the keen Share; or Poppy on the Plain,
 “ Whose heavy Head is over-charg’d with Rain. 515
 ‘ Disdain, Despair, and deadly Vengeance vow’d,
 “ Drove *Nisus* headlong on the hostile Crowd:

" *Volsens* he seeks, at him alone he bends,
 " Born back, and push'd by his surrounding Friends :
 " He still press'd on, and kept him still in Sight, 520
 " Then whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his Might ;
 " Th' unerring Weapon flew, and wing'd with Death,
 Enter'd his gaping Mouth and stopp'd his Breath.
 " Dying he flew, and staggering on the Plain,
 " Sought for the Body of his Lover slain ; 525
 " Then quietly on his dear Breast he fell,
 " Content in Death to be reveng'd so well.
 " O happy Pair, for if my Verse can give
 " Eternity, your Fame shall ever live,
 " Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies, 530
 " And spread where'er the *Roman* Eagle flies.
 " The conqu'ring *Rutuli* divide the Prey,
 " Then *Volsens* Body to the Camp convey,
 Where *Rhamnes*' Death the Troops with Sorrow fill'd,
 So many Princes at one Slaughter kill'd : 535
 They *Numa* and *Servanus* lifeless found,
 " The Dead and Dying mournful Crowds surround,
 " Warm Blood and Gore o'erflow'd the trampled
 Ground. }
 All know the Trappings and the gawdy Spoil,
Messapus' Helm, regain'd with Blood and Toil. 540
Aurora leaving *Tithon's* saffron Bed
 " With dawning Light had all the World o'erspread,
 The Sun's Return restores all things to fight ;
Turnus in Arms excites his Men to fight :

His

His Captains for th' Assault their Troops prepare, 545
Their late Misfortune prompts them to the War :
Euryalus and *Nisus*' Heads are born,
Which two strong Lances dismally adorn, }
Follow'd with Shouts of Triumph and of Scorn. }
The *Trojans* boldly to the Left extend 550
Their Front, their Right old *Tyber*'s Streams defend ;
They guard the Ramparts and with Sorrow view
' The bloody Heads, which, ah ! too well they knew :
Now through the-frighted Town Fame swiftly bears
' The dismal News to the sad Mother's Ears, 555
Of poor *Euryalus*. Benumb'd with Grief and Cold,
Her Hands her Loom foregoe, embroider'd Works un-
fold :
Delug'd in Tears, she to the Rampart flies,
And wailing, rends the Air with Shrieks and Cries ;
Tearing her Hair, through Squadrons runs in haste, 560
Nor Men regards, nor Dangers as she past ;
She fill'd the Sky with loud Complaints, and said,
Thus I behold my Son, thus see his Head ;
' 'Tis thus my poor *Euryalus* appears,
' My Hope and Stay in my declining Years. 565
Inhuman, could you leave me thus alone ?
Ah ! why was I deny'd to see my parting Son ?
Sent forth to Danger, now in foreign Clay
He lies to *Latian* Dogs and Fowls a Prey :
How can I now perform with mournful Sounds 570
Your fun'ral Rites, or bath your gaping Wounds ?

Or close your Eyes, or on your Body spread
 The Robe, which I with so much Pains have made
 My daily Task, which Cares of Age allay'd.

Where shall I find you? where's the fatal Ground 575

Sustains your Trunk, stain'd by your bleeding Wound?

Now nothing of my Son remains but these,

For this I travell'd, cross'd the raging Seas :

“ If any Pity touch *Rutulian* Hearts,

At me direct, at me throw all your Darts. 580

“ Great *Jove*, if all ways fail to end my Woe,

“ With Thunder strike me down to Shades below.

“ Her Tears and Groans wound the sad *Trojan's* Ears,

“ Un-man their Spirits and increase their Fears :

Then *Astor* and *Idæus* while she fir'd 585

The Soldiers Grief, by *Ilioneus* inspir'd,

And sad *Inlus'* Tears, snatch her away,

And by her Arms into her House convey.

Brafs Trumpets sound the Charge, Shouts heard from
 far,

Like Thunder echo'd to the trembling Air; 590

The *Volscei* run and join their Shields at once

To guard their Heads, and form a moving Sconce :

“ They fill the Ditches, and the Works pull down,

“ Some try to enter, some to scale the Town

Where fewest Men defend; the *Trojans* throw 595

All kind of Weapons to repel the Foe :

Their Entrance with long pointed Poles debar,

Well us'd to this in the long ten Years War ;

Great

Great Stones they roll to break the cover'd Foe,
Who thought their Fence secure 'gainst any Blow ; 600
Yet proves too weak when they come to the Shock,
The *Trojans* tumbl'd down a mighty Rock,
Which breaks the Shields and strikes the *Volscei* dead ;
Who try no more to fight beneath a Shade,
But from their Works repel the *Trojan* Foe 605
With Darts and Jav'lins they at distance throw.

“ Elsewhere *Mezentius* terrible to view
‘ A blazing Pine within the Ramparts threw :
The Out-works gain'd, *Messapus* reach'd the Walls,
And to his Men for scaling Ladders calls. 610

Caliope, O sacred Muses, fire,
My lab'ring Breast, my Numbers swell, inspire,
‘ That I may sing the Slaughter *Turnus* made,
‘ What Souls each Man sent to the *Stygian* Shade ;
Describe with me the warlike Deeds, each Blow : 615
For you can tell what Pow'rs Immortal know.

A Tow'r well plac'd which fill'd Beholders Sight,
With Beams erected to a wond'rous height,
By manly Force th' *Italians* strive to gain ;
This with like Valour *Trojan* Youths maintain, 620
By rolling Stones down on the daring Foe,
And from the Crannies Show'rs of Jav'lins throw :
Turnus a Fire-ball flung of Sulphur mix'd
With burning Pitch, and on the outside fix'd :
The Wind augments the Flame, which quickly flies 625
Through season'd Timber tow'ring to the Skies.

The Men within to shun the Harm retire,
 And ran in vain where it was free from Fire ;
 Amaz'd they crow'd, in the disorder'd Fright
 Down falls the Tow'r, charg'd with unequal Weight, 630
 " The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it self resound,
 ' The dying *Trojans* tumbling to the Ground ;
 Who under smoaking Ruins bury'd lie
 By their own Darts, or pointed Splinters die.
 Of all th' unhappy Number only two, 635
 ' Young *Lycus* and *Helenor*'scape the Blow :
Helenor eldest, secret was his Birth,
 A Slave to *Lydia*'s Monarch brought him forth,
 And sent in Arms to the long *Trojan* War,
 " A Privilege the Free-born only share. 640
 " His Arms were slight ; a Sword and silver Shield ;
 " No Marks of Honour charg'd its empty Field.
 When he himself 'midst *Turnus*' Troops espy'd,
 With *Latine* Foes enclos'd on ev'ry side ;
 As when a Stag at bay, whom Crowds surround 645
 ' Of eager Huntsmen, bravely stands his Ground,
 Resolv'd to die ; their Jav'lines fiercely dares,
 ' And bounds aloft on threat'ning Darts and Spears.
 Thus rush'd the dying Youth against the Foes,
 And where they thickest stand undaunted goes. 650
 ' *Lycus* more swift of Foot sprung to the Wall
 Through Arms and armed Men, through Pikes and all,
 Striving to mount the Battlements to find.
 Th' extended Hand of some assisting Friend :

Bold *Turnus* with a Spear pursu'd him fast, 655
 And thus upbraids : Fool, dare you hope by haste
 To 'scape our Hands ? Then as he grasp'd a Stone,
 He pull'd the Youth and it together down.
 The Bird of *Jove* thus trusses through the Air,
 A silver Swan ; thus bears a timorous Hare ; 660

' A Wolf thus snatches from the Fold a Lamb,
 ' Sadly lamented by the bleating Dam.

The *Rutuli* the Ditches fill and cry,
 Then storm, while Fire-brands thro' the Buildings fly.

" *Ilioneus*, as bold *Lucerius* came 665

Up to the Gate in Arms with Fire and Flame,
 O'erthrew him with a Rock torn from a Hill :
 ' Two more young *Liger* and *Afylas* kill ; }
 One Jav'lin's threw, one drew the Bow with skill. }

Chorinaus and *Emathion* ----- 670

The Trojan *Canens* brave *Ortygius* slew,
 But *Turnus*' Arms the Conqu'ror o'erthrew.

Dioxippus, *Promulus*, and *Irys* fall,

With *Sagaris* and *Ida* on the Wall.

Capys *Privernus* kill'd, *Themilla*'s Dart 675

Had slightly hurt before : To ease his Smart
 Inrag'd with heat of Action, on the Wound
 He clap'd his Hand, his Shield threw to the Ground :

A feather'd Arrow, hissing from the Bow,
 His Hand tack'd to his Side, and piercing through 680

The secret Cells of Life made way for Death,
 And let in Air which stop'd his vital Breath.

In.

458 VIRGIL'S BOOK IX.

In shining Armour stood old *Arcens*' Son,
His costly Vest with *Spanish* Purple shone,
The Pride of Nature blooming in his Look, 685
Brought up in *Mars*'s Grove near the *Simethian* Brook,

‘ Where mild *Palicus*’ loaded Altars flame,
‘ His Father sent him thence to purchase Fame.
Mezentius snatch’d a Sling, his Arms laid by,
Thrice whirl’d it round his Head, and then let fly ; 690
The melting Lead through both his Temples flew,
And on the Sand the lovely Youth o’erthrew.

Till then in Woods *Iulus* chac’d his Prey,
Nor us’d his Bow in War before that Day,
‘ Which put an end to brave *Numanus*’ Life, 695

“ Who *Turnus* younger Sister took to Wife.
Not long before in Arms he vaunting stood
Heading his Troops, of his Alliance proud ;
Reviles the *Trojans*, and extends his Voice,
Raising loud Clamour with insulting Noise : 700

‘ Twice conquer’d *Phrygians*, are you shameless grown ?
‘ To be again shut up within a Town,
And lurk behind your Walls secure from Harms ;
Thus you make Love in War, and court in Arms.
What God or Follies drives you on the Coast 705

Of *Italy* ? Here’s no *Atridas*’ Host,
Nor smooth *Ulysses* with his fawning Tongue,
But hardy Nations, resolute and strong :
We Infants from the Womb in Rivers cast,
Inure to cold, and hard’n with Winter’s blast ; 710

Our

Our Boys, to hunting bred, the Forests range,
 Break Horse in play, or draw strong Bows for change;
 Our sparing Youth enduring Want and Toil,
 With Harrow's Teeth subdue the stubborn Soil,
 And with their Arms they conquer'd Cities spoil. } 715

No Age is free from Childhood to the Grave,
 We live in Ir'n, no Man's to Ease a Slave,

' We plough in Arms, our tardy Bullocks feel
 ' Instead of Goads, sharp Spears and pointed Steel.

No Years allay the Courage of our Souls, 720

No Time the Vigour of our Minds controuls:

Shaded with Steel our Hairs turn Silver Grey,

" We live by Plunder and delight in Prey :

" Your Vests embroider'd with rich Purple shine,

" In Sloth you glory and in Dances join,

Your Coats have Sleeves, Wreaths round your

Turbants twine. }

' True *Phrygians* go to *Dindymus* again,

' Softer than Women in the Form of Men.

Great *Cybele*, whose Flutes and Conforts fill

The Air, invites to *Berecynthus'* Hill,

With Notes well known in *Ida's* sacred Shade,

' Leave War to those who understand the Trade.

" So foul Reproach *Ascanius* could not bear,

But aims a Shaft against the Slanderer;

Turning, with both his Hands he drew the Bow 735

And to th' Thund'rer thus address'd his Vow.

' Great

' Great *Jove*, let this my first Attempt succeed,
 My early Gifts shall in thy Temple bleed ;
 ' A snow-white Steer I'll by thy Altars place,
 Whom gilded Horns and painted Trappings grace, 740
 Whom, like his Dam, a lofty Head adorns,
 Spurning the Sand, and goring with his Horns :
Jove heard, and on his Left, where Heav'n was clear
 He thunder'd ; and the deadly Bow sounds through the
 Air.

The Arrow parts, with dreadful hissing flew, 745
 And pierc'd *Numanus* Temples through and through.

' Go tell the *Latins*, you who Virtue scorn,
 ' Twice conquer'd *Phrygians* send them this return.
Ascanius said ; for Joy the *Trojans* shout,
 Their Hopes rise high, their Foes they jeer and flout. 750
Apollo in full Glory now beheld
 The Town besieg'd, and Armies in the Field,
 And to the Victor said.

In Virtue grow, let every Day bring forth
 Some new Example of your springing Worth : 755
 This is the way to Heav'n, from Gods you come,
 As from your Loins shall spring the Gods of *Rome* :
 The Wars the Jarring Fates shall raise must cease
 Under the Reign of great *Iulus*' Race.
 New *Troy* wants room to comprehend your Fame, 760
 The conquer'd Globe shall ring your mighty Name.
 Thus said, *Apollo* glides through yielding Skies,
 The ambient Air dividing as he flies,

And

And to *Ascanius* went ; *Apollo* took
 ' Upon himself old *Butes*' Form and Look. 765
Butes, of old, *Anchises*' Armour bore,
 And kept a watchful Guard upon his Door.
Æneas recommended to his Care,
 To teach his Son the noble Art of War.
 Like the old Man in all his Silver Hairs, 770
 His Voice, his Mien, his Arms, *Apollo* bears,
 Spoke to *Iulus* eager with Success,
 Enough, brave Youth, *Ascanius*, Arms redress,
 Thou, Honour of thy Race, let it suffice,
 Kill'd by thy Shaft, the brave *Numanus* lies. 775
Apollo gives this Praise, your Valour's due,
 The first of all, nor takes it ill that you
 Equal the Glory of his conqu'ring Bow :
 Attempt no more. This said, *Apollo* flies
 Dissolv'd in Air, secur'd from mortal Eyes. 780
 The *Trojan* Princes heard him as he flew,
 And by the Sound his heav'nly Quiver knew ;
Apollo with their joint Advice and Care
 Restrains *Ascanius* Ardour from the War.
 But they return, and to the Battel run, 785
 Expose their Lives, nor Death, nor Danger shun ;
 Around the Walls and Turrets Clamours ring,
 They ply strong Bows and corded Jav'lins fling :
 Spears, Darts and Arrows cover all the Ground,
 Clanging and clash of Arms or Casques and Bucklers
 sound : 790

‘ A dreadful Fight begun ; a Tempest flies,
 ‘ Thus from the West when watry Kids arise,
 The South-wind drives, Show’rs o’er the Floods pre-
 vail,

When angry *Jove* moulds thick’n’d Clouds in Hail.

Alcanor’s Sons, whom *Hiera* brought up, 795

Pædar and *Bitias*, on Mount *Ida*’s top

In sacred Groves to *Jove*, in Height and Size

Like to their native Hill, and Firrs which reach the
 Skies :

‘ Trusting to Valour they the Gates unbar,
 (Till then kept shut, by great *Aeneas*’ Care) 800

Provoke the Foe, invite the raging Band,

Shining in Steel with lofty Crests they stand,

And flank the Gates like Tow’rs on either Hand ;

Or two tall Oaks upon the Bank of *Po*,

Or where *Adige*’s pleasant Streams o’erflow ; 805

Whose uncut Tops pierce through the Clouds, and nod,

‘ Charg’d with the weight of bounteous Nature’s Load.

The Gates set wide when the *Rutulians* view,

To force the Town their eager Squadrons flew :

The Van *Equicolus* and *Quercens* led, 810

Tmarus and *Hamon* with their Squadrons fled,

Push’d from the Wall, or in the Gate fell dead.

In both, Resistance fires the hostile Rage,

The *Trojans* join, draw out, and then engage.

‘ As *Turnus* in another Quarter fought 815

And press’d the Foe, the sudden News is brought,

That

That now the *Trojans* had renew'd the Fight,
Unbarr'd the Gates, and put the Men to Flight :
' He quits th' Attack, dire Fury fir'd his Blood,
Runs to the Gate where the proud Brothers stood. 820
Antiphates (Son of a *Theban* Dame,
By great *Sarpedon*,) was the first who came
To meet bold *Turnus* whom he soon o'erthrew,
Through yielding Air the winged Jav'lin flew,
Quite thro' his Breast and Lungs, warm Passage found,
Life, Soul and Blood rush'd mingl'd from the Wound. 826
Aphidnus and bold *Erymanthus* next
Fell by his Sword, which *Merop's* Heart transfix'd ;
Then *Bitias* fell, whose burning Eyes shot Fire,
Nor could the Giant by a Dart expire ; 830
But with a flaming Spear bold *Turnus* threw,
Which hurling through the Air like Thunder flew :
' Not two Bulls Hides, though wrapt in double Fold,
' Or double Coat of Mail, though scal'd with Gold,
Could save his Life, or ward the mortal Wound ; } 835
His Giant Body shook the trembling Ground,
His Shield fell on him with a thund'ring Sound. }
A Mole of Stone in the *Cumaan* Bay,
Built to oppose the raging of the Sea,
Thus tumbles in the Flood : The Pile o'erthrown 840
Draws with it self a mighty Ruin down,
Confounding Nature, mixing Sea and Land,
Belching up Billows of black Mud and Sand ;

Prochyta shakes, and dire *Typhæus*' Bed,
The Isle which *Jove* on that huge Monster spread. 845

The God of War the *Latins* Courage fires,
And with new Heat their fainting Breasts inspires ;
But to the *Trojans* sends Despair and Fear,
The *Latins* join, when now the Field's so clear, }
Whilst bloody *Mars* assists them ev'ry where. 850

" When *Pandarus* perceiv'd his Brother kill'd,
" The Town with Fear and wild Confusion fill'd,
With his full Force he shut the solid Gate,
And many Friends expos'd to bloody Fate ;
Blind in his haste he saw not *Turnus* there, 855
Whom he inclos'd with those who fled to War.

Like a fierce Tyger whom a Fold confines,
His Eyes dart Fire, his blazing Buckler shines,
His Armour rings, his sanguine Crests are blown,
His mighty Size and hated Face soon known, 860
Amaz'd the *Trojans*. *Pandarus* the Great

Steps forth, in Fury for his Brother's Fate ;
Amata's Palace is not here, he calls,
Nor are you, *Turnus*, now in *Ardea*'s Walls :
You see the *Trojan* Camp, no way to fly : 865
Calm *Turnus* with a Smile made this Reply.

If you have Courage, try, to *Priam* tell
" A new *Achilles* sends your Soul to Hell.
He said. Then *Pandarus* a Jav'lin threw,
" Cas'd in its Bark, and knotty as it grew ; 870

Though

Though flung with Strength, it only wounds the Air,
And hit the Gate, miss'd by *Juno's* Care.

' Hope not to 'scape, cry'd *Turnus*, when I strike,
Our Arms and Hands which guide them are not like :
Raising his Sword he aim'd a mighty Blow, 875

' And cleft his Head and beardless Chin in two ;
His Giant Limbs fall with a hideous Sound,
Warm Blood and Brains bedew the trembling Ground.
The *Trojans* run, had *Turnus* broke the Bars
That Day had ended both his Foes and Wars. 880

But Thirst of Blood and Anger drove him on
To pulh the Foes, who from his Fury run :
First *Gyges*' Hams he cut, then *Phaleris* slew,
And 'gainst the flying Foe his Jav'lin threw.
Juno new Strength and Courage still supplies. 885
His Launce pierc'd *Phœgeus* Shield, by it brave *Halys* dies'
Alexander, *Prytanus*, and *Næmon* fall.

By *Turnus*' Hand, while they defend the Wall :
Not knowing he was there, brave *Lyncæus* then
'Gainst *Turnus* went, and calls in vain his Men. 890

The Prince turn'd to the Right, his Faulchion drew,
" And at one Blow the bold Aggressor slew, }
His Head and Helmet a great distance flew. }
Hunter *Amycus* was the next he kill'd,
To poison Swords and Arrows throughly skill'd ; 895
His Hand sent *Clytius* to the Shades below,
Then kill'd brave *Cretæus* by a fatal Blow :

Cretens the Muses constant Friend, who strung
 His tuneful Lute, in lofty Numbers sung
 The Deeds of Hero's and their bold Alarms, 900
 Of Battels, Sieges, Horses, Camps, and Arms.

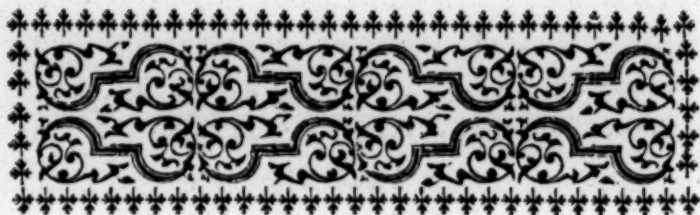
Now Fame had reach'd the *Trojan* Leaders Ears,
 To whom the Slaughter of their Men she bears,
Mnestheus, *Cereestus*, all together drew,
 And see one Foe their stragling Troops pursue. 905
 Then *Mnestheus* first, Oh whither Friends? he calls,
 What Town? What Hopes remain without these Walls?
 One single Man hem'd in with Bulwarks round,
 Such Slaughter makes, gives Death with every Wound,
 Each Stroke some Youth sends to the Shades below. 910
Trojans! must such Attempts unpunish'd go?
 Cowards, have you forgot all Sense of Shame,
 "Your Gods, your Countrey, great *Aeneas*' Fame?
 'This just Reproach their drooping Courage fires:
 They rally, *Turnus* from the Fight retires, 915
 Strives by degrees to gain the River side,
 Where *Trojan* Walls are wash'd by *Tyber*'s Tide:
 The *Trojans* with a Shout together drew,
 More boldly now the flying Foe pursue.
 As eager Huntsmen in the Wood inclose 920
 A mighty Lion, whom their Spears oppose
 On ev'ry Side, he frighted casts around
 A dreadful Look, retires, then stands his Ground;
 Nor Wrath, nor Courage suffer him to run,
 Advance he cannot, nor such Danger shun. 925

Thus

Thus *Turnus*, unresolv'd, made his Retreat,
 His Soul inflam'd with Rage and doubtful Fate,
 Yet twice upon his thickest Foes he falls,
 And twice beat back the *Trojans* to their Walls.
 The *Trojan* Army from the Camp's at hand, 930
Saturnia cannot such vast odds withstand.
Iris to her, *Jove's* harsh Commands brought down,
 Should *Turnus* linger in the *Trojan* Town
 Now feeble grown ; nor can his Shield avail
 To ward the Darts, which from all Hands assail, 935
 And make his Helmet round his Temples ring,
 The Brass gives way to Stones the *Trojans* fling :
 His Buckler yields, his Crest torn from his Head,
 The *Trojans* charge, these daring *Mnestheus* led.
 Shortness of Breath shook *Turnus's* Limbs all o'er, 940
 Sweat mix'd with Dust rolls down from ev'ry Pore :
 Arm'd as he was he leap'd in *Tyber's* Flood,
 ' Kindly supported by the yellow God, }
 Who bore him to the Army cleans'd from Blood. }

The End of the Ninth Book.





VIRGIL's
ÆNEIS.

BOOK X.

The CONTENTS.

Jupiter having call'd a Council of the Gods, and having endeavour'd in vain to reconcile the Differences betwixt Juno and Venus, upon the account of the Rutulians and the Trojans, he declares he will stand Neuter betwixt them, and leave all to the Conduct of Fate. The Trojans prepare to defend, and the Italians to attack New Troy. Æneas having stay'd some Days in Etruria, and having drawn together

gether a great Power of the Arcadians and Etruscans, he returns to New Troy with a Fleet of thirty Ships. He is met at Sea by his own Ships, (now transform'd into Sea Nymphs) by whom he is informed of the Danger of his Friends, and of the March of the Arcadian Horse. Early in the Morning he comes in view of the Enemy, and lands his Army. The Rutulians oppose him. After a bloody Fight Turnus kills Pallas, while Æneas revengeth his Death. Ascanius makes a Sally from the Town, and joins his Father's Troops. Juno withdraws Turnus from the present imminent Danger, by opposing to him a Phantome in the Form of Æneas; which first provokes Turnus, then flies to a Ship moor'd to the Shore: Turnus pursues and enters the same Ship, which by Juno's means is carry'd to Sea, and is driven by Wind and Tide to Ardea, his Father's Countrey. Mezentius succeeds Turnus in the Battel, and is wounded by Æneas. Lausus interposes, and gives his Father time to retire and dress his Wounds. Æneas unwillingly kills Lausus, and sends him dead on a Shield to his Father Mezentius; who returns to the Fight in Fury, to revenge his Son's Death, and is kill'd by Æneas.

T H' *Æthe-*



H' *Aethereal* Gates unfold, *Jove* summons all

' The Gods to Council in the starry Hall ;

From whence his Eyes the lower World beheld,

The *Trojans* and the *Latins* in the Field.

All shrin'd in Glory, thus th' Almighty spoke. 5

How comes it, Pow'rs Immortal, you revoke

What I decreed ? You know my Orders were

Not to provoke the *Trojan* Race to War :

Why all this Strife against my strict Commands ?

What arms the *Latin* or the *Trojan* Bands ? 10

' You need not urge the War, the time must come

' When *Carthage* shall contest the Force of *Rome*,

And through the *Alps* cut out its dreadful way ;

Then vent your Spleen, then on the *Trojans* prey.

To please me now your Jarrings lay aside. 15

Thus briefly *Jove*. The Queen of Love reply'd,

Sov'reign of Gods and Men, -----

You are the only Pow'r I can implore ;

The *Rutuli* insult, and *Turnus* more,

You see him glitt'ring through the Squadrons ride, 20

And swell'd with all of Wars successful Pride :

Walls to the *Trojans* no more Safety yield,

War rageth in the Town as in the Field,

The bloody Moats o'erflowing with the kill'd. }

Nor

Nor knows their absent Lord what now befalls: 25
Must then a constant Siege surround those Walls?
New *Troy*'s attack'd as it from Ashes springs,
And *Diomed* again his Armies brings;
And second Wounds your Daughter must endure;
The Seed of *Jove* from Mortals unsecure! 30
If without Leave or Grant your dread Command
The *Trojans* arm in the *Ausonian* Land,
Then let them suffer, and Relief deny;
If they on Fate and Oracles rely,
What Pow'r in Heav'n dares your Decrees dispute? 35
Or make new Fates when yours are absolute?
Why name I Ships burnt on *Eryce*'s Coast?
Or *Aeolus*? the Winds which *Trojans* tofs'd
Sent from *Hiera*, *Iris* from above:
Next *Juno* did th' infernal Kingdoms move, } 40
The only Pow'r whose Wrath we did not prove:
To heav'nly Light she thence *Alecto* sent,
Inrag'd through *Latine* Towns the Fury went.
All Hopes of future Empire I resign,
When Fortune smil'd such charming Hopes are mine. 45
Let those o'ercome whom you design to Reign,
But if your cruel Queen no Place ordain
The *Trojan* Race, by *Ilium*'s dreadful Fire,
Let young *Ascanius* from the War retire, } 50
To Fate and unknown Seas I leave his Sire.
Let us from War this darling Pledge retrieve;
Forfaking Arms let him inglorious live.

In my *Cythera* or *Idalian* Bow'rs,

In *Amathus*, or lofty *Paphos*' Tow'rs :

Then *Carthage* may o'er-run th' *Ausonian* Land, 55

Nor shall *Iulus* *Tyrian* Arms withstand.

The *Trojans* 'scap'd the bloody War in vain,

Through *Grecian* Flames and Dangers of the Main,

' To find out *Italy*, and after all,

' Another *Ilium* also's doom'd to fall : 60

The wretched *Trojans* would with greater Joy

Dwell in the Rubbish of their ruin'd *Troy* ;

To *Simois* and to *Xanthus* send them back,

Of all their Woes renew their former wrack.

" Deep Indignation fir'd *Saturnia*'s Breast ; 65

What I would fain conceal must be express'd,

She said, my inward Grief which smother'd lies

' You force me to reveal : Did God or Man advise } 70

Aeneas to make War, or *Latium*'s King surprize ?

Cassandra's Rage (to which, as Fate he yields) 70

Hath urg'd through Seas to seek *Italian* Fields :

This I allow, but Destiny nor I,

Never intic'd him from his Camp to try

The Mercy of the Winds, to trust the Care

To young *Ascanius*, of the Town and War. 75

To prove the *Tyrrhen* Faith, or quiet Nations vex,

What God's to blame ? Did thus my Pow'r perplex ?

What share have I, or *Iris* in these Harms ?

If 'tis unjust that *Turnus* now with Arms

And

And Flames surround the rising Walls of *Troy* ; 80
 That this brave Prince should native Air enjoy,
 Sprung from *Pilumnus*, by *Venilia* born,
 A God and Goddess both his Birth adorn.
 Can you approve the *Trojans* freely may
 Burn Lands, not theirs ? Make other's Goods a Prey ? 85
 Deceive Allies ? Wives from their Husbands tear ?
 Beg Peace by Force ? By Sea and Land make War ?
 ' You can *Æneas* from the *Grecians* shrowd,
 ' And to their Rage expose an airy Cloud :
 You of his Ships have beauteous Sea-Nymphs made, 90
 But 'tis a Crime if we give *Turnus* Aid.
 ' You say *Æneas* absent cannot know
 ' What now befalls, and may he still be so.
 Since you have *Paphos* and *Idalian* Bow'rs,
 How comes it you infest *Laurentine* Tow'rs ? 95
 Invade a warlike People ? Do we try
 To raze th' afflicted *Trojans* Memory ?
 Or rather he who did by Rapes expose
 The *Trojan* State to War and *Grecian* Foes,
 When *Europe* all in Arms 'gainst *Asia* rose ? } 100
 The *Dardan* Ravisher had not me for Guide
 When he sack'd *Sparta* ; did I Arms provide ?
 Did I by lawless Love inflame the War ?
 Fear for your *Trojans* then became your Care :
 Now when too late unjustly you complain, 105
 Your Rage is empty as your Threats are vain.

Thus

Thus *Juno* spoke, her Words acceptance find,
 Express'd in Whispers as each God inclin'd :
 As infant Winds hatch'd in some shady Wood
 Breathe gentle Murmurs e'er they roar aloud, } 110
 Presaging Storms to those who sail the Flood.
 Then spoke Almighty *Jove* (who govern'd all)
 Whilst awful Rev'rence struck the heav'nly Hall,
 The starry Frame in slower Motion rolls,
 The frightened Earth starts, quiv'ring on its Poles ; 115
 The boist'rous Winds are still, the swelling Main
 Contracts its Billows to a crystal Plain :
 " Celestial Pow'rs, attentive Ears incline,
 Since now it is a vain Attempt to join
 The *Trojans* and th' *Ausonians*, since I see } 120
 ' Your jarrings endless, by a firm Decree
 This Day we both resign to Destiny.
 Push'd by ill Fate the *Trojans* may defend
Turnus' Attack, *Jove*'s equally their Friend.
 Of both their Hopes and Toils Chance take the Sway,
 ' Their Fate's their own, and Fate will make its way, 126
 The Thunderer said ; by *Pluto*'s River swore,
 By burning Waves and the sulphureous Shore
 Of *Styx*, and *Pisageathon*'s infernal Flood :
 Heav'n shook with Awe of his imperial Nod ; 130
 Then from his Throne arose. The Gods in State
 Attend their Monarch to the Palace Gate.
 The *Trojan*'s Walls the *Rutuli* surround
 With Fire and Sword, to kill, or burn, or wound ;

Aeneas Troops inclos'd, o'erpow'r'd with Grief, 135
 Hopeless of Flight, more hopeless of Relief;
 They guard their Tow'rs in vain against their Foes,
 Dispair unmans the Few, whom Crowds enclose.
 First brave *Thymates* and young *Asius* stood,
 ' With two bold Brothers of *Sarpedon's* Blood; 140
 Both the *Assaraci* to them were join'd,
 " *Tybris* and *Castor*, two of *Lycian* kind,
Clarus and *Hamon*, *Acmon* brave and young,
 Great like his Father, like his Brother strong,
 A pond'rous Rock with nervous Vigour flung. 145
 " Some with their Darts, and some with Stones defend,
 " Some Firebrands throw, some Flights of Arrows send.
 As Gems out-shine the Gold in which they're set,
 Or Ivory by Art when join'd to Jet,
 Amidst all these *Ascanius* did appear, 150
 His Head unarm'd, (fair *Cytherea's* Care)
 His snowy Neck his flaming Locks surround,
 Which on his Head with Chains of Gold were bound.
 You, *Ismarus*, brave warlike Nations saw
 Strike mortal Wounds, and poison'd Arrows draw; 155
 Born of *Meonian* Race, where golden Sands
 Are by *Pactolus* roll'd o'er *Lybian* Lands.
 There *Mnestheus* too, whose Glory far excell'd,
 When he great *Turnus* from these Walls expell'd,
 ' With *Capys*, he to *Capua* gave the Name; 160
 All these perform'd Deeds of immortal Fame.

In dead of Night *Aeneas* scour'd the Sea ;
 Leaving *Evander*, he directs his way
 ' Strait to the *Tyrrhen* Camp, where to their Chief
 " He tells his Name and Countrey, asks Relief, 165
 Profers his Friendship, and at once declares
 What Troops *Mexentius* for the War prepares ;
 Prays to confider *Turnus*' haughty Mind,
 ' And fickle Fortune that attends Mankind.
 * *Tarchon* without delay the Treaty figns, 170
 ' The Wealth and Forces of the *Tyrrhens* joins ;
 ' They ftraight fet fail, fince by the Gods Command
 The *Lydian* Fleet's rul'd by a Stranger's Hand.
 ' *Aeneas* led, upon his Stern appear
 ' Two *Phrygian* Lions which Mount *Ida* bear, } 175
 ' A Sight to wretched *Trojans* always dear.
 There great *Aeneas* fat, revolving all
 The various Chances which in War befall.
Pallas upon his Left inquires the Stars and Way,
 ' With all his Dangers paff by Land and Sea. 180
 Oh facred Nine ! infpire a lofty Strain,
 To fing thofe Hero's lab'ring on the Main,
 With brave *Aeneas*' Gallies, Arms, and Oars,
 To *Latium*'s Coaft, from the *Errufcan* Shores.
 " A thoufand Youths King *Massicus* obey, 185
 " Aboard the Tyger through the foaming Sea,
 From *Ciusium* brought, and *Cofæ* by his Care,
 " For Arms, light Quivers, Bows and Shafts they bear :
 ' Fierce

‘ Fierce *Abas* with his Troops bright Armour wore,
 ‘ His Stern *Apollo*’s gilded Image bore. 190
 Six hundred more from *Populonia* brought,
 From *Ilva* three, where martial Steel is fought }
 In Mines, supply’d by Nature as they’re wrought. }
 ‘ *Afyllas* third, who Prodigies expounds
 ‘ By offer’d Entrails, and prefaging Sounds 195
 Of Birds and Thunder, by foreseeing Skill,
 Foretells Events; the Stars obey his Will.
 ‘ A thousand Men with Spears in order stand,
 “ Sent by the *Pisans* under his Command.
 Next *Astur*, bright in Arms, beauteous and brave, 200
 A skilful Horseman, to whom *Cera* gave
 With *Pyrgi* and *Graviscæ* (by deep Fens confin’d)
 Three hundred Men for War, all of a Mind.
 Nor must I here in partial Silence hide
Ligurian Cinyras, in Arms well try’d, 205
 “ Nor yet *Cupavo*, follow’d by a few ;
 Plumes grace his Crest, by which Swans swiftly flew,
 His Father’s Change, this warlike Sign alone
 By love produc’d, when *Cyrenus* did bemoan
 His darling *Phaeton* below the Shade, 210
 His Sisters Poplars o’er his Grave had made :
 For whilst he sung to sooth his Grief and Care,
 To Downs and Plumes, love turn’d his silver Hair,
 He sprung aloft, and sung through fleeting Air : }

His Son, and Equals, a vast Galley row'd, } 215
 Upon whose lofty Prow a Centaur stood,
 Threatning to throw a Rock amidst the Flood. }

From Home a Legion with Prince *Ocnus* came,
 By *Manto*, *Tyber's* Son, who gave her Name
 To *Mantua's* Town and Walls, the Nurse of Kings, 220
 And yet their Blood from diff'rent Fountains springs.
 'Three *Tuscan* Tribes divide, four Towns befall
 To each, but *Mantua* is the Chief of all.

" Hate to *Mezentius* arm'd five hundred more,
 By *Mincius'* Stream brought from his Father's Shore. 225

" These wise *Auletes* leads, whose Rowers sweep
 The foaming Surges of the briny Deep :
 The *Triton* bears him, he, whose Trumpets sound
 Old Ocean's Waves from Shore to Shore rebound :

" A hairy Man above the Waste he shews, } 230
 " A Porpoise Tail down from his Belly grows,
 The Billows murmur which his Breast oppose. }

" Thus thirty Ships transport the princely Train,
 " For *Troy's* Relief, and briskly scour the Main.

Phæbus had now withdrawn his fiery Horse, 235
 And *Phæbe* run half her Nocturnal Course,
Aeneas sat, whose Care o'er Sleep prevails,
 And steers ; he hauls the Bolines, fills the Sails :

" A Choir of *Nereids* meets him on the Flood,
 " Once his Attendants from great *Ida's* Wood, 240
 " By *Cybele* made Nymphs ; the Waves they sweep,
 " Who rode before tall Vessels on the Deep :

Afar they knew the Prince, they in a Ring
His Galley compass. To the *Trojan* King
Cymodocea said, (who spoke the best) 245
And stemm'd the Waves with her erected Breast.
Her Right Hand held the Stern, her Left Hand row'd,
She scow'd behind the Galley through the Flood.
' Sleeps great *Æneas*? *Venus* Son awake;
Let fly your Tackle, all your Canvas make; 250
We sacred Pines, of which your Fleet was made,
Whom *Turnus* durst with Fire and Sword invade;
Now watry Pow'rs; Force made us break your Chain,
We come to seek you through the swelling Main:
' Great *Cybele* transform'd our Shapes to these, 255
' And gave us Life-Immortal in the Seas.
Your Son *Ascanius* is entrench'd around,
Inclos'd with Arms and *Latins'* martial Sound:
Evander's Horse, with those of *Tarchon's* Host,
Have (as commanded) seiz'd th' advanced Post: 260
' To cut their Way is *Turnus'* chief Design,
' Lest these brave Squadrons with your *Trojans* join:
Arise at break of Day, you first of all
Your warlike Troops in Arms to Battel call;
On your Left Arm old *Vulcan's* Present hold, 265
The fatal Shield, edg'd round with burnish'd Gold.
' To Morrows Sun, if you can trust my Words,
' Shall see your Foes in Heaps fall by your Swords.
This said, just going, with her Right she push'd
The lofty Stern, which through the Billows rush'd, 270

Swifter than Darts or Arrows; swift as Wind,
 The other Ships came briskly up behind.
 Not knowing who she was the Prince amaz'd,
 Welcom'd the Omen which his Courage rais'd.
 Then thus he pray'd, casting to Heav'n his Sight: 275
 Great Mother of the Gods, who tak'st delight
 In Towns with Walls; on *Ida's* sacred Hill,
 " Fierce Lions rein'd and curb'd obey thy Will:
 Thou, Author of the War I have begun,
 Make good thy Omen, and assist thy own. 280

Thus said the Prince: The Day, full sprung with Light,
 ' Had chas'd away th'obscuring Shades of Night:
 He charg'd his Soldiers thus: Friends have a care;
 Follow your Ensigns, for the Fight prepare;
 High on his lofty Poop he had in view. 285
 His Men encamp'd, then o'er his Left Arm threw
 ' His blazing Shield: The *Trojans* from the Wall
 Throw Darts, and cry; Hope animates them all;
 As when *Strymonian* Cranes for Flight prepare
 With Cries, foretelling Storms, cut through the } 290
 Air

Before the South Winds, sounding from afar.

Bold *Turnus* wonder'd, the *Ansonians* more;
 Till they beheld tall Vessels make the Shore,
 And all the Sea with Gallies cover'd o'er.

Aneas' crested Helm flam'd glaring bright, 295
 His golden Shield reflects a dazzling Light:

Thus

Thus blazing Comets in the Night appear
In sanguine Fires, and thus the threatening Star
Of *Sirius* fills the Air with dismal Lights,
' And anxious Men with Plagues and Famines frights ;
Yet nothing could abate bold *Turnus*' trust 301
To gain the Shore, and thence the *Trojans* thrust.
He thus upbraids, and thus exhorts his Friends,
" What you have wish'd so much, kind Fortune sends,
" Your Swords may make you Masters of the War, 305
Remember then what you esteem most dear ;
' Envy the Glory of your Fathers Fame,
Their noble Actions should your Hearts inflame:
To charge th' encumber'd *Tuscan* haste : let's go,
And from our Shore repel the landing Foe ; 310
Fortune assists the Brave.
Thus *Turnus* said. Part of his Troops led down
Against the Fleet, those left besiege the Town.
Mean while *Aeneas*' Men by Bridges land :
From lofty Prows some leap on slipp'ry Sand, 315
Catching the ebbing Waves ; on Oars some slide ;
Tarchon surveys the Shore, observes the Tide,
Nor fears the Shelves, since no white Billows roar,
' But silent Surges gently swell the Shore.
' Thither he steer'd, and thus he gave command ; 320
Friends ply your Oars, haste, bravely force the Land,
And cleave the hostile Ground with dreadful Shock ;
Let ev'ry Vessel form it self a Dock,

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Nor do I care if we can reach the Land,
 Though shatter'd Gallies cover all the Strand. 325
 This said, the Seamen row with eager haste,
 • And run their Ships a-ground, their Heads stick fast,
 • All safe but *Tarchon's* Ship, which stranded flood,
 • Bulg'd on a Bank, beat by the angry Flood;
 • The Bolt-heads start, the loosen'd Planks give way, 330
 The *Tuscan*s drop with *Tarchon* in the Sea,
 Hinder'd by Oars and floating Planks to land,
 Thrown back by ebbing Waves on slipp'ry Sand.

Turnus without delay his Army led
 Down to the Coast, and 'gainst the Foes made head; 335
 " The Trumpets sound, *Aeneas* first assail'd
 The *Latine* Swains, and as he fought prevail'd,
 He *Theron* kill'd, (blest'd Omen of the War)
Theron of Giant size, so bold to dare

Attack *Aeneas* first, whose killing Blade 340
 Through Armour, scal'd with Gold, a Passage made.
 His Sword sent *Lycus* to the silent Tomb,
 Sacred to *Delos'* God, ripp'd from the Womb; }
 And scap'd the Steel his riper Age's doom.

He *Cisseus* next, and brawny *Gyas* flew, 345
 Who with their Clubs whole Ranks and Files o'erthrew.

Alcides' Arms can nought avail them now,
 Or that their Veins with youthful Vigour flow;
 Nor that their Sire, *Alcides'* Labours shar'd,
 When with the Monsters of the Earth he warr'd. 350

" The

“ The noisy *Pharos* next receiv'd his Death,
 “ *Aeneas* with'd his Spear, and stopp'd his bawling
 Breath :

The lovely *Clyti*us on whose youthful Chin
 Apparent Signs of Manhood now begin,
 Unhappy *Cydon* courts, his eager Joys ; 355

“ *Aeneas* Sword had cur'd his Love of Boyes,
 If seven bold Brothers had not ta'en his part ;
 Old *Phorcus*' Sons, each Brother threw a Dart :
 Some on his Helmet or his Buckler slide,
 Some reach'd his Breast, these *Venus* turn'd aside : 360

He calls *Achates*, Bring those Darts, he said,
 Those very Darts by which the *Grecians* bled

‘ In *Trojan* Fields, not one shall fly in vain

‘ 'Gainst the *Rutulians* on the *Latine* Plain.

“ He said ; then seiz'd a mighty Spear, and threw, 365

“ This, wing'd with Death, through *Meon*'s Buckler
 flew,

And with the Plates of Brass his Bosom pass :

Alcanor to his Brother runs in haste,

And with's Right Hand supports him falling down,
 Another Shaft with manly Vigour thrown 370

Transpierc'd his Left ; all bloody kept its Course,

And lopp'd his Right Arm with an equal Force.

“ Then *Numitor* from his dead Brother drew

‘ The fatal Dart, and at *Aeneas* threw.

By such a Hand the Hero could not die : 375

It miss'd the Prince and pierc'd *Achates*' Thigh.

“ Proud

" Proud of his Youth the *Sabine Clausus* came,
 ' At *Dryops* from afar directs his Aim,
 ' And pierc'd his Throat, his Forehead hit the Ground,
 ' Voice, Blood, and Life, rush mingl'd through the
 Wound.

380

By him three Brothers sprung from *Thracian* Seed,
 And three, from the *Ismarian Ida*, bleed.

In various Chance of War *Halesus* leads

Th' *Auruncan* Troops, and *Neptune's* Son succeeds ;

They eagerly dispute on either hand,

385

For Conquest these, these for Possession stand

In the first Entrance of *Ansonia's* Land.

As Winds for th' Empire of the Air contend,

Of equal Rage and Force, each other rend,

Nor they, nor Clouds, nor Sea, t' each other yield, 390

' But long suspend the Fortune of the Field ;

" Both Armies thus perform what Valour can,

' Join Foot to Foot and mingle Man to Man.

But where swift Torrents with impetuous Force

Roll'd Stones and Trees together in their Course, 395

There *Pallas* saw the *Latins* put to rout ;

Evander's Troops, unus'd to fight a Foot,

Constrain'd to quit their Horse by rugged ways,

The sole Expedient which remains, essays

To fire their Courage, now upbraids, then prays. 400

Companions, whither? By your selves, by shame,

By Battels won, by King *Evander's* Name,

By all my Hopes to emulate his Fame ;

True

Trust not to Flight, your Way cut through the Foe ;
With Sword in Hand through that thick Squadron go :
Your Countrey, I, require ; no Gods oppose, 406
Nor fight we Mortals, with immortal Foes :
Our Number's equal, and our Souls as great,
The swelling Main's a Bar to our Retreat,
Nor have we Land, or Sea, by which to fly : 410
This said, he rush'd amidst the Enemy.
First *Lagus* met him (led by cruel Fate)
' And whilst he heav'd a Stone of mighty Weight,
Athwart his Chine a Spear young *Pallas* threw,
Which, wedg'd between the Bones, the Victor scarce
withdrew. 515

Poor *Hilbon* thought to have reveng'd his Friend,
Griev'd and enrag'd at his unlucky End ;
But *Pallas* did th'unwary Youth prevent,
And deep into his Breast his Sword he sent.
Next *Helenus*, *Anchemolus* then kill'd, 420
Of *Rhætus*' Race, who impiously defil'd
' His Father's Bed. Next *Dancus*' Sons lay slain,
' *Laris* and *Thimbrus* on the *Latine* Plain ;
So like, they ev'n deceiv'd their Parents Eye ;
' Grateful Mistake ! O how unlike they die ! 425
For *Pallas*' Hand a sad Distinction made,
Evander's Sword smote off brave *Thymbrus*' Head :
Laris thy Right Hand, sever'd, sought its Lord,
In vain thy dying Fingers grasp'd the Sword.

Grief

Grief mix'd with Shame, the warm'd *Arcadians* fir'd
Against the Foe, by *Pallas*' Deeds inspir'd : 431

Then *Pallas Rhæteus* proudly mounted, flew ;
The Coward *Rhæteus*, whom two Horses drew,
As he from *Teuthras* and from *Tyres* flew.

This for a while did *Ilus*' Fate defer, 435

Pallas at *Ilus*' Heart had aim'd his Spear,
But *Rhæteus* fell, kill'd by another's Wound,
' And tumbling from his Chariot spurn'd the Ground.

' As when in Summer welcome Breezes blow,
The well-pleas'd Shepherds to the Forest go ; 440

Scatter devouring Fire amongst the Groves,
Which fann'd by Winds o'er Woods and Copses roves,
In hideous Pomp triumphing 'midst the Plains,
The joining Fires delight the joyful Swains :

' So *Pallas*' Troops their scatter'd Strength unite, 445
Second their Leader and renew the Fight.

Halefus then advanc'd, renown'd in War,
Retir'd within his Shield ; first by his Spear

' *Pheres*, *Demodocus* and *Ladon* fell
A Sacrifice ; then he who knew so well 450

To wield his Sword, lopp'd off *Strymonius*' Hand,
Lift 'gainst his Throat : Nor *Thoas* could withstand
The Stone, which at his Head *Halefus* threw,
Bones, Brains, Blood, Life, together shatter'd flew.

' In Prescience deeply skill'd *Halefus*' Fire 455

' Did with the Youth to shady Woods retire ;

But

But when cold Death had seal'd his Father's Eyes,
 Doom'd by relentless Fates *Halesus* lies,
 To *Pallas*' Sword a bloody Sacrifice.

' Who first to *Tyber* thus address'd his Vow, 460

O Father, may the Dart succeed I throw,

" His Arms and Spoils thy sacred Oak shall bear.

" Pleas'd with the Bribe, the God receiv'd his Pray'r :

For while *Halesus* takes *Imaon*'s Part,

Young *Pallas* sent a Jav'lin through his Heart. 465

But *Lausus* could not brook the Armies Fright,

' Caus'd by the Death of one so fam'd in Fight :

Lausus the Wars great Prop, first *Abas* kill'd,

' *Abas* the Stay and Hindrance of the Field.

" The *Trojans* 'scap'd their *Grecian* Foes in vain ; 470

" They and their mix'd Allies now load the bloody
 Plain.

' To the rude Shock both Armies bravely came,

" Their Leaders equal and their Force the same ;

" The Rear so crowds the Front, they scarcely wield

Their Swords or Jav'lins in the list'd Field : 475

" Here *Pallas* urgeth on, and *Lausus* there,

' Of equal Age and Beauty both appear ;

' But Fate forbids to breathe their Countreys Air.

' Their fierce Encounter mighty *Jove* withstands,

" Both soon must fall, but fall by greater Hands. 480

Warn'd by his Sister, *Turnus*' rapid Wheels,

To succour *Lausus* cut through thickest Files :

When near his Men : Hold, I alone, (he cries)
 Must *Pallas* fight, by this Right Hand he dies :
 ' Oh were *Evander* here ! His Men retir'd, 485
 ' *Pallas* their Haste, and *Turnus*' Pride admir'd.
Pallas the Prince survey'd, and nicely ey'd,
 ' Struck with his haughty Mien he thus reply'd ;
 Your Spoils or glorious Death this Day I share,
 My Sire's resolv'd on either Chance of War ; 490
 Then vaunt no more. This said, he took the Field ;
 Concern and Fear th' *Arcadians* Bosoms chill'd.
Turnus his Chariot quits, approaches near ;
 ' So runs a Lion when he sees from far,
 A Bull for Fight prepare and fiercely stand, 495
 Bending his Neck and spurning back the Sand.
 Thus *Turnus* *Pallas* fought. When now the Foe
Pallas had in his reach, he strait resolv'd to go
 And charge him first, and vow'd to Heaven to try
 ' If Valour could the want of Strength supply : 500
 Then pray'd to great *Alcides*, By that Feast
Evander made for you his welcome Guest,
 Assist my brave Attempt ; let *Turnus*' Eyes
 Behold me tear his Spoils before he dies.
Alcides heard the Youth, then deeply groan'd, 505
 With fruitless Tears his sudden Fate bemoan'd.
Jove hears, and soothes the Sorrow of his Son,
 ' Short Bounds of Life are set to ev'ry one ;
 Time ne'er returns ; by Virtue Men are great,
 Which spreads their Fame beyond the reach of Fate. 510

How

How many Hero's sprung from Seed Divine
At *Ilium* fell? *Sarpedon* sprung from mine.
Like Fate on *Turnus* waits, his Thread's near spun,
The Course which Fate allows them all must run.

This said, on *Latian* Plains *Jove* cast a view. } 515
' *Pallas* with mighty Force a Jav'lin threw,
His shining Sword then from his Scabbard drew. }
On *Turnus*' Shield the Jav'lin glanc'd, the Point
His Shoulder touch'd above the Armour's Joint ;
A Spear, long pois'd, at *Pallas* *Turnus* throws. 520
See if its way my Jav'lin better knows :
He said, the Steel with quiv'ring Motion flew,
The Shield and Plates of Ir'n and Brass pass'd through ;
Thro' strong Bulls Hides, which its vast Orb inclose,
Then through the Corset to his Heart it goes. 525
Pallas in vain from the deep Wound withdrew
The reeking Steel which Blood and Soul pursue ;
Reeling in Death he fell upon the Wound,
With bloody Teeth he bit the hostile Ground :
' On him fierce *Turnus* leap'd : *Arcadians* hear, 530
' From me this Message to *Evander* bear.
' Such as the Sire deserv'd, the Son I send,
' It costs him dear to be *Aneas*' Friend :
' To funeral Rites I willingly bestow
' His Corps to please his wandring Shades below. 535
' This said, he tramp'd on the lifeless Corse,
' And snatch'd his shining Belt with eager force,

Where skill'd *Eurytion* had with Gold inlaid
Aegyptus' Sons in one sad Night betray'd
 By murd'ring Brides ; this haughty *Turnus* bore, 540
 The fatal Prize, and in proud Triumph wore.

" O Men still blind to Fate! who never know
 " To bear high Fortune, or endure the Low.
 " The time will come when *Turnus* would recall
 At any rate, unhappy *Pallas*' Fall, 545
 And curse the fatal Day on which he dy'd,
 And hate the gawdy Spoils torn from his Side.

The griev'd *Arcadians* crowd the bloody Field,
 " And bear the breathless Body on a Shield.
 What Grief and Glory shall thy Father share 550
 By thy return, poor *Pallas*, from the War ?
 Heaps of thy Foes that Day by thee were kill'd,
 Thy first and last Appearance in the Field.

" This dismal News not from uncertain Fame,
 " But sad Beholders to *Aeneas* came, 555
 " That *Trojans* on the brink of Ruin stand,
 " Unless reliev'd by his victorious Hand.

Aeneas Sword cut out its bloody way,
 And hew'd down all who durst his Fury stay,
 " To find thee, *Turnus*, of thy Conquest proud, 560
 " *Evander*, *Pallas*, all that Friendship ow'd
 " To their great Merit, still before his Eyes,
 " His promis'd Faith, their hospitable Ties ;
 " *Sulmo*'s four Sons, and four which *Ufens* bred
 " He took alive ; all Victims to be led 565

To *Pallas*' flaming Pile, and there expire,
 And with their Blood bedew his fun'ral Fire.
 At *Magus* next he aim'd his threatening Spear,
 Who shunn'd the Wound ; it whiz'd thro' yielding Air.
 Grasping *Aeneas*' Knees, thus *Magus* pray'd : 570

' By young *Iulus*' Hopes, *Anchises* Shade ;
 For their dear sakes in me my Father spare,
 And all the Treasures of our Palace share ;
 In gold and silver Bars, and finely wrought,
 At this great Price let one poor Life be bought ; 575

' So little odds can never turn the Scale,
 ' Nor can one Soul make either Side prevail.

' He said. The brave *Aeneas* thus reply'd ;
 ' Your Gold and Silver for your Sons provide, } 580
 Such Treaties *Turnus* broke when *Pallas* dy'd.

Revenge alone *Anchises*' Ghost can please,
 I and *Iulus* scorn such Gifts as these :

Then caught his waving Crest as *Magus* pray'd,
 Till in his Breast he sheath'd the shining Blade.

Apollo's and *Diana*'s Priest was near 585
Amonides, who glitter'd every where,
 Both nobly arm'd, and clad ; with Garlands crown'd ;
Aeneas met, and threw him to the Ground.

' The scatter'd Armour brave *Sereftus* bears,
 " Design'd a Trophy to the God of Wars. 590

Umbro and *Caculus* the Fight renew,
 ' Gainst them enrag'd the brave *Aeneas* flew :

Auxur's Left Arm he lopt off at a Blow,
 ' Whose Shield and Arm to Earth together go ;
 He thought his magick Charms could Help afford, 595
 And plac'd his Trust in some enchanting word,
 Or rais'd aspiring Thoughts above the Spheres,
 In hopes to live for many rolling Years.

Proud *Tarquitus*, whose glitt'ring Armour shone,
 (The *Sylvan Faunus* and fair *Dryop's* Son) 600
 Against *Aeneas* run, whose out-stretch'd Lance
 Oppos'd his Shield, and hinder'd to advance ;
 For *Tarquitus* he threw upon the Ground,
 And while he begg'd, he pierc'd him with a Wound :
 Then said with Anger, Haughty Man, lie there, 605
 Far from thy Home ; thy tender Mother's Care
 ' Shall ne'er interr, to Beasts and Fowls a Prey,
 ' Or to the Monsters of the foaming Sea.

Anteus and bold *Lycas*, as they fled
 He next pursues ; these *Turnus's* Van-guard led, 610
 With *Numa*, *Camers*, noble *Volsens's* Son,
 Who in *Amycla* fix'd his silent Throne ;
 And as *Egeon's* hundred Hands withstood
 Almighty *Jove*, whose Thunders roar'd aloud,
 Who belch'd from fifty Mouths devouring Fire, 615
 And wielded fifty flaming Swords in Ire,
 Whose fifty Left Arms bore so many Shields,
 In Fury thus *Aeneas* rang'd the Fields :

' Soon as his Sword was flesh'd, the Hero flew
 " Against *Nyphans*, whom four Horses drew ; 620

But

But when the frighten'd Horses from afar
Perceiv'd *Aeneas* rushing to the War,
They wheel'd about and threw their Master down,
Then to the Shore the frightened Coursers run.

Now two white Steeds drew *Lucagus*, the Reins. 625

His Brother *Liger* held, and scowr'd the Plains.

Bold *Lucagus*'s Sword wav'd through the Air,

Nor could *Aeneas* such proud vaunting bear,

'He charg'd the Foes, and couch'd his threatening Spear. }

To him thus *Liger* call'd, You hope in vain, 630

To find *Achilles* or the *Phrygian* Plain,

Or bold *Tydidēs*' Horse ; this Hand shall send

Thy Soul to Hell, this Field the War shall end.

From *Liger*'s foolish Lips such Boastings flew ;

The Prince for answer a strong Jav'lin threw, 635

As *Lucagus* to lash his Horses bends

And pricks them with his Dart, and then extends

His Left Foot, thus preparing for the Field :

Mean while the Lance the Border of the Shield,

'Past through, and pierc'd his Groin, the deadly Wound

"Cast from his Chariot, rowl'd him on the Ground, 640

No frightful Shadows cause your Horses flight,

You, *Lucagus*, desert your Steeds in Fight.

Aeneas said with Scorn ; then snatch'd the Rein.

Here *Liger* also stretch'd upon the Plain, 645

Held out his Hands disarm'd, and cries, O save !

I, by your self, and those you Being gave,

Great

Great *Trojan*, beg my Life : Still praying more,
 The Prince reply'd, You talk'd not thus before,
 Now die, in Death attend your Brother's Shade ; 650
 Then for his Soul a bloody Passage made.

‘ As Storms the Air, and Torrents tear the Ground,
 ‘ Inrag'd *Aeneas* scatter'd Deaths around :

“ At last *Ascanius*, with his *Trojan* Train,
 “ Broke from the Town, so long besieg'd in vain. 655

Mean while Almighty *Jove* to *Juno* said,
 Dear Sister, Partner of my Throne and Bed ;
Venus, as you believe, the *Trojan* Arms
 Supports, not Courage or Contempt of Harms.

Juno submissly, Why dear Lord renew 660

My anxious Thoughts, who dread each Word from you ?

Shar'd I as once, and as I ought, your Breast,

Almighty *Jove* would grant this one Request,

That I might *Turnus* from the War retire,

And safely guide him to his longing Sire. 665

Must then the *Trojans* spill his Blood Divine ?

The fourth Descent from God *Pilumnus*' Line.

His lib'ral Hand oft made your Altars burn.

To her the Thunderer made this quick Return.

If you for *Turnus* ask a short Reprieve, 670

And that you think it in my Power to give,

By Flight secure, from urging Fate remove,

Thus far I grant ; but if you hope to prove

‘ A greater Grace, or that you entertain

‘ A thought to change the Fates, such Hopes are vain. 675

Saturnia wept, and said, Oh! if your Heart
Would grant that Grace, which scarce your Words
impart.

Confirm'd by you, were *Turnus*' Life preserv'd,
(For whom I doubt a cruel Death's reserv'd)
Oh! could my Fears mistake your Words, his Fate 680

You might to better, if you would, translate.
This said, shrin'd in a Cloud to Earth she flies
To Battel, driving Tempests through the Skies.

Æneas' Likeness of thin Air she made,
(A wondrous Sight) then arm'd the empty Shade 685

With *Trojan* Darts and Shield, a Helmet ties
Upon its Godlike Head, with Words supplies,
And Voice without a Soul, a thoughtless Sound,
The Phantom like *Æneas* trod the Ground.

Thus Ghosts, they say, appear to mortal Sight, 690
And thus deceiving Dreams surprize by Night,
Upon the Front the boasting Shadow flies:

Turnus with Darts provokes, with Words defies:

' He then advancing 'gainst it cast his Spear,
' The Spectre wheel'd, as if it ran for fear. 695

' When he believ'd that great *Æneas* fled,
' And with vain Hopes his swelling Fancy fed,
His Sword he brandish'd, and the Shade pursu'd.

Æneas whither? *Turnus* calls aloud, }
' Nor knew he talk'd to Wind, and chas'd a Cloud. 700

' Why thus forsake your Royal Bride? The Land
You seek through Seas, receive from *Turnus*' Hand:

' By

' By chance a Ship, moor'd to the rocky Shore,
 ' (Which from old *Clusium* King *Osinus* bore)
 There ready lay, its Planks on Land were laid, 705
 Thither with speed retir'd the airy Shade,
 Under the Hatches hid : *Turnus* in haste,
 Eager to conquer, the same *Bridges* past :
 Scarce enter'd, when the Ship parts from the Land,
 Drawn thro' the Waves by *Juno*'s pow'rful Hand. 710
 ' *Aeneas* long'd to fight his absent Foe,
 ' And all he meets he sends to Shades below :
 ' The airy Shadow now forsook the Shrowds,
 ' Mounting aloft it vanish'd in the Clouds.
 Now far on Sea the Wind brave *Turnus* blew ; 715
 Ungrateful for his Life, he nothing knew
 Of all that past, but cast his Looks around,
 Stretching his Hands to Heaven with doleful Sound :
 Almighty Father, what have I deserv'd ?
 For what great Crime's such Punishment reserv'd ? 720
 From whence ? Or whither driv'n, lost, and undone ?
 Shall I ne'er see my Camp, or view *Laurentum*'s Town ?
 How justly will my injur'd Troops upbraid ?
 By me abandon'd, and to Death betray'd :
 Ev'n now I see them stragling ev'ry where, 725
 What shall I do ? Their dying Groans I hear.
 ' Gape wide, O Earth, and swallow me alive,
 ' Or, O ye Winds, my Miseries relieve :
 ' On Rocks, on Sands, on Shelves the Vessel drive.

There

There let it split, where no *Rutulians* come, 730

Let Fame of *Turnus*' Flight be ever dumb.

Thus he complain'd, while his uncertain Mind,
To end his Shame, to various Thoughts inclin'd :

Now by the Sword would die, now by the Sea,
Or to the *Trojan* Camp swim back his way : 735

“ Thrice he essay'd the Sword, and thrice the Flood,

“ But *Juno* thrice in Pity both withstood,

Till friendly Tides convey'd him safe, and cast

On *Ardea*'s Shore, where *Daunus* reign'd, at last.

Mezentius now, by *Jove*'s Decrees compell'd, 740

Succeeds to absent *Turnus* in the Field,

Attacks the *Trojans* proud of their Success,

'Gainst him alone whole *Tyrrhen* Squadrons press,

Their Hate to him unanimously show,

And Show'rs of Jav'lins at their Mōnarch throw ; 745

‘ He like a Rock by the vast Seas enclos'd,

‘ To raging Winds and rolling Waves expos'd,

Which furious Shocks of Seas and Storms sustains,

And on its Basis pois'd, unmov'd remains.

He kill'd young *Hebrus* first, *Dolichaon*'s Son, 750

With *Latagus*, and *Palmus* as he run ;

‘ At *Latagus* a mighty Stone he flung,

‘ Which struck his Face, and on his Helmet rung ;

But *Palmus* in his Hams receiv'd his Wound,

Which stopt his Flight, he sprawl'd upon the Ground: 755

‘ His Arms and Crest from his maim'd Body torn,

“ Thy Shoulders, *Lausus*, and thy Head adorn.

Evas the *Phrygian* next, then *Mimas* kill'd,

(By fair *Theano* old *Amycus*' Child)

' Born on that Night, when big with fatal Fire, 760

' The *Trojan* Queen brought *Paris* to his Sire :

' Unhappy *Paris* fell, at *Ilium* slain,

" Unthinking *Mimas* on the *Latian* Plain ;

And as a Boar in *Moorish* Forests bred,

And long conceal'd on *Vesulus*' Piny Head, 765

By op'ning Hounds chas'd to entangling Toils,

Raising his Bristles, fiercely stands and moils :

The boldest Hunters dare not meet the Foe,

They shout, and safe at distance Jav'lines throw :

He grinds his Teeth and stares on ev'ry Side, 770

And pointed Darts shakes from his monstrous Hide.

Ev'n thus the Crowd of brave *Mezentius*' Foes

At distance stand, but dare not near oppose

In closer Fight, yet throwing Darts from far,

With Clamours loud provoke him to the War. 775

From *Coritus* the *Grecian* *Acron* came,

And left unquench'd old *Hymen*'s joyful Flame :

" *Mezentius* saw him through the Squadrons ride,

' Clad in the Plumes and Purple of his Bride.

A Lion thus, when raging through the Folds 780

With Hunger pinch'd, a flying Goat beholds ;

Or when a lofty headed Stag he spies

Running for fear, his Mane begins to rise,

And opening wide for Joy his horrid Jaws,

The tender Prey beneath his cruel Paws 785

Lies

Lies panting, till its Blood his Throat o'erflows.
 So proud *Mezentius* rush'd amongst his Foes,
 And *Acron* flew, who spurn'd the fatal Ground,
 His broken Darts smear'd by his bleeding Wound.
 He scorn'd *Orodes* basely to attack,

790

Or as he fled to wound him in the Back,
 But met him bravely, Face to Face they Fight,
 This noble Soul despis'd ungen'rous Flight ;
Orodes falls, *Mezentius* rests his Spear ;
 Then trampling on the Foe, Companions, here,
 Said he, *Orodes*, no small Conquest lies,
 The Troops resound his Fall with joyful Cries ;
 Dying, he said, O Conqueror, take heed,
 Like Fate attends thee, thou e'er long must bleed,
 Long unreveng'd thou shalt not boast my Death,

795

800

But on these fatal Plains must yield thy Breath.
 ' Smiling with Scorn and Rage the King reply'd,
 ' Let *Jove* for me, as he thinks fit, provide,
 Thou now shalt die : Then from the Body drew,
 The bloody Sword ; straight o'er his Senses flew
 A deadly Sleep which seiz'd his fainting Sight,
 " And clos'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.

805

Cadmus Alcahous flew ; *Sacrator* kill'd
Hydaspes, *Parthenius* and strong *Orses* yield
 To *Rapo* ; *Clonius Messapus* flew,

810

Whom to the Ground his savage Courser threw,
 With *Ericetes*, old *Lycaon's* Seed ;
 He fought on Foot, both by *Messapus* bleed.

The Lycian *Agis* *Valerius* o'ercame,
 Who equal'd his Forefathers warlike Name ; 815
Salius Antronius, *Nealces Salius* kill'd
 In Spears and Darts, for wounding deeply skill'd.

The bloody Fight both equally maintain,
 And equal Numbers on both sides are slain, }
 They yield by turns, by turns advance again. } 820
 From Heav'n the Gods behold the fruitless Toil,
 And pity restless Mortals all the while.

On this side *Venus*, th' other *Juno* stands,
 While Death is raging 'midst the num'rous Bands :
 Again *Mezentius* shakes his massy Spear, 825
 And threatning makes the Field his Presence fear.

Like huge *Orion* stalking through the Tide,
 Divides the Waves, which scarce his Shoulders hide,
 Or like an Ash, whose Roots on Hills are spread,
 Deep in the Earth, so Clouds obscure his Head, } 830
 And so appears *Mezentius* thus array'd.

The Trojan Chief at distance saw him stand,
 And then rejoyc'd to meet him Sword in Hand :
Mezentius firmly stood *Aeneas*' Shock,
 His vast Foundation being like a Rock ; 835

Then with his Eyes he measures out, how far
 His brawny Arm can dart his pond'rous Spear :
 And cries aloud, with these profaning Words,
 My Sword, and this Right Hand, these are *Mezentius*'
 Gods.

That

That Trojan Pirate's Arms, my *Lausus*, here 840
I vow this Day thou shalt in Triumph wear.
This said, he threw his Spear with mighty force,
Which glancing from *Aeneas*' Shield, diverts its Course,
And fix'd its Point in fam'd *Anthores*' Side,
He that in War t' *Alcides* was ally'd : 845
The great *Anthores*, who from *Argos* chose
The Towns of *Italy* for his Repose ;
By chance unhappily receives his Death,
And thinks on *Argos* with his latest Breath.
' The pious Trojan then his Jav'lin threw, 850
Which through the brazen Shield and Target flew,
A treble Quilt and three Bulls Hides it past
With pow'rful Force, transpierc'd his Groin at last ;
But Strength not failing yet, *Aeneas* draws
His shining Sword, and follows on his Blows. 855
Glad now to see *Mezentius*' Blood, pursues,
And double Force upon his Foe renews.
Lausus sees this, and with deep Grief oppress'd,
Flies to relieve his Father thus distress'd.
Here thy hard Fate I must lament, dear Youth, 860
And to thy Mem'ry just, relate the Truth ;
Tho' Time to come will doubt my lasting Song,
I can't forget a Man so brave and young.
Disabled now, the Father quits the Field,
And strives to draw the Jav'lin from his Shield ; 865
Lausus springs forth to join the threatening Foe,
To save his Father, and receive the Blow ;

At which loud Shouts run round th' applauding Field,
 While *Lausus* does his vanquish'd Father shield :
 All fir'd with Rage, all animated now, 870
 Their Darts with noble Emulation throw :
 The *Dardan* Prince himself, pois'd like a Rock,
 Maintain'd the Battel and sustain'd the Shock,
 'To some close Covert, so the Plough-men fly,
 When rattling Hail, or Storms of Wind are nigh ; 875
 But when the threatening Clouds are overblown
 And the Sun shines, they to their Work return :
Aeneas thus, while master'd in the Field,
 Rested beneath the Safeguard of his Shield,
 And *Lausus* warns, thus loudly does he cry ; 880
 Why dost thou press thus close, why wilt thou die ?
 Urg'd on too rashly, 'bove thy Strength to move,
 From filial Duty and thy pious Love.
 This nought abates his Passion or his Rage,
 But moves *Aeneas* Patience to engage, 885
 Whose Anger being kindled fresh, does wait
 Only to finish *Lausus*' wretched Fate.
 Then with his pow'rful Sword he forc'd his way
 Through the fair Breast where Life and Virtue lay,
 The streaming Blood through the light Armour play'd,
 And stain'd the gilded Coat his tender Mother made. 891
 The fleeting Soul as willing here to stay,
 With heavy Groans was loath to go away.
 This when *Aeneas* saw so slowly pass,
 And Death stand hov'ring o'er the beauteous Face, 895
 His

His bitter Grief sad Thoughts do in him move
Of *Troy* again, and his paternal Love.

With this he tender'd him his Hand, and cry'd,
Unhappy Youth, thou shouldst be Deify'd.

Whate'er *Aeneas* can bestow, receive; 900

Thy Arms and Sword, if valu'd, here I give;

Thy Body back to thy sad Parents yield,

T' appease the Manes of the bloody Field:

This Consolation in thy Death receive,

That great *Aeneas*' Hands thy Death did give. 905

He stops; his Friends then rais'd him from the Ground,

While his Hair dangled in the bloody Wound.

And now the Father stood by *Tyber*'s Streams
To cleanse his Wounds, and ease his wearied Limbs;

Against a Tree his fainting Body leans, 910

And a small Bough his Helm of Brass sustains;

His pond'rous Arms lie scatter'd on the Grass,

While all his Warriours round about him pass;

He, faint, and sick, hangs down his Head to rest,

His Neck reclines, his Beard rests on his pensive Breast;

Much he of *Lausus* asks, and much enquires, 915

Why he's not yet return'd? why his Desires

Are not obey'd, to bring him from the Field?

Which they observ'd, but dead, alas! born on his Shield:

His weeping Friends contrive to bring him home, 920

He at a distance far, presag'd his Doom;

His hoary Head with Dust he covers o'er,

And lifts his Hands to Heav'n from *Tyber*'s Shore;

Then the dear Corps embraces, and then cries,
What Pleasure have I had of Life, what Joys, 925

That I shou'd live so wretched as to see
Him I begot, a Sacrifice for me ?

Alas ! my *Lausus*, I am dead in thee.

' 'Tis now a woful Exile that I feel,

' Since I behold a Wound I cannot heal. 930

My Guilt has tarnish'd much thy deathless Name,

Chas'd me from Empire, exil'd as I am.

This is but what I to my Countrey owe,

And willingly again cou'd undergo ;

Tho' yet I have not bid farewell to Light, 935

Howe'er I'll soon remove th' ungrateful Sight.

' With that his feeble Limbs he rais'd from Ground,

' Ready to stagger with the bleeding Wound ;

Boldly resolv'd to mount his Courser straight,

With constant Care, well manag'd for the Bit, 940

Whom he had often mounted with success,

His Trust in Battel, and his Pride in Peace.

Then thus he spake his sorrowing Tale of Woe ;

O *Rhæbus*, we too much of Life do know,

If Mortals wou'd but be contented so.

Either this Day bring back *Aeneas'* Head,

And *Trojan* Spoils away in Triumph led ;

Or let me some Revenge for Murther take,

This Day, some Vengeance for my *Lausus'* sake.

But if the Fates a Conquest shall deny, 950

Then with thy conquer'd Master thou wilt die ;

For

For after me, I trust, thou wilt disdain
A Trojan for thy Lord, or foreign Reign.
This said, he mounts his trusty Steed again :
Does both his Hands with pointed Jav'lin's load ; 955
His brazen Helm with crested Horse-Hair flow'd :
He spurs the Courser on, all in a Flame
With Grief, and Madness, and the loss of Fame,
With conscious Thought, and Sense of secret Shame ;
Then call'd aloud three times *Æneas'* Name, 960
The Trojan knew the Voice, and to the Challenge came ;
Thus with a joyful Heart, Great *Jove*, he said,
And thou, bright *Phæbus*, now to Arms persuade
This boasting Challenger : He said no more,
But with his dreadful Spear, mounted before, 965
He hastens to *Mezentius*, who thus cries,
Thou threat'st in vain, the murder'd *Lausus* lies
Extended on the Strand ; this was, I own,
The only way that I cou'd be undone.
I fear not Death, but partial Fate despise ; 970
Cease to insult, for I come here to die.
Howe'er, I'll give thee this before I go :
And cast a whizzing Dart upon his Foe ;
Then plies his Hand, and doubles on his Blow :
This way and that he wheels his Horse around, 975
And swiftly traverses the dusty Ground ;
Æneas' Golden Shield the Strokes sustain,
Whilst he casts Darts on ev'ry side in vain.

Three times the *Trojan* all his Force withstood,
 And bore upon his Shield an Iron Wood : 980
 ' Vex'd with delay, and now impatient grown
 Thus to defend without proceeding on ;
 At last o'erpower'd with an unequal Force ;
 He plucks a Spear, and darts it at his Horse ;
 Just in the Temples did the Launce remain, } 985
 Gauling the Steed with more than mortal Pain,
 Who bounds, and rising beats the Air in vain ; }
 Then backwards tumbles from his frantick Height,
 And casts his Rider with oppressive Weight.
 From both the Armies mingled Shouts arise, 990
Trojans and *Latins* echo to the Skies.
Aeneas quickly brandishes his Sword,
 And to him utters this disdainful Word :
 Now where are proud *Mexentius'* Threats ? and where
 His haughty Words ? are they all lost in Air ? 995
 He struggling hard for Breath, at last replies,
 My bitter Foe, why dost thou tyrannize ?
 Why threaten Death to him who scorns his Fate ?
 Death's no Discredit, though unfortunate.
 I came not here a Victory to find, } 1000
 But to my *Lausus'* Death my Life resign'd ; }
 When he expir'd, my Passport too was sign'd.
 Nor ask I Life, I'm sure my-Son ne'er made
 Such Terms for me; but if I cou'd persuade
 My conqu'ring Foe to grant me my Request, 1005
 I beg a Grave to give me peaceful Rest,

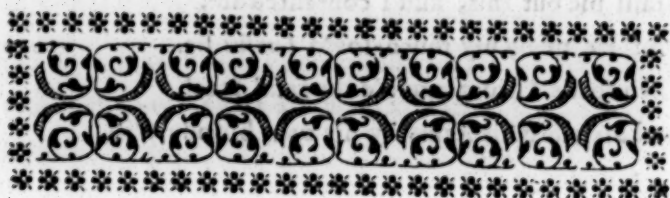
To

To screen me from the furious Rage of those,
That from my Subjects are become my Foes :
Grant me but this, and I contented die,
Oh ! let me by my much-lov'd *Lausus* lie. 1010
Then to his Throat apply'd the fatal Steel,
And drench'd his Arms by his own bloody Will.

The End of the Tenth Book.



VIR-



VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.



BOOK XI.



The CONTENTS.

Next Day the Conqueror Æneas erects a Trophy to Mars (the God of War) of Mezentius's Spoils. He sends the Body of Pallas to Evander at Palantium (since called Rome) with Ceremony, nobly attended by a great Convoy, where it is received with all the Expressions of Grief and Sorrow by the old King Evander. Ambassadors come to Æneas from Latinus, and obtain a Truce of Twelve Days; which time both Armies

mies employ to bury their Dead, every Nation after their own Rites. Venulus (who was sent Ambassador to Diomedes) returns to Latinus, and declares there is no hope of Assistance from that Prince. Latinus disappointed of his Expectation, calls an Assembly of the Italian Confederate Princes, and declares his own Opinion, of sending Ambassadors to treat with Æneas for Peace. Drances seconds the King, and inveighs against Turnus, as the Author of the War: Which Turnus answers smartly and bravely, and proffers to fight with Æneas Hand to Hand, to redeem all. While they contend among themselves, the News is brought that Æneas had sent his Light Horse through the Plains toward Laurentum, and had marched with the gross of his Army a nearer way thro' the Hills to reach the Town. Turnus understanding Æneas's Design, likewise divides his Army in two, and sends his Cavalry under the Command of Camilla and Messapus, to oppose the Trojan and Arcadian Horse. Then with the Remainder of the Army he seizes the Passes among the Hills, and resolves to lie in Ambush for Æneas. Diana foresees the Death of Camilla, but cannot prevent it. She calls Opis, one of her Nymphs, tells her the Story of Camilla's Birth and Education, and sends her arm'd with her own Bow and Arrows to revenge Camilla's Death. The Cavalry of both sides engage in a bloody Fight, wherein Camilla performs wondrous Actions; but is kill'd by young Aruns. Opis kills Aruns. The Rutilians are disorder'd by the Death of Camilla, and fly from the Fight. The sad News being brought

brought to Turnus by Acca, one of Camilla's Companions, he quits the Passes in the Hills to relieve his fainting Troops, and at the same time Æneas comes to the Field of Battel with his Army: The Night hinders a general Engagement; both Armies encamp and entrench themselves before the Town of Laurentum.



ON as the Night was past, and from
the Sea

Aurora rose and usher'd in the Day,

Æneas to the Gods his Vows address'd,

Though Deaths and fun'ral Rites his Soul oppress'd,

And Grief for *Pallas'* Fate his Mind possess'd,

First then he plac'd upon a rising Ground

A lofty Oak, to whose lopp'd Stem he bound

Mezentius' Spoils; his sanguine Crests appear,

And crown the Trophy to the God of War.

The bloody Corset, pierc'd with many a Wound,

And broken Darts and Spears the Trunk surround.

His Sword, adorn'd with Ivory, he ty'd

Around the Neck, the Buckler to his side:

Æneas' joyful Captains guard him round,

To whom he spoke within the circl'd Ground.

A noble Deed's atchiev'd, all Fear from hence!

For what remains, Spoils of a mighty Prince;

Mezentius' Spoils our first Alarms adorn,

Which from that vanquish'd King my Hands have torn.

Now 'gainst *Laurentum* and its King prepare 20
Your cheerful Minds ; presume successful War.
Lest any Ignorance or Doubts pretend,
Soon as the Gods auspicious Omens send,
Let neither Sloath nor Fear make any slow
To move our Standards 'gainst the *Latian* Foe : 25
But first our slaughter'd Friends inter with Care,
The only Honour which their Shades can share.
Go, haste, he said, on these brave Souls bestow
Last Gifts, and Duties we their Merit owe :
Conquest and Glory on their Ghosts attend ; 30
To sad *Evander* first young *Pallas* send,
Whom cruel Fate dooms to the silent Tomb,
Mature in Worth ev'n in his Ages Bloom.
Then to the Gates *Aeneas* past, and wept,
Where old *Acætes* *Pallas*' Body kept ; 35
Instruæter of his Youth, who heretofore
With more Success *Evander*'s Armour bore.
The *Trojan* and *Arcadian* Youths around
With *Phrygian* Dames in Tears their Hair unbound,
Soon as they saw the Prince they all cry out, 40
They beat their Breasts and raise a doleful Shout.
When he beheld the lovely *Pallas* dead,
The gaping Wound and his supported Head,
He wept. Oh hapless Youth ! *Aeneas* cry'd,
Is Fortune kind to me in all beside ? 45
Must thou not live to see *Aeneas*' Reign,
And wreath'd in Triumphs view thy Sire again ?

When in his Arms my kind Farewel he press'd,
 ' Not thus I promis'd on *Evander's* Breast ;
 When, sending me to Empire, he foretold 50
 Me fierce Alarms with Foes were brave and bold.
 Alas ! how much deceiv'd ? how much in vain
 His Vows, his Hopes, and fruitless Victims slain ?
 Behind this Youth in mournful Pomp we move,
 No more a Subject to the Pow'rs above. 55
 Ah hapless Father ! must thou this behold ?
 This the Return and Triumphs I foretold ?
 Ah boasted Trust ! yet no ignoble Scar,
Evander, shall upbraid his Fame with thy Despair.
Ansonian Realms their Safety here resign : 60
 Their loss, and ah ! *Iulus*, what is thine ?

When he had thus bewail'd, he then commands
 The fun'ral Pomp to march : from all his Bands
 He chose a thousand Men in Arms to send,
 And pay the latest Honours to his Friend ; 65
 ' To share the Father's Tears ; a small Relief,
 ' Yet well becoming sad *Evander's* Grief.
 Others prepare the Bier, and haste to join
 The Crab-Tree Boughs, and Oaken Branches twine ;
 The lofty Couch all round with Leaves o'ershade, 70
 In this, on Straw, the Princely Youth is laid.
 Like Pinks and Lillies, which young Virgins pull,
 Not quite decay'd, nor blooming to the full,
 Through want of Moisture languishing and dull.

Two purple Robes, with Gold embroider'd o'er, 75
Æneas brings ; these *Dido* heretofore
 Had stitch'd with Gold, for him with Pleasure made ;
 With one he cloath'd the Body ; on the Head,
 And Hair, was to be burnt, the other spread.
 With these the Spoils gain'd from the *Latian* Foe, 80
 Then made the Prey at length in order go.
 The Horse and Arms *Pallas* in Battel gain'd,
 He adds to those, with Captive Youths all chain'd :
 Their Hands behind their Backs, and doom'd to fall
 A Sacrifice at *Pallas*' Funeral. 85
 Trophies of Arms the chief Commanders bear,
 Inscrib'd with Names of those whose Arms they were.
 ' *Acates* next, in Tears and Sorrows drown'd,
 Supported walk'd ; sometimes upon the Ground
 He prostrate fell, beating his throbbing Breast, 90
 Tearing his Hair, with Years and Cares oppress'd.
 Chariots were driv'n, stain'd with *Rutulian* Gore ;
Æthon, young *Pallas*' Horse, no Trappings wore,
 ' But walk'd along a slow and sullen Pace,
 ' Tears in great Drops fell rolling down his Face : 95
 Some *Pallas*' Lance and glitt'ring Helmet bear,
 His other Arms fell to the Victor's Share.
 The *Trojans* and the *Tyrrhens* drown'd in Tears,
 Th' *Arcadians* last, who trail dejected Spears.
 The gloomy Pomp thus pass'd, *Æneas* stood, 100
 After a heavy Groan he call'd aloud.

Such Fate of War our Presence calls elsewhere,
 Requires our Mourning and our pious Care.
 Farewel, dear Prince, eternally farewel :
 In endless Rest let mighty *Pallas* dwell.

105

This said, he to the *Trojan* Fortrefs went.
 Ambassadors, from King *Latinus* sent,
 Were there arriv'd with Olive Branches crown'd,
 To beg dead Bodies scatter'd on the Ground
 By chance of War, and that they might have leave, 110
 To throw their slain Companions in a Grave ;
 They could not think he with the Dead made War,
 And pray he would his Hosts and Allies spare.
 Since what they ask'd could hardly be deny'd,
 The brave *Aeneas* granting, thus reply'd. 115
 What Madnefs has the *Latins'* Minds possess'd,
 To rise in Arms against their *Trojan* Guest ?
 ' Peace for the Slain you crave, that I would give,
 ' Which I would freely grant to those who live :
 I came not hither of my own design, 120
 The Fates ordain'd this Land for me and mine ;
 Nor 'gainst the *Latins* fight : Your King deny'd
 My Friendship, and on *Turnus'* Arms rely'd.
 If *Turnus* thinks by Arms to end the War,
 And thrust the *Trojans* hence, 'tis juster far 125
 He should expose his single Life in Fight,
 And Hand to Hand with me dispute his Right.
 One of the Two shall live secure from Harm,
 By Fate protected, or the strongest Arm.

But

But you may freely go as you desire, 130

For your dead Friends prepare their Fun'ral Fire.

' When he had said, th' Ambassadors amaz'd

' Look'd silent round, and on each other gaz'd.

The eldest, *Drances*, who still bore a Spight

To *Turnus*, and ne'er thought him in the right, 135

' Said to *Aeneas*; Prince of mighty Name,

' Whose brave Atchievements far exceed your Fame,

How shall I to the Skies your Virtue raise?

Extol your Justice, or your Valour praise?

' We grateful for your Favour shall relate 140

' Your Condescensions to the *Latine* State:

And when kind Stars the happy Means shall find,

Shall strive to make you King *Latinus*' Friend,

Let *Turnus*, if he please, choose new Allies.

We shall the more our Hands and Shoulders prize, 145

To raise those Ramparts which the Fates have giv'n,

And build the *Trojan* Walls assign'd by Heav'n.

All his Collegues assent to what he said,

And then a Truce for twice six Days they made.

Mean while on Hills the *Trojans* kindly greet 150

The *Latins*, who in Woods, as Friends, the *Trojans* meet:

Sharp Axes on tall Mountain-Ashes found,

And lofty Pines fall on the trembling Ground;

Wedges cleave Oaks, sweet Cedars are o'erthrown,

And Elms make Carts beneath the Weight to groan. 155

Fame, which before the joyful Tidings brought

That brave young *Pallas* conquer'd as he fought,

Now flies before, and to *Evander* bears
 Sad News, which drown'd his Court and Town in Tears.
 Crowds of *Arcadians* at the Entry stand, 160
 Each Man a Fun'ral Flambeau in his Hand,
 As wont, in Lanes, enlighten the Ways and Ground,
 The Fields discov'ring a vast distance round:
 To these the *Trojans*, marching on a Line
 Came up, and with them mournful Squadrons join. 165
 When Matrons in the Court this Pomp descry,
 Their Cries and Howlings through the City fly.
Evander's Sorrow could not be withstood,
 Who, rushing to the midst of all the Crowd,
 On *Pallas'* Corps (as they set down the Bier) 170
 Fell, and embrac'd it, as he would grow there;
 Wrestling with Sorrow, groan'd, at last he broke
 The Silence Grief produc'd, then weeping spoke.
Pallas, you broke your Word, to take due Care
 Not to engage too rashly in the War; 175
 I knew the Fire of Youth! What can allay
 The Thirst of Glory in the first Essay?
 Oh hard beginning of succeeding War!
 Fatal Essay, no God hath heard my Pray'r!
 Dear Partner of my Bed, bless'd you are gone,
 And left poor me to bear this Grief alone, } 180
 To vanquish Nature, and out-live my Son.
 Had the *Rutulian* Darts transfix'd this Heart,
 Because in Arms I took the *Trojans* part;

With-

Without a Grudge I had my Life resign'd, 185
And then this Pomp had been for me design'd.
I, nor the *Trojans*, nor the Treaty blame,
Or that as Guests within my Walls you came :
My cruel Fortune had reserv'd this Blow
To plague my Age ; but since my Son must go, 190
In his untimely Fate, I Comfort share,
He led the *Trojans* to the *Latin* War.
Thousands of *Volscians* slaughter'd by his Side,
And as he nobly liv'd he bravely dy'd.
Æneas and the *Tuscans* do this Day 195
Your Funeral Rites with so much Honour pay ;
I should be wanting to my self and Friend,
Should I a greater Funeral Pomp intend ;
The Trophies which they send your Valour tell,
The Spoils of those your Arm sent down to Hell. 200
Yours *Turnus* should a mighty Trophy raise,
Had *Pallas'* Strength been equal, or his Days.
Unhappy I my lov'd Revenge delay,
While Tears the *Trojans* from the Army stay :
Return, brave Friends, and to your King relate, 205
If I survive and bear my *Pallas'* Fate ;
If I in irksome Life unwilling pause,
Tell him his Valour is the only Cause.
Proud *Turnus'* Life's the Victim can alone
A Father's Grief for such a Son atone : 210
Bloody Revenge is now the only thing
Fate has reserv'd to please me or your King ;

All

Al! other Joys I hate, but when I go
I would these Tidings bear to *Pallas*' Ghost below.

“ *Aurora* now dispell'd the Shades of Night, 215
Unwelcome Toils restores with welcome Light ;
“ The *Trojan* King and *Tuscan* Prince command
“ To raise great Piles upon the winding Strand,
Where both the Bodies of their dead convey
To doleful Fires, after their Countrey's way, } 220
Thick Smoak and tow'ring Flames obscure the Day.
Glitt'ring in Arms the Horse and Foot surround
The Fires three times ; with Tears bedew the Ground,
And strew with Jav'lins ; raise a mournful Cry ;
Their Groans and Trumpets clangour pierce the Sky: 225
Some Helmets, shining Blades, Bits, rapid Wheels
Throw 'midst the Flames, the slaughter'd *Latins* Spoils.
Some welcome Presents on their dead bestow
Their Shields, and unsuccessful Jav'lins throw ;
Thousands of Victims at the Altars fall, 230
Bullocks and bristly Swine, Sheep snatch'd from all
The neighb'ring Grounds, amidst the Flames expire :
The Troops beheld their Fellows burnt with Fire,
Along the Shore keep dying Fires in sight,
Nor could be drawn from thence till humid Night } 235
Spangl'd the Heav'ns all o'er with twinkling Light.

“ Th' afflicted *Latins* with like pious Care
“ Piles without number for their Dead prepare ;
Some thro' the neighb'ring Fields in Earth are thrown,
Some of more Note they carry to the Town ; 240

The

The vulgar Heap consumes amidst the Flames,
Without regard to Number or to Names.

In flaming Piles, both Sides with other vie
When the third Morning lighten'd all the Sky,
Whate'er devouring Flames left unconsum'd, 245
They Bones and Ashes in warm Earth entomb'd.

But in *Laurentum* Sorrow most appears,
In all the mournful Poms of Grief and Tears :
Here Mothers, Sisters, Sons, their Loss bemoan,
Afflicted Widows for their Husbands groan ; 250
Curse horrid War, at *Turnus*' Marriage rage,
And loudly cry, Let him alone engage,
Since he pretended to the chief Command
Of Kingly Sway o'er th' *Ansonian* Land.

Drances foment the Tumult, and declares, 255
Turnus alone should terminate the Wars.
Others for *Turnus* plead, *Amata*'s Name
Supports his Interest with his warlike Fame.

During these Jars, while these Diffensions burn,
Latinus' sad Embassadors return, 260

This Answer brought : Their Pains could not avail,
That neither Pray'rs nor Presents could prevail ;
That from elsewhere they must their Succours bring,
Or make a Treaty with the *Trojan* King.

The News bereaves *Latinus* of his Sense : 265

Aeneas' fatal Pow'r and Influence,
The Anger of the Gods, these Funeral Fires, declare
That Fate assists the *Trojans* in the War.

He

' He calls a full Assembly. summons all
 ' The *Latian* Princes to the Council Hall, 270
 ' They soon obey, and crowd the Streets which lead
 ' Up to the Palace: He the first crown'd Head,
 And eldest of the Princes who were there,
 With Grief disorder'd, mounts the Royal Chair.
Latinus bids th' Embassadors relate 275
Tydidēs' Answer to the *Latian* State.
 Silence commanded, *Venulus* obey'd
Latinus' Orders, and aloud thus said.
 We have perform'd our Journey, and past through
 The Dangers of the way enjoin'd by you; 280
 We saw great *Diomedes*, who commands
 The *Grecian* Troops, and touch'd the Royal Hands
 By which proud *Ilium* fell. He *Argyripa* builds,
 Nam'd from his Countrey in the *Gargan* Fields.
 Brought to his Presence, we the Gifts present, 285
 Told who we were, and why to *Argos* sent;
 He favourably heard what we had said,
 Then with a graceful Look this Answer made.
 Happy *Ausonians*, People who possess
 Old *Saturn's* Empire, if you know your Bliss. 290
 What cruel Fortune drives you to engage?
 What Fury prompts you Wars unknown to wage?
 All we, who *Priam's* Empire durst destroy,
 I name not those fell at the Walls of *Troy*,
 Nor those in *Simois* rapid Current drown'd, 295
 For that Offence such Punishments have found;
 O'er

O'er all the World compell'd by angry *Jove*,
 If *Priam* liv'd it might his Pity move;
 Witneſs *Minerva's* Storms, the *Grecians* loſt
 On Sands and Rocks near the *Eubæan* Coaſt : 300
 Who 'ſcap'd the Danger of the *Trojan* War
 Were thrown on divers Countries here and there.
 Fair *Helen's* Husband lives in Banishment,
 To the laſt Bounds of *Ægypt's* Kingdom ſent.
Ulyſſes ſaw the dreadful *Cyclops' Cell*, 305
 I need not name by whom King *Pyrrhus* fell,
 Nor why *Deucalion's* Son his Kingdom loſt,
 The *Loeri* through vaſt diſtant Regions toſt.
Atreides in his Palace loſt his Life,
 By curs'd Contrivance of his cruel Wife. 310
 The Conqueror of *Asia* was o'ercome
 By the Adulterer's Sword when he came Home.
 Ev'n I my ſelf, debar'd by heav'nly Pow'rs,
 To ſee my once lov'd Wife, or *Calydona's* Tow'rs;
 Haunted with horrid Spectres ev'ry where; 315
 My Friends transform'd to Birds, cut thro' the Air,
 (Ah cruel Punishments !) round Floods they fly,
 The Cliffs and Rocks reſound their doleful Cry.
 What could I hope but theſe or greater Harms,
 Since I attack'd immortal Gods in Arms, 320
 Wounding fair *Venus' Hand*? -----
 Oh! do not then perſuade me to embrace
 A League contriv'd againſt the *Trojan Race*,
 With

With them, since *Ilium* fell, I fight no more,
 Nor think, nor boast of Mischiefs done before: 325
 The Presents which to me from Home you bring,
 Bestow them better on the *Trojan* King;
 Believe I try'd his Arms in bloody Fields,
 Ev'n Hand to Hand, know with what Strength he
 wields

His pondrous Shield, and with what Force he throws 330
 Through Air, his winged Jav'lin 'gainst his Foes.
 Had two such more in *Ilium's* Walls been found,
 They had begun the War, and to the Ground
 The *Grecian* Towns had burnt; the Scale had turn'd;
 The *Trojans* triumph'd then, the *Greeks* had mourn'd. 335
 All the Resistance which the *Trojans* made,
 When they the War for ten long Years delay'd,
 They ow'd to *Hector's* and *Aeneas'* Hand,
 Equal in Courage, equal in Command.
 The last in Piety excell'd by far;
 Make Friendship, if you can, but have a care
 Not to engage the *Trojans* to the War. } 340

Great King, this Answer *Diomedes* made,
 You have his thoughts of War. Scarce had he said,
 Discording Murmurs through th' Assembly rose, 345
 As when a rapid Torrent overflows,
 Stop'd by encountring Rocks the Floods resound
 With dreadful Noise, and shake the Banks around.

Their Minds appeas'd, *Latinus* from his Throne
 Invok'd the Pow'rs above, and thus begun. 350

Latinus,

Latins, I with the Business of the State
“ Had been resolv’d, before it was too late,
‘ It better were for you, for me, and all,
Than to consult the Foes so near the Wall.
We have begun a most uneasy War 355
Against a Race Divine, whom Toil, nor Care,
Nor Loss can daunt, invincible and brave,
The Hopes you had, th’ Assistance which you crave
From *Diomedes* Arms you may lay by,
Let each for Hope upon himself rely : 360
Nor is it hard to see that Hope is small,
When universal Ruin threatens all.
You have before you all that’s dear to Man,
I none accuse, you do what Valour can, }
The Nation fought the Battels few began. } 365
Attention give, I shall in short impart
Some Thoughts which labour in my doubtful Heart.
I have a Tract of Land which *Tyber* bounds,
Stretch’d on the West to the *Sicilian* Grounds ;
‘ The Plains *Auruncans* and *Rutulians* till, 370
‘ And feed their Cattel on the grassy Hill,
For Peace, this with the Wood-Lands I resign :
Let’s with the *Trojans* in one Empire join.
There let them dwell, build Cities if they please,
But if they think it fit to cross the Seas 375
In search of other Seats, and leave our Shore,
Let us provide them twenty Ships or more ;

If they shall want, Materials ready lie,
 They shall the Form, the Tackle we, supply.
 To bear this Message, and conclude a Peace, 380
 Let's send a hundred Princes of our Race,
 Who to *Aeneas* Olive-Boughs shall bear,
 With Gifts, and Gold, a purple Robe and Chair,
 The Ensigns of our Pow'r: Resolve with speed
 What may relieve your sinking Countrey's Need. 385

Then *Drances*, spiteful even to *Turnus*' Name,
 Envy'd his Glory and traduc'd his Fame;
 Pow'rful in Wealth, more pow'rful with his Tongue,
 A great Caballer with the giddy Throng;
 A downright Statesman, in advising bold, 390
 But in Performance impotent and cold:
 Come from the Mother's Side of noble Blood,
 But from what Father hardly understood.
 He rose, and thus pursues his dire Revenge.
 Great King, your Counsel's neither new nor strange; 395
 All know what's wanting to the common Good,
 And whisper what they dare not tell aloud.
 Would *Turnus* give us liberty to speak,
 Or quell his Pride; for his unlucky fate
 So many *Latine* Captains lifeless lie, 400
 Nay, I will speak, though by his Hand I die.
 His partial Aetings drown our Town in Tears,
 But all his Brav'ry by his Flight appears.
 ' To all the Presents you propose to send,
 ' Add this, to make the *Trojan* King your Friend, 405

" Give

Give him the fair *Lavinia* for his Bride,
This Royal Match for your lov'd Child provide :
Then let no Pow'r restrain, or change your Mind,
This Tie alone a lasting Peace can bind.
But if the Awe of *Turnus* be so great, 410
We all conjure him, let us all intreat,
He would his private Interest submit,
And let *Latinus* act as he thinks fit.
Why daily thus in cruel Wars expose
Afflicted *Latians* to the *Trojan* Foes? 415
Source of the Woe torments th' *Italian* Race,
No Hope in War, we all intreat for Peace,
And pray that *Turnus* would that Pledge resign;
In which our Peace and Safety both combine;
Ev'n I the first, whom you esteem your Foe 420
(And such I am, if you but think me so)
Thus at your Feet a Suppliant I come ;
Pity your Friends, be calm, forc'd hence, go Home.
We saw too much of Slaughter in our Rout,
And wasted all the Countrey round about : 425
If Glory tempt, and Courage, which you own,
If you are bent to mount *Latinus'* Throne,
Go meet your Rival in the Field alone. }
Must we, to purchase you a Royal Wife,
Like abject Fools, unpity'd, lose our Life? 430
Unbury'd lie, and cover all the Plain?
If you have Heart, or if your Breast contain

Ought of your Father's Valour, leave these Walls,
And look your Rival in the Face, he calls.

These Words set *Turnus*' raging Soul on fire; 435
After a Groan, Forerunner of his Ire,
Drances, he said, is always in the right,
Then to talk most when it is time to fight.
When Council's call'd, the first of all the Lords,
The Hall you enter, that resounds your Words, 440
Which from your florid Lips securely flow,
' While Walls and bloodless Moats keep out the Foe.
As you are wont, now eloquently rave,
Call me a Coward, and my Valour brave:
Since your Right Hand so many *Trojans* kill'd, 445
And all our Fields with warlike Trophies fill'd,
Come, *Drances*, your heroick Valour try,
You have not far to seek the Enemy;
The Foe's at hand, encamp'd around the Walls,
Let's go. What? linger now when Glory calls? 450
Must still your Courage in your talking lie,
And flying swiftly from the Enemy?
I forc'd from hence, base Villain! who dare say
(With Justice) I was forc'd to run away?
' Who sees the bloody *Tyber* swell the Main 455
And all the Hopes of King *Evander*'s slain:
Arcadians disarm'd; sure *Bitias* has not found,
A thousand more sent to the *Stygian* Sound,
Nor mighty *Pandar*, that I ran away,
When shut in Walls I conquer'd for a Day. 460

You

You say there is no Safety in the War;
 Go, to your self and *Trojans* preach this Fear!
 Fill all with Tumult, with big Words exprefs
 Twice conquer'd *Phrygians* praise, make *Latins* less;
 Tell how the *Myrmidons* the *Trojans* dread, 465
 With great *Achilles* and bold *Diomede*.
 The *Trojan* Name does so much Terror bear,
Italian Rivers backward run for fear.
 See how the Coward feigns to be afraid
 Of my Reproof: Thou need'st not be dismay'd. 470
 Do not asperse me with so base a Lie,
 By this Right Hand *Drances* can never die:
 Your abject Soul no viler Seat can find,
 Than when it is in your own Breast confin'd.
 Father, I come to you and your Affairs: 475
 If no more Hope from *Turnus*' Arms appears,
 By all abandon'd, fled beyond Resource,
 So gone, that Fortune cannot change her Course,
 Let's beg for Peace, our useless Arms forego.
 Oh! could we now our wonted Valour show! 480
 Thrice happy, brave *Mezentius*, great's your Fame;
 Rather than be a Witness to our Shame,
 You nobly fell, kill'd by a mighty Wound,
 Grov'ling in Blood and Gore you gnaw'd the Ground.
 If we still Wealth and youthful Troops command, 485
 If to our Aid *Italian* Cities stand:
 Since *Trojans* do not bloodless Glory gain,
 The Loss is equal, and they have their Slain.

Why fear, when we have scarce begun to fight?
 Why e'er the Charge is sounded think of Flight? 490
 Revolving Time shifts Scenes of Toil and Fate,
 And in a Night swells grov'ling Mortals great:
 Others, her Scorn, from Fortune's height cast down,
 Again more glorious mount the stiddy Throne.
 Tydides has refus'd to aid the King, 495
 Messapus and Tolumnius their Assistance bring;
 Besides the Fame and Glory which attend,
 Chosen Chiefs the *Latins* and *Laurentins* send.
 The brave *Camilla* gallant Squadrons heads,
 Which she from noble *Volscians* Countrey leads. 500
 If me to single Fight the Foe demand,
 And you agree, shall I alone withstand
 The common Good? Is Conquest strange or new?
 That I should ought refuse that Man can do
 For such a Prize, and so much Glory too? 505
 Nay, should I find *Achilles*, I would go,
 Though arm'd by *Vulcan*, meet the *Trojan* Foe.
 I *Turnus*, here devote my Life and Blood,
 Second to none in all that's great or good,
 For you, my Father, for the State and all, 510
Aeneas calls me only; let him call
 Rather than *Drances* share my Glory or my Fall.
 Whilst they with Heat for doubtful Matters strove,
Aeneas' warlike Troops their Camp remove.
 The News, with hurry thro' the Court convey'd, 515
 With Fear and Tumult the whole Town dismay'd;
 That

That now the *Trojan* Troops in Battel stood,
Join'd with the *Tyrrhens* near to *Tyber's* Flood,
And cover'd all the Plain : These Tidings fire
The giddy Crowd, and thoughtless Rage inspire : 520
Some run to Arms, the Young breathe only War,
The Old in Silence wisely hide their Care :
From all their various Inclinations rise
Disorder'd Clamours through resounding Skies ;
Like Noise of Birds, of diff'rent Kinds, in Woods, 525
Or Swans complaining on *Po's* filthy Floods.
Here *Turnus* snatch'd th' Occasion ; Friends, he calls,
' Now, when the Foe in Arms approach our Walls,
Now is it time to treat, and to advise,
To sit in Council, and look gravely wise ? 530
This said, he from the lofty Hall retires
To arm the *Volscian* Troops *Volusus* he requires :
Bring up, he said, all the *Rutulian* Force,
Messapus and your Brother, post the Horse
O'er all the Fields ; let some the Passes guard 535
Lead to the Town, some on the Walls keep Ward.
Let all the rest upon my Steps attend,
Ready to move where'er my Orders send.
Straight to the Ramparts from the Town they run, }
Latinus breaks up Council, leaves undone, } 540
For fitter times, the mighty Things begun,
Blaming himself that ever he deny'd
The fair *Lavinia* for *Aeneas'* Bride,

Some

530 VIRGIL'S BOOK XI.

Some a deep Ditch before the Entry sink,
 And some plant Palifado's on its Brink : 545
 The Signal to the War shrill Trumpets sound,
 Women and Children throng the Ramparts round.
 Extremities of War all Labours join.
 The Queen is carry'd to dread *Pallas*' Shrine ;
 With her a Train of rev'rend Matrons go, 550
 With fair *Lavinia*, Cause of all this Woe ;
 She carry'd Gifts, her Eyes fix'd on the Ground,
 The Matrons Incense all the Temple round.
 Just at the Entry sad *Amata* pray'd,
 And thus to *Pallas* (who rules Battels) said, 555
 Great Goddess, break the *Trojan* Spoiler's Spear,
 And with his Blood our lofty Gate besmear.

Now eager *Turnus* for the Fight prepares,
 His brawny Back *Rutulian* Armour bears ;
 ' Adorn'd with Scales of Brass, Cuirasses infold 560
 ' His manly Thighs, all damask'd o'er with Gold ;
 He girt his Sword, his Head as yet was bare,
 Goes from the Castle glitt'ring ev'ry where, }
 His noble Thoughts anticipate the War.
 As some brave Courser who has broke his Reins, 565
 ' Freed from his Keepers, ranges o'er the Plains,
 And grazing Mares pursues in Meads and Woods,
 Or swiftly runs to wash in well known Floods ;
 Tossing his wanton Head, he jumps and neighs,
 His curled Mane on's Neck and Shoulders plays. 570-

Camilla

Camilla then, who led the *Volscian* Band,
Met *Turnus* in the Gate and made a stand ;
The Queen, and all her Train leap'd on the Ground,
And quit their Horse with Reverence profound,
Camilla said, Great *Turnus*, if it's just 575
The brave in Merit or in Valour trust,
My Troops and I dare face the *Trojan* Foe,
And both 'gainst them and the fierce *Tyrrhens* go ;
Grant me the first Assault where Danger calls,
You with your Infantry defend the Walls. 580
Turnus with Wonder view'd the daring Maid !
O Glory of *Italian* Race ! he said,
'Tis hard e'en to express the Thanks I owe,
Deserv'd Return much harder to bestow.
But since your Soul all Dangers of the War. 585
So far surmounts, with me the Labour share :
Fame, and my Scours, relate *Aneas* gone
A nearer way, through Hills, to reach the Town ;
And sent a Party of Light-Horsemen out
To scow'r the Fields, and ravage all about. 590
I have prepar'd some Men in Arms to lay
In Ambush in a Wood, sunk in a way
Where two Paths lead ; you all your *Volscian* Force
Join with my Troops against the *Tyrrhen* Horse ;
Messapus Troops and the *Tyburtn* Band, 595
Shall these sustain, all under your Command.
This said, he prompts *Messapus* to the War,
Exhorts the *Latine* Chiefs with equal Care ;

Then

‘ Then march’d against the Foes. A Valley lies
‘ Contriv’d for Ambush, fitted for Surprise; 600
A gloomy Wood on ev’ry Hand o’ershades,
Into the Pass a narrow Entry leads.
O’er this an unknown Plain, upon the Hill,
A sure Retreat, from whence you may at will,
From Right to Left repel the coming Foe, 605
From Rocks roll Stones on those who march below.
Thither young *Turnus* his brave Squadrons led
Through Paths well known, and lodg’d them in the
Shade.

Diana high enthron’d above the Spheres,
Swift *Opis* call’d, and thus began in Tears. 610
Ah Nymph! *Camilla* will to Battel go,
In vain (alas) she bears my Arms and Bow:
Dearest of all my Train! Nor now of late
Our Love begins, sprung from an older Date,
‘ When *Metabus*, through Envy, forc’d away, 615
‘ Expell’d *Privernum* for tyrannick Sway;
Flying, he snatch’d this Infant in his Arms,
Companion of his Flight, and Sharer of his Harms.
Through Woods and Hills the tender Pledge he bore,
While *Volscian* Troops beset the cover’d Shore. 620
Rough *Amasenus* stay’d him in his Flight,
Swell’d by the Rains to an unusual Height,
Just plunging in to swim the angry Flood,
He stop’d in Kindness to his darling Load:

His

His Thoughts revolve, which urg'd by Haste and Fear,
He ties the Infant to a knotty Spear ; 626
Wrapt in a case of Bark, he poising it thus cries,
O chaste *Diana*, Glory of the Skies,
Sovereign of all the Silvan Deities !
I here devote my Daughter to thy Name, 630
Her speedy Succour from thy Arms I claim ;
Flying in Air from my rebellious Foes,
Through fleeting Air receive her as she goes.
Then levelling his kindly Aim he threw,
The Spear and Child o'er sounding Billows flew : 635
Press'd by the Foe he gain'd the other Side,
Snatch'd from the Ooze my Nymph, and from the
Lance untry'd.

No House or Town with Walls receiv'd him then,
Nor would his fiercer Soul submit to Men.
To desert Hills himself and Child betakes, 640
And led a Past'ral Life in Dens and Brakes :
' With Milk of Mares, and other Beasts, he fed
Her tender Lips. Soon as her Limbs could tread,
He on her Hands Steel-pointed Darts bestows,
And round her Neck a Bow and Quiver throws. 645
Instead of training Veils, or Chains of Gold,
A Tyger's Spoils her Head and Back enfold.
Then from her Hands first childish Jav'lines fled,
She threw a whirling Sling about her Head,
Strikes down a Swan or a *Strymonian* Crane. 650
What *Tyrrhen* Mothers courted her in vain

For

For some young Prince? Still constant to my Fame,
She boasts a Huntress and a Virgin's Name.

Oh why would she engage in such a War?

At once on *Troy*, and on her Goddess dare? 655

She else might be my Darling, lov'd o'er all ;

But since the Fates have doom'd *Camilla's* Fall,

Haste, fly to Earth, the *Latine* Coasts survey,

Where inauspicious Arms begin the Fray.

Here, take my Arms, let this revenging Dart 660

Pierce his, who dares pierce my *Camilla's* Heart :

Be he of *Trojan* or *Ansonian* Line,

His Blood must pay for shedding Blood of mine.

Wrapt in a hollow Cloud we will convey

Her Corps intire, in native Marble lay. 665

She said, dark Clouds and whizzing Winds surround

The Nymph, and whirling bear her to the Ground.

• Mean while the *Trojan* and *Etruscan* Horse

• Drawn up in Squadrons of an equal Force

• Approach the Town ; pressing the Bit they bound, 670

• Seeming to quit, yet keeping still their Ground :

The dreadful Plains an iron Harvest yield,

And polish'd Steel glares fiercely through the Field.

Their Troops *Messapus*, and his Brother bring,

Light *Latine* Horse, and brave *Camilla's* Wing, 675

Oppose their Front, and with couch'd Spears advance,

Each Horseman brandishing his pointed Lance.

Now Front to Front they halt, a narrow Space between,
Fierce Eyes of Men and Horse wound e're the Fight
begin.

Now they fall on, charge with a dreadful Cry, } 680
Thicker than Hail Shafts, Darts, and Jav'lins fly, }
The murd'ring Cloud obscuring all the Sky.

Tyrrhenus and *Aconteus* were the first
Who their strong Spears in fierce Encounter burst,
Their Coarfers Breast to Breast meet in the Shock, } 685
Down falls *Aconteus* like a weighty Rock }
From Engine thrown, as kill'd by Thunder Stroke.

Far hurry'd from his Steed, he struck the Ground,
His Life, dissolv'd in Air, flies through the Wound.
Their Line disorder'd *Latine* Squadrons fly, 690
They sling their Bucklers, and on Speed rely.

Trojans pursue, *Asylas* at their Head, *
Whom running *Latins* to their Ramparts lead :
When near the Gates they face about and cry,
The *Trojans*, in their Turn, wheel round and fly. 695

As when the foaming Surges of the Deep
Rushing to Shore the rocky Shelvings sweep,
Spread the extended Flood upon the Land,
The ebbing Tide sucks up black *Ooze* and Sand,
Flying those Rocks which it o'erflow'd before, 700
And leaves expanded the abandon'd Shore.

The *Rutulii* before the *Tuscans* fly
Twice, and as oft pursue the Enemy ;

But when the third, and cloſer Fight began,
 And Squadrons mingl'd, fighting Man to Man ; 705
 Groans, Death, and Wounds attend the bloody Fray,
 Horſes and Men, torn, bruiſ'd, and mangl'd lay.

Orſilochus afraid to venture near

'Gainſt *Remulus* at diſtance throws his Spear, }
 ' Which ſhiv'ring ſtuck below the Courſer's Ear. } 710

Riſing he bounds aloſt, pain'd with the Wound,
 And threw his Rider headlong to the Ground.

Carillus kill'd *Iolas*, next his Spear

Herminius ſlew, mighty in Strength and War :

His manly Neck and flaxen Head unarm'd, 715

Thus ſlighting Wounds, thus fearleſs to be harm'd ;

The Lance betwixt his Shoulders trembling ſlew,

Doubling, through Pain, his mighty Trunk in two ;

Black Streams of Blood upon his Armour fall :

Death is deſpis'd, and Glory fought by all. 720

Camilla prides her ſelf in Blood and Rage,

And lops one Breſt the better to engage.

Her nervous Hands diſtribute Darts around,

And from her ſtrong Right Arm ſhe deals a deadly
 Wound ;

Diana's glitt'ring Arms, and Golden Bow 725

Ring echoing Peals of Terror to the Foe ;

If ſhe at any time is forc'd to fly,

Her fatal Shafts make the Purſuers die.

Near

Near her, as fierce Companions of the War,
Tulla, Tarpeia, and Larina were,

Italian Maids, who Brazen Armour bear.

} 730

These fair *Camilla* chose, as the best Shield,
 Her Trust at Home, and Glory in the Field ;

Such were the *Thracian Amazonian Dames*,

Who ting'd with Crimson Dye *Thermodon's Streams*, 735

Such Troops *Hippolyta* attend, such ride

Round *Penthesilea's* Chaise with Martial Pride ;

When Womens Cries rung through the crowded Plain,

And glitt'ring Shields shone from the Virgin Train.

Whom first or last didst thou o'ercome, brave 740

Maid,

What Numbers of pale Ghosts on Earth lie spread,

By thy unerring Shafts alone struck dead ?

First with her Spear she pierc'd *Eumenius thro'*,

And from his wounded Breast the Purple Current flew ;

Whole Torrents by his Mouth pervade their way, 745

While stretch'd upon the Ground he biring lay ;

Then turn'd upon his Wound, and dy'd away.

Then *Pegasus* and *Liris* both were slain,

The latter stooping down to reach his Horse's Rein,

The other striving to relieve his Friend,

750

Both headlong fall upon the burning Sand.

Tereus, Amastrus next the Lances feel,

And *Chromys* suffers from the pointed Steel ;

As many Shafts, as the bold Maid did throw,

So many *Trojans* to grim *Pluto* goe.

755

Ornitus at a distance she beheld

On an *Apulian* Steed, without a Shield :

Strange was the Armour that this Hunter wore,

A Bullock's Hide cover'd his Shoulders o'er ;

Upon his Head a grinning Wolf he bore.

The Troops he view'd with a disdainful Eye,

And stalks above 'em, mating with the Sky.

But while he turn'd about this Foe to view,

She with a dext'rous Arrow struck him thro' ;

Then triumph'd o'er the bleeding Prize, and said, } 765

Thought'st thou on us, as on wild Beasts t'have fed,

Yet thus regardless perish by a Maid ?

This worthy thee, you in the Shades may tell,

That by *Camilla's* conqu'ring Dart you fell.

Butes a *Trojan* of Gigantick Size,

770

Next feels the Lance, and by its Rancour dies,

Orsilochnus then flies, and wheeling round

T'avoid her Rage, she gains the nearer Ground ;

Then deaf to all his Pray'rs, with a huge Stroke

She cleft his Skull, and Bones and Armour broke. } 775

Much frightened at this sudden cruel Sight,

Annus endeavour'd to retreat by Flight,

Or else avoid the Virgin by his Slight,

A sly *Ligurian*, foster'd in deceit,

And thought by Wiles the chafing Queen to cheat ; } 780

Then thus begins : What Brav'ry can you show,

When better mounted, to defeat your Foe ?

Light

Light from your Horse, 'tis easie then to try
A juster way, to whom belongs the Victory,
At this incens'd with Anger and just Rage, 783
She quits her Horse, and then prepares t'engage ;
Stands ready to receive his threat'ned Blows,
While her bright Shield with flaming Lustre glows.
The young *Ligurian* trusting to his Slight,
Turns round his Horse, and hastens on his Flight ; 790
His Golden Spurs he buries in his Sides,
When thus the daring Maid his Fraud derides.
Poor Wretch ! what Falshoods do thy Breast contain ?
Thy Pride, and all thy little Arts are vain ;
This Cheat thou never to thy Sire shalt bear ; 795
Then straight with nimble Speed she cuts the yielding
Air,
Out-strips the Courser, seizes on his Reins,
And acts her Rage on *Amus'* bleeding Veins.
So from a Rock she Hawk with ease o'erflies
A Dove, that soars along the cloudy Skies ; 800
Then grapples her, till from his Pounces fall
Feathers and Blood mingled like Rain and Hail.
Jove now, from high *Olympus* looking down,
Beholds the Fight without a Smile or Frown,
While *Tarchon* with fierce Deeds of Rage inspir'd, 805
And rais'd to War with bloody Actions fir'd ;
Mongst slaughter'd Troops he spurs his willing Sced,
And animates with Words all those that bleed :

Calls ev'ry Soldier by his Name, and cries,
 Shame to the *Tyrrhen* Race that Honour flies, } 810
 Whence comes this Fear, and whence this Cow-
 ardice ?

To let a Woman triumph in the Field !

Why bear you useless Arms you dare not wield ?

To *Bacchanalian* Feasts none move so slow,
 Or to a Banquet, or a bawdy Show ; } 815

These you delight in, to these with Pleasure go.

This said, amongst the Crowd he spurs his Horse,
 And *Venus* dismounts from his by force.

Then with his Arms he grasps his yielding Foe,
 Whose Armour dints beneath his furious Blow. 820

The Army shouts, to Heav'n their Clangours rise, }
 While all the *Latin* Squadrons turn their Eyes,
 The furious *Tarchon*, like swift Lightning flies,
 Bears Man and Arms before him to the Ground,
 But breaks his Spear where he shou'd give the Wound. 825

The Foe returning, he with armed Hands
 Defends his Throat, and Force with Force withstands.

So when an Eagle with a Serpent flies,
 Fix'd in his Talions through the lofty Skies ;
 She winds and turns, and stretches out along, 830

Erects her Scales and hisses with her Tongue ;
 He grows more cruel to his struggling Prey,
 And gores her deeper in his airy Way.

So mid'ft the Foe bold *Tarchon* did convey
 The noble Prize and bore it quite away. 835

The

The Troops with this Example fir'd, began,
To rouse their Courage and to Charge again,
When crafty *Aruns*, one design'd by Fate,
Did with his Dart about *Camilla* wait ;
Watching a proper time when he might try.

The safest way to act his Treachery.

Where'er her Fury fierce *Camilla* bends,
Aruns with Speed and Secrecy attends,

When from the Field, with conqu'ring tir'd, she goes,

He turns his Horse about, pursues her close ;

Sneaks here and there, in ev'ry Corner round,

And traces all her Steps from Ground to Ground,

Till he can with his Dart securely Wound.

Chlorens of *Cybele* the sacred Priest,

In *Trojan* Armour shone above the rest,

Mounted upon a foaming Steed, his Case,

Like Feathers, was compos'd of Gold and Brass,

In *Tyrian* Purple clad ; he gall'd the Foe

With *Cretan* Shafts, shot from a *Lycian* Bow

Of purest Gold, of which the Helmet's made ;

And Saffron Colour show his Robes display'd,

A golden Sash about his Waste, he wore

Quishes on his Thighs, his Arms all gilded o'er.

Soon as *Camilla* saw the glorious Sight,

She 'midst the Foes, singles him out to Fight ;

Thoughtless of Danger now, the glitt'ring Prize

Dazles at once, and blinds her brighter Eyes.

Camilla

Camilla these as Trophies does design,
 Or else her self in *Trojan* Arms to shine;
 Then all her Rage with manly Force bestows
 And flies with Fury 'midst the boldest Foes:
 While *Arms* secretly his Jav'lin throws,
 And then to Heav'n with Supplication cries;
 Oh *Phœbus*! greatest of the Deities!

' To whom we burn whole Woods of sacred Pine; 865

' And to thy Glory make the Fuel shine,

Then on the Ashes, by Devotion led,

Contemning Fire, religiously we tread;

Grant, mighty Father, the Dishonour may

This Day from *Trojan* Arms be wip'd away; 875

May I no Trophies of the Virgin claim,

' To this one Act I trust my future Fame;

If I this raging Plague of War can cease,

Tho' I return inglorious, I shall live in Peace.

Apollo heard, thus far allows his Pray'r, 880

Tho' part was mingled with the fleeting Air,

That brave *Camilla* shou'd by him be slain,

But he ne'er see his native Soil again.

And now the hissing Spear cuts through the Air,

While all Mens Eyes were cast upon the Fair. 885

The *Volscian* Queen, regardless of the Dart,

At last perceives it wrankling in her Heart.

Her frightened Nymphs with speed fly to her Aid;

And in their Arms they catch the Royal Maid.

Swifter

Swifter than they the trembling *Arms* flies, 890
Finding his Fear too strong for all his Joys.
No longer in his fatal Spear confides,
But quits the Plains and in the Mountains hides.
So scours a Wolf conscious of what he's done,
When bloody from the Herds-man forc'd to run, 895
Striving to gain the Covert of a Shade,
That 'gainst his Foes Assaults may lend some friendly
Aid,

Fearful lest they against him shou'd prevail,
Betwixt his Legs he claps his Coward Tail,
So from their Eyes the trembling *Arms* flies, 900
And in the Center of the Army sculking lies.
To draw the fatal Dart she dying strove,
But 'twixt her Ribs the bearded Arrow cloyes
She faints, pale Death seals up her sparkling Eyes,
' While from her Cheeks the crimson Lustre flies. 905
To *Acca* then she call'd above the rest,
One whom she trusted most and lov'd the best.
Ah Friends! you once have seen me truly Brave,
But now I've nothing left me but the Grave;
Fly quick to *Turnus*, bear my last Commands, 910
Bid him bring up his best *Ætulan* Bands:
The *Trojan* Troops now from the Town repel,
Bid him do this with speed, my Friend, farewell.
This said, she dropt her Rein, then on the Earth
Fell down, and by degrees resign'd her Breath. 915

Her

Her gentle Neck now can't her head sustain;
 Her Arms lie scatter'd on the bloody Plain,
 While the brave Soul departs with proud Disdain.

A mighty Shout strikes the resounding Skies,
 The Fight grows hotter as *Camilla* dies : 920
 The *Trojans* and the *Tuscans* jointly bring
 Their Troops to charge with King *Evander's* Wing.

Now *Opis*, fearless, from the Hills beheld
 The bold Encounters of the bloody Field ;
 But when she view'd insulting Youths surround 925
 The brave *Camilla* lifeless on the Ground,
 She groaning said : Ah Nymph ! you pay too dear
 Your bold engaging in the *Trojan* War.

Diana's Votress, naught avails you now,
 Or that o'er Lawns you bore her Lance and Bow : 930
 But yet your Goddess cannot let you fall
 Inglorious, Unreveng'd ; Fame tells to all,
 That Man who durst perform the bloody Deed,
 For shedding yours, your Murderer shall bleed.

Dercennus' Bones were in old Marble laid 935
 Under a lofty Hill, which Oaks o'ershade ;
 Thither in haste the lovely Nymph retreats,
 And close in Ambush for young *Arms* waits.
 Said, as she saw him in bright Armour shine,
 Swelling with Pride, Why hence your Steps decline ? 940
 Haste hither, take the Meed that I bestow
 For brave *Camilla's* Death from *Cynthia's* Bow ;

' This

' This Honour share in Death. Then strongly drew
 ' Till both Horns met, the winged Arrow flew
 ' Whizzing through Air, at once he heard it part 945
 ' And felt the Arrow sticking in his Heart.

Delug'd in Gore, groaning his last he lay,
 Abandon'd by his Friends on unknown Clay;
 Upward to Heav'n swift *Opis* cuts her way.

Camilla's Troops first ran, now she is dead; 950

Th' amaz'd *Rutulians*, bold *Atinas* fled;
 The headless Troops for Safety scow'r the Field,
 And their swift Horses to *Laurentum* wheel'd:
 None durst resist the urging *Trojans* Rage,
 Or with their Fortune or their Arms engage: 955

Their Bows unbent on languid Shoulders hung,
 And putrid Ground sounds with the running Throng.
 Afflicted Matrons from Watch-Tow'rs descry
 A Cloud of Dust which darkens all the Sky,
 Beating their Breasts they raise a doleful Cry. 960

The first by Flight who gain'd th' unfolded Gate,
 O'erpow'r'd by mingling Foes submit to Fate;
 Just in the Entrance of the City Wall,
 In sight of their own Houses, Victims fall.

Some bar the Gates, their begging Friends shut out, 965
 A cruel Fight begins, a bloody Rout

' Twixt those assault, and those defend the Town:
 Some in their Parents Presence are thrown down
 In Moats below, push'd on by urging Foes,
 Some blindly force the solid Gate with Blows. 970

Amidst

Amidst the Fray, the Women on the Wall

Strive all to imitate *Camilla's* Fall :

Fir'd with their Countries Love, sharp Poles, burnt Bil-
lets throw

Instead of Jav'lines 'gainst the *Trojan* Foe,

Eager to fall, and be the first who die

975

Upon their City Walls for Liberty.

The dismal News in Woods reach'd *Turnus'* Ear,

By *Acca* brought, and fill'd him with Despair :

Camilla slain, the *Volscian* Troops o'erthrown,

The conqu'ring *Trojans* had attack'd the Town.

980

Inrag'd, he quits the Pass and Woods with Speed,

For so the Will of angry *Jove* decreed.

Scarce had he reach'd the Plains, when he beheld

The *Trojan* Army in the open Field :

Both to the City haste with eager Pace,

985

Both Armies distant but a narrow Space.

By rising Dust the brave *Aeneas* knew

Laurentine Troops ; *Turnus* had in his view

Aeneas' Army marching on a Line ;

The Horses Neigh, the Men in Armour shine.

990

• They had begun the Fight, both Hosts had join'd.

• But that bright *Phæbus* in the West declin'd,

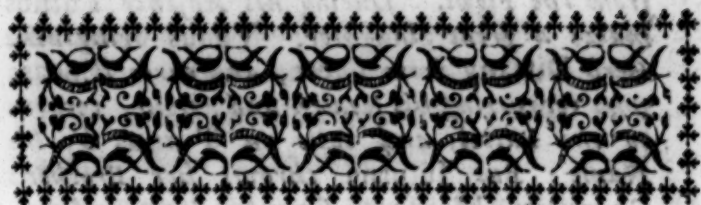
And dipp'd his fiery Horses in the Sea,

The Shades of Night prevail'd on Light of Day ;

• Entrench'd before the Town both Armies lay.

} 995

The End of the Eleventh Book.



VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BOOK XII.

The CONTENTS.

The Latins and Rutulians being twice overcome in Battel, Turnus resolves to fight a Duel with Æneas: The Terms and Conditions of the Fight are agreed on by a solemn Treaty, confirm'd upon Oath, by Æneas, Latinus and Turnus. The Treaty is infring'd by Juturna, Sister to Turnus, sent by Juno for that purpose. Tolumnius, the Augur, encourages the Italians by a false Omen of the Battel, and is

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the

the first who attacks the Trojans. Æneas is wounded by an Arrow, and forc'd to retire from the Fight. During his Absence Turnus makes a great Slaughter. Venus brings the Herb Dittany from Crete, and cures Æneas; who recovering his Health and Vigour, returns to the Battel, and calls on Turnus by his Name: But Juturna throws her Brother's Charioteer, Metiscus, from his Seat, and supplying his Place, guides the Chariot still from Æneas; who draws his Army near the Town, attacks, and throws Fire into the Bullwarks. The Queen Amata, believing Turnus to be kill'd, hangs her self. Turnus returns to meet Æneas in single Combate: They fight, Æneas conquers, and is mov'd with Compassion to save Turnus's Life; but spying him adorn'd with the Belt of Pallas, he is fir'd with Revenge, and kills him.



WHEN Turnus saw the Latine Troops cast down,

And that their Eyes were turn'd on him alone,

His vow'd Engagement now by all requir'd,

Anger his Veins and raging Passion fir'd.

As when a Lion, in the Libyan Plains,

The Hunters Jav'lins gallantly sustains;

The Monarch of the Wood his Arms prepares,

And from the Wound the bloody Jav'lin tears;

Rowzing

Rowzing his shaggy Main he roars aloud :
So Wrath and Fury fir'd bold *Turnus*' Blood. 10
Then to *Latinus* spoke the Prince in Rage.
Great King, if now the *Trojans* dare engage
To keep their promis'd Faith, alone I yield
To meet *Æneas* in the list'd Field.

Father, prepare the Rites, the League attend, 15
This Arm the Fugitive to Hell shall send,
While you and all th' *Ausonians* view the Fight;
And judge who best maintains his Countrey's Right.
If he o'ercome, then let him o'er us reign,
And for his Prize the fair *Lavinia* gain. 20

“ To him *Latinus* calmly thus reply'd.

“ The more, brave Youth, your Valour hath been
try'd, }

So much the more the Danger should be weigh'd.
The sure Succession of your Father's Throne,
With all the Towns your conqu'ring Arm hath won, 25
You may my Friendship and my Wealth command :
There are more Beauties in th' *Ausonian* Land,
All chaste as fair, of Royal Birth and Mind ;
Let what I freely speak Attention find,
Though not so grateful to a Lover's Ear, 30
What's meant as Kindness you may kindly hear :
Both Gods and Men my Daughter's Match withstood
With any Prince sprung from *Ausonian* Blood ;
Your Birth, your Merit, with the Tears and Cries
Of poor *Amata*, made me break all Ties. 35

I snatch'd her from *Aeneas*, broke my Word ;
 'Gainst Fate, 'gainst Faith, pursu'd with Fire and Sword
 That injur'd Prince: Now to your Cost you know,
 Our Fortune, Dangers, endless Toils and Woe.
 In Battel twice o'ercome, we scarce defend 40
 This Town, on which alone our Hopes depend.
 * Our Blood stains *Tyber's* Flood, still red with Gore,
 * And *Latin* Bones bleach all the neighb'ring Shore.
 Why am I unresolv'd, to Change inclin'd ?
 Since *Turnus' Fate* alone restrains my Mind 45
 From strict Alliance with the *Trojan* Race:
 Brave *Turnus*', live, and let us join in Peace.
 * What might the *Romuli*, my Kinsmen, say,
 And all th' *Italian* Race, should I betray
 * Your Life to cruel Fate (which Heaven defend !) 50
 * The Daughter's Lover, and the Father's Friend ?
 * Consider well the various Turns of War,
 * Pity your Father's Age, his Grief, his Care, }
 Your Absence plunges him in deep Despair. }
 But no Intreaties *Turnus' Fury* tame, 55
 * The proffer'd Cure adds Fury to the Flame.
 Soon as his Anger cool'd, thus *Turnus* spoke.
 Why should my Life, great King, your Care provoke ?
 Ne'er stop my Fate, if Death can Glory gain :
 And yet this Hand has thrown few Darts in vain. 60
 This deadly Steel has no Resistance found,
 Whene'er I strike Death still attends the Wound.

The Coward's Mother now is far from hence,
To shrowd him with a Cloud for his Defence.

Since Blood and Wounds must end the fatal Strife, 65
The frighted Queen, who soon must lose her Life,
Embrac'd the eager Youth, then said in Tears :
If e'er you honour'd poor *Amata's* Years,
I by these Tears intreat, my Ages hope,
My Comfort, Kingdom's Glory, Houses Prop, 70
By these dear Names conjure you, do not run
To meet the Foe; this single Combate shun :
Whate'r Success the Gods shall please to give,
Your Fate to mine is bound; nor shall I live,
Or Light enjoy, or be a Captive led, 75
To see *Aneas* my *Lavinia* Wed.

Amata's Words from fair *Lavinia* drew
Tears trickling down her Checks like Orient Dew.
" A crimson Blush her glowing Face o'erspread,
As *Indian* Ivory, when stain'd with Red, } 80
Or Lilies set with Roses in a Bed :
The charming Maid's Complexion thus appears :
Turnus all over Love on fair *Lavinia* stares :
The more the lovely Object feeds his Eyes,
He's still more keen to Fight where Beauty is the Prize. 85
Then to *Amata* said : From Tears refrain,
Nor Pray'rs, nor Omens can my haste restrain, }
Where Honour calls, there shall I Glory gain.
If Fate be good I shall my Fate fulfil,
Nor can I shun it if my Fate be ill. 90

You, *Idmon*, to the Trojan King repair,
 And to his Ears th' unwelcome Message bear.
 When next the roſie Chariot of the Morn
 Shall all our Fields with new-ſprung Light adorn,
 He needs not to the Fight his Trojans lead, 95
 Nor will I 'gainſt him my *Rutulians* head;
 ' His Blood or mine the Quartel ſhall decide,
 And ſhew who beſt deſerves the Royal Bride.

Thus *Turris* ſpoke, then went to view his Horſe,
 With Joy admir'd their Mettle and their Force. 100
 The Breed and Stallions of this noble Race
 Were ſent *Pilumnus* by a Queen of *Thrace*:
 Fleeter than Wind, and whiter far than Snow,
 Grooms ſtroke and comb their Manes, which looſely
 flow:

Then tries his Armour where rich Metals ſhine, 105
 And Flow'rs of Gold with Leaves of Silver twine.
 ' Upon his Head his creſted Helmet ty'd,
 Adorn'd with Plumes in *Indian* Purple dy'd:
 He fits his Shield, and girds his flaming Blade,
 Which *Vulcan* for his Sire of *Drygian* Temper made. 110
 Then from a Pillar which the Vault ſustain'd
 He ſnatch'd a Lance, which he from *Aſtor* gain'd;
Auruncian Aſtor's Spoils he fiercely ſhook,
 And rais'd his Voice, and thus elated ſpoke.
 I never us'd thy deadly Force in vain, 115
 No Hand but *Aſtor's* could thy Weight ſuſtain:

No weaker Arm shall guide thy fatal Blow
Against the Coward Trojan, him o'erthrow;
(Now is the long'd-for Time) his Armour tear,
His balmy Locks with Blood and Dust besmear. 120

With Fury toss'd, his Face inflam'd with Ire,
His burning Eyes dart glaring Sparks of Fire.
As when a Bull for Fight his Horns prepares,
Bellows aloud, and with bent Forehead dares
A sturdy Oak; in Rage he spurns the Ground, 125
And pushes 'gainst the Wind an empty Wound.

Æneas now, with equal Ardour fill'd,
Receiv'd with Joy the Challenge to the Field,
Fierce in old *Vulcan's* Armour and his Shield;
And in his Looks a warlike Air appears, 130
His grieving Son and sad Companions cheers,
Foretells them Fate. -----

Then bids the Men, the Challenge brought, declare
To *Latium's* King, the Terms to end the War.

Next Morn had scarce dispell'd the Shades of Night, 135
And deck'd the Mountains Tops with dawning Light;
' When *Phæbus's* Horses rising from the Sea,
' From fiery Nostrils breath'd approaching Day,
The *Trojans* and *Rutulians* now surround
The list'd Field amidst the circl'd Ground: 140
Hard by the City Walls they Fires prepare;
To common Gods they mossy Altars rear.
Some Water bring, their Heads with Linen bound,
Some carry Fire, with Wreaths of Myrtle crown'd.

Th'

Th' *Ausonian* Legions from the Gates advance, 145
 Each Soldier arm'd with a steel-pointed Lance;
 With *Tyrrhen* Standards *Trojan* Ensigns join,
 In native Armour both the Armies shine:
 Drawn up in Battel they their Fronts enlarge,
 And ready stand as if they were to charge. 150
 The chief Commanders through the Squadrons ride,
 With Tissue Vests in *Tyrian* Purple dy'd;
 The brave *Asylas*, Royal *Mnestheus* came,
 And great *Messapus*, who could Horses tame.
 The Trumpets sound, each to his Post repairs, 155
 They rest their Shields and plant their quiv'ring Spears,
 Upon the Walls old Men and Women stood,
 The Roofs were loaded with th' ignoble Crowd.

' Then *Juno* from a Hill without a Name,
 " Since call'd Mount *Alban* by succeeding Fame, 160
 Beheld the Field and Town, both Camps survey'd,
 And to *Juturna*, *Dawnus*' Daughter said:
 (To her the Lakes and Rivers Homage ow'd,
 This Gift for Virgin Honour *Jove* bestow'd.)
 Nymph, Glory of the Floods, to me most dear, 165
 Whom I to all my Husband's Loves prefer,
 ' To you of Heaven I freely gave a Share.
 Though what I say displease, you cannot blame:
 Whilst Fate allow'd, I sav'd the *Latian* Name,
 Protected *Tuwnus* and *Latinus*' State; 170
 Now *Tuwnus* wrestles with unequal Fate:

His

His Hour is come, the Sisters have decreed
This Day, this fatal Day, shall *Turnus* bleed.
I neither can the Truce or Fight behold,
If you ought for a Brother dare, be bold ; } 175
Some chance may yet our sinking Hopes uphold.
Scarce had the Nymph with Tears her Grief express'd,
Oft beating with her Hand her lovely Breast :
This is no time to grieve or shed a Tear,
Saturnia said, make *Turnus*' Life your Care : 180
Haste, snatch him, if you can, from sudden Fate,
Renew the War, nor let the Monarchs treat ;
For I will own the Deed. With this she left
Juturna unresolv'd, by Grief of Sense bereft.

In Pomp the Kings march to the fatal Plain ; 185
Each was attended by a Royal Train :
Four sprightly Horse *Latinus* Chariot drew,
And *Phabus*-like, twelve Rays adorn'd his Brow :
Two Snow-white Steeds drew *Turnus* to the Field,
Who in his Hand two shining Lances held. 190
Aeneas there, the Roman Founder, rode,
In shining Armour made by *Lemnos*' God.
' *Rome*'s second Hope, *Ascanius* next appears :
The High-Priest next, who Snow-white Vestments wears ;
A bristly Hog, an unshorn Sheep he brings, 195
And near the flaming Altars plac'd the Offerings.
' Then to the rising Sun they turn their Eyes,
And hallow with Salt and Corn the Sacrifice ;

Then

Then mark along the Chine with pointed Steel,
And Bowls of Wine upon the Altars spill. 200

First good *Aeneas* pray'd with Sword in Hand,
Bear witness, Sun, and thou, *Ausonian* Land,
For which I still such Toil and Labour bear:

Almighty *Jove*, great *Juno*, hear my Pray'r,
Now more propitious: You most glorious *Mars*, 205

Who govern as you please the Fate of Wars;
Ye Fountains, Rivers, and ye Pow'rs who reign
In Heav'n above, Gods of the blust'ring Main,

I here agree, if *Turnus* overcome,
Vanquish'd, to march to King *Evander's* Home: 210

Nor shall *Iulus* or the *Trojan* Race,
From hence with Arms disturb the *Latian's* Peace.

But if for me the Chance of War declare,
(Which I believe; ye Gods, make that your Care:)

'Tis far from my Design a Crown to gain, 215

Nor shall the *Trojans* o'er th' *Italians* reign:
Let equal Laws both Nations Strength encrease,
And live unconquer'd in a lasting Peace.

I shall both Rites and Household Gods convey,
And King *Latinus* bear Imperial Sway 220

' In Peace and War; for me, my Friends shall frame
' A Town, and call it by *Lavinia's* Name.

Then old *Latinus* thus address'd his Pray'r,
With Hands and Eyes held up to Heav'n. I swear,
' By the same Heav'n and Earth, and blust'ring Main, 225
By all the Gods which all the three contain,

By *Jove* himself, who Leagues with Thunder seals,
By the infernal Gods and lowest Hells,
By double *Janus*, and these holy Flames
Which now I touch, by all these sacred Names, 230
No Chance, no length of Time shall e'er deface
This solemn Treaty with the *Trojan* Race :
Whate'er Success the Combate shall attend,
No Pow'r shall alter what I now intend ;
Not tho' the Globe in raging Floods were drown'd, 235
And Night and Hell should Heav'n and Light confound:
This Sceptre first (his Hand a Sceptre held)
Shall with new Leaves and Branches shade the Field ;
Long time ago lopp'd from its Mother's Root,
Its tender Boughs by the keen Axe were cut ; 240
Inlaid with Gold by the skill'd Artist's Hand,
Since born by Kings who rul'd th' *Ansonian* Land.

These solemn Vows the Treaty ratify'd
Before the Kings and Chief of either Side.
Then destin'd Victims with due Rites expire, 245
Whose panting Entrails crown the sacred Fire.

This single Fight unequal seem'd before
To the *Rutulian* Troops, who murmur more
The Day now come ; when dismal Signs declare
Prince *Turnus* Strength unequal for the War ; 250
His sullen Gate and his dejected Eyes,
As he advanc'd t' adore the Deities ;
His youthful Face had lost its manly Look,
Presaging Terror all his Body shook.

Now

Now when *Juturna* saw their Fears encrease, 255
And that the Vulgar doubted the Success,
‘ She takes *Cameirus*’ Shape, in Arms well known,
Great by his Father’s Deeds, but greater by his own :
She threw her self amongst the thickest Files,
(Too well the Goddess knew to practise Wiles.) } 260
Thus Rumours spreads, thus *Turnus*’ Troops reviles.
Is both your Sense of Shame and Honour fled,
T’ expose for all of you one single Head ?
Can they more Courage or more Squadrons boast ?
You see the *Trojan* and *Arcadian* Host, 265
Etruscan *Tarchon* with them both combin’d,
Not half our Number when all three are join’d.
He who to Heav’n has vow’d his Life and Blood,
Both for his Honour and his Countreys Good,
Shall mount above and gain eternal Name : 270
We who Spectators stand to see his Fame,
Shall lose our Countrey and our Honour stain ;
For ever Slaves to *Phrygian* Lords remain.

These Words still more the Soldiers Rage foment,
And conscious Murmurs through the Army went : 275
The *Latin* Nations, though to Rest inclin’d,
Yet lov’d Sedition turns their peaceful Mind ;
‘ To Arms they run, the Treaty sworn repent,
‘ They pity *Turnus*, and his Fate lament.
To crown the Work *Juturna* had prepar’d 280
A Prodigy which high in Air appear’d &

It struck th' *Æolian* Hearts with sudden dread,
 And by a Stratagem their Minds mislead.
 An Eagle soaring through the azure Skies
 Attacks a Flock of Sea-Fowl, as she flies ; 285
 ' Then stooping on the Flood she truss'd a Swan :
 New Ardour through the *Latin* Army ran.
 The Fowl dispers'd straight face about and cry,
 Their Wings expanded darken all the Sky ;
 (Strange to behold !) they join and press the Foe, 290
 The Eagle overpower'd her hold lets go,
 And drops the weighty Prey amidst the Floods,
 Then sprung aloft for Shelter to the Clouds.

The glad *Rutulians* shout through trembling Air,
 Welcome the Omen and their Arms prepare. 295

Augur Tolamnius spöke the first, and said,
 For this so oft to Heav'nly Pow'rs I pray'd,
 For this I have implor'd their Aid ; I see
 The happy Sign, and what the Gods decree :
 To Arms, to Arms ; 'tis I dare lead the way 300
 To drive these proud Invaders to the Sea,
 Who think to make us, like these Birds, a Prey. }
 Double your Ranks, and in close Order stand,
 And save your King from proud *Æneas*' Hand.
 He said, and with a Dart the Foes defies, 305
 Through yielding Air the whizzing Jav'lin flies ;
 With Shouts and Clamours rais'd through all the Field,
 And all the Troöps with Rage and Tumult fill'd.

*Gainst nine *Arcadian* Brothers as they stood,
 Born of *Gylippus*' Wife, of *Tyrrhen* Blood, 310
 The Jav'lin flew, to one it gave a Wound
 "Just where his Belt was to his Middle bound,
 The graceful Youth (who shining Armour wore)
 Transpierc'd, and threw him sprawling in his Gore:
 Grief fires the Brothers' Rage; the valiant Band, 315
 Poising their Jav'lins, run with Sword in Hand
 Blindly to charge the Foe, by Fury led;
 To meet their Rage the *Latin* Troops make Head.
 *Gainst these the *Trojans* and *Etruscans* join,
 With *Pallas*' Troops, whose gilded Armour
 shine, 320
 Revenge and Fury all to War incline.
 Altars o'erthrown, and Storms of Jav'lins fly
 Through troubl'd Air, and darken all the Sky;
 They throw at others sacred Bowls and Fires,
Latinus, with his Gods profan'd, retires. 325
 Here one his Chariot fits, another mounts his Steed,
 All draw their Swords and to the Charge succeed.
 * *Messapus*, eager to disturb the Peace,
 Rides King *Anlestes* down, of *Tyrrhen* Race;
 The furious Shock the hopeless Prince reclin'd 330
 Upon a burning Altar plac'd behind:
Messapus' Spear o'ertakes him with a Wound,
 Begging his Life, and sprawling on the Ground.

You have it sure, he said, this Victim is
The fittest Off'ring to the Deities :

Th' *Italians* strip him as he burning lies.

} 338

A flaming Brand bold *Chorinaus* seiz'd
From burning Altars ; as *Ebusus* rais'd

' His Arm to strike, this in his Face he dash'd,
And all his smelling Beard with burning flash'd ; 340

Urging the stagg'ring Foe with Terror stunn'd,
And caught his Hair and bore him to the Ground ;

Then with his Knee press'd down, till in his Side
He sheath'd his killing Sword in Crimson dy'd.

There *Podalirius* boldly dares pursue

345

The Shepherd *Alfus* while he's rushing through

The foremost Ranks, who turning 'gainst his Foe,

Upon his Head discharg'd a mighty Blow :

The Axe crash'd through and cut his spouting Veins,

His Arm bespatt'ring with warm Blood and Brains, 350

' A deadly Sleep his fainting Sight o'ercastr,

' And clos'd his Eye-balls in eternal Rest.

His Head uncover'd, and his Hands stretch'd wide,

The good *Aeneas* to his Soldiers cry'd.

O whither Friends ? What Chance inspires your Haste ?

What sudden Madness has your Minds possess'd ? 356

The solemn Treaty's sworn ; restrain your Rage,

For I alone must now in Arms engage ;

Banish your Fear, and suffer me to Fight,

This Arm alone the injur'd Gods must right :

360

C c c 2

'Tis

'Tis I must bind and make the Treaty stand,
For *Turnus*' Life is fated to this Hand.

While thus he spoke, a singing Arrow flew
And wounds the Prince, yet none the Author knew;
Or who had drawn the Bow from whence it came, 365
What God or Chance rais'd the *Rutulian* Fame:
The Glory of the noble Deed was drown'd,
And none could boast of brave *Aeneas*' Wound.

When *Turnus* saw the Trojan King retir'd,
His Friends dismay'd, new Hopes his Courage fir'd, 370
His Steeds he calls for, puts his Armour on,
Swelling with Pride, as if the Day were won;
Snatching his Reins into the Chariot leaps,
And bears his Foes before him down in Heaps:
His Wheels drive o'er the Bravest as they die, 375
With their own Jav'lines killing those who fly.

As near the Banks of *Hebrus*' Icy Flood,
The God of War, who takes delight in Blood,
Ratling his Sword upon his dreadful Shield,
To Battel drives his Chariot o'er the Field; 380
His fiery Horses (than the Winds more fleet)
Make *Thracian* Plains resound beneath their Feet:
His dreadful Guards attend him ev'ry where,
Dire Forms of Anger, Treachery, and Fear:
Thus daring *Turnus* through the Squadrons led 385
His foaming Steeds, insulting o'er the Dead;
Their hollow Hoofs dash round a Crimson Flood,
And trample in their Course Sand mix'd with Blood.

He *Sthenelus* and *Thamyris* o'erthrew,
These Hand to Hand ; at distance *Pholus* flew : 390

Imbrassus' Sons he reach'd and kill'd from far,
Mounted alike, both arm'd alike for War,

Eumedes on the other Wing appears,
Old *Dolon's* Son, so fam'd in *Trojan* Wars ;
His Grand-fire's Name, his Father's Heart could boast,
Who being sent to view the *Grecian* Host, 396

He had the foolish boldness to aspire
' To ask *Achilles'* Horses for his Hire.

A fitter Recompense base *Dolon* found
From *Diomedes'* Hand, a mortal Wound, 400
When *Turnus* had *Eumedes* in his view,

In open Field a killing Dart he threw,
And wounds him from afar: Then, reining up his Horse,
Leaps from his Chariot with a mighty Force
Upon the grov'ling Foe, now almost dead : 405

Then from him wrests his Sword, and plung'd the Blade
Deep in its Master's Throat ; then with disdain,

' Said, Measure at your Length the *Latian* Plain,

' And thus enjoy the Land you dare invade ;

My Foes have still such fatal Conquests made. 410

Next bold *Asbutes* with his Spear he kill'd,

Chlorens, *Dares*, *Sybaris* he foil'd ;

His Arm *Thersilochus*, *Thymates* slew,

' Whom o'er his Neck his plunging Courser threw : 415

So *Thracian* Winds insult th' *Ægean* Floods, 415

Roll Waves below, and drive away the Clouds:

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 Roll Waves below, and drive away the Clouds.

Thus *Turnus* cuts his way quite through the Field;
Squadrons retreat, and conquer'd Legions yield:
By Fury driv'n, like Lightning through them flies,
Winds shake his Crest which from swift Motion rise. 420

Now *Phegeus* saw him pushing on in Rage,
And with the Chariot boldly dares engage;
Seizing the foaming Horses by the Reins,
Turns from their Course, whom hanging on their Manes
They drag along. Him *Turnus* has in view, 425
And with full Strength a whizzing Jav'lin threw,
Which through his double Armour Passage found,
And on his Body slightly mark'd a Wound.

Phegeus oppos'd his Shield to shun the Harm,
Resolv'd to owe his Safety to his Arm: 430
Him *Turnus*' rapid Wheels threw to the Ground,
Where 'twixt his Head and Armour aim'd a Wound
At his defenceless Neck with dextrous Hand,
And left his headless Trunk upon the Sand.

While conquering *Turnus* Death and Terror sends 435
Through all the Fields, *Aeneas*' mourning Friends,
Iulus, *Mnestheus* and *Achates* went

To lead the Prince all bloody to his Tent:
They, and a Spear, his fainting Steps sustain;
Enrag'd, he breaks the Arrow, tugs in vain } 440
The bearded Steel, regardless of the Pain.

Eager to Fight, he begs his Friends to found
The Arrow's Flight, and to enlarge the Wound.

There

‘ There came *Iapis*’ Son to prove his Art,
‘ Whose Form Divine so fir’d *Apollo*’s Heart 445
With eager Love; the joyful God, to woo
‘ The graceful Youngster proffer’d to bestow
‘ His Prescience, tuneful Harp and conqu’ring
Bow.

Iapis to preserve his Sire from Death,
And Years restore, to whom he ow’d his Breath, 450
‘ Preferr’d the Skill of Physick’s silent Praise
‘ To all the Glory of *Apollo*’s Bays.
And now *Aeneas* frets, he leant, and stood
Supported on a Spear, amidst the Crowd
Of his afflicted Friends, a Mind he bears 455
Immoveable to all their Griefs and Fears.
Like *Pæon* girt *Iapis* acts his part,
The Cure pursues with gentle Hand and Art;
He tries the Force of Herbs and learned Drugs,
In vain he toils, the Dart with Pinchers tugs: 460
No wish’d Success on his great Skill attends,
Healing *Apollo* no Assistance sends.

Horror the Field and wild Confusion fills,
And *Turnus*’ Horse are pressing at their Heels;
Thick Dust and Jav’lins fill the darken’d Skies, 465
Nothing is heard but Groans and dismal Cries.

Aeneas’ Wound griev’d *Cytherea*’s Heart,
She brought him Dittany to ease his Smart;
Its Stalk rough Leaves and purple Flow’rs surround,
‘ Well known to Goats, whom feather’d Arrows wound.

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Fair *Venus* with a sable Cloud obscur'd, 473
 In a bright Bowl its dusky Liquor pour'd,
 Healing unseen ; she adds *Ambrosial* Dews,
 And all together with sweet *Panax* brews.
Iapis bathes the Wound with this unknown, 475
 The Bleeding stops, and Sense of Pain is gone ;
 The Arrow of it self drops out, and then
 ' His Strength and Vigour both return again.
Iapis call'd, Haste bring the Prince's Arms,
 He urg'd the *Trojans* first to fresh Alarms. 480
 This is no Work of Man, nor I who cure,
 We owe this Wonder to a greater Pow'r ;
 The Hand of Heav'n *Aeneas*' Safety sends,
 ' And now preserves your Life for greater Ends.
 ' Earnest of Fight *Aeneas* Hands infold. 485
 ' His Thighs with Cuissees cover'd o'er with Gold.
 Impatient of Delay his Spear he shakes,
 Puts on his Armour and his Buckler takes.
 Around *Ascanius*' Neck his Arms he laid,
 ' And kissing through his crested Helmet, said : 490
 From me learn Virtue and the Art of War,
 From others Fortune take. This Day you are
 By this Right Hand secure ; the way I shew
 To noble Acts must be perform'd by you :
 When you reflect on Deeds your Race hath done, 495
 ' Do like great *Hector*'s Nephew, and my Son.
 When he had said he bravely took the Field,
 His warlike Hand a mighty Jav'lin fill'd :

Anteus

Anteus, Mnestheus, draw their Squadrons out,
Then all the Army with a dreadful Shout 500
Rush from the Camp.—

The Horses Feet rais'd blinding Dust around,
And with proud Prancings beat the sounding Ground.

Prince *Turnus* and the *Latins*, from a Hill
See them advance, Trembling and Terror chill 505
Their curdling Blood. *Juturna* heard and knew
The Sound the first, and straight away she flew.
With speed his dusty Troops *Aeneas* guides.

As when a dreadful Storm the Sea divides,
And strikes, as with a Damp, foreseeing Swains, 510
Least it should ruin their laborious Pains,
The Winds fore-run and bluster from afar,
Threatning to Trees and Corn immediate War :
With no less Fury did *Aeneas* go

With doubl'd Ranks against the *Latin* Foe. 515

Through weighty Armour brave *Thymbræus'* Blade
To bold *Osiris'* Heart a Passage made.

Mnestheus o'erthrows *Achetius* on the Sand,

Then falls *Epulo* by *Achates'* Hand.

Gyas kills *Ufens*, Priest *Talumnus* dies, 520

Who first attack'd the *Trojans* by surprize.

Cries fill the Air, the fierce *Rutulians* yield,

And fly by turns o'er all the dusty Field.

The Prince disdains to kill those run away,

Or meet on equal Terms the few who stay ; 525

Nor

Not follows those who at him Jav'lin's threw,
Turnus alone through Dust his Eyes pursue,
 To fight with *Turnus* is his only care ;
 ' *Juturna* knows it and is struck with fear :
 ' Her Brother's Charioteer amidst the Reins, 530
 ' Forc'd from the Beam she threw upon the Plains,
 " Assumes his Shape, his Armour and his Mien,
 The Goddess drives ; *Metiscus* still is seen.

As Swallows swiftly in their Flight survey
 Some lofty Palace, snatching in their way, } 535
 For their expecting Young, the little Prey:
 They fly to lofty Arches, skim the Ground,
 And with shrill Notes make stagnate Pools resound.

Juturna thus is driv'n amidst the Foes, - }
 With rapid Wheels thus ev'ry where she goes, 540
 ' Now here, now there, triumphant *Turnus*' shews :
 ' Strives all she can to shun a single Fight,
 By turning swiftly from *Aeneas* Sight :
 By wheeling oft the brave *Aeneas* tries
 To match his Speed, and through the Squadrons cries, 545
 So oft on *Turnus* as he cast his Sight,
 He strove in vain to match his Horses Flight :
 As oft *Juturna* round the Chariot wheel'd,
 In vain *Aeneas* rag'd around the Field,
 In vain tormenting Care his Soul divides : 550
 To him thus vex'd *Messapus* swiftly rides,
 And aiming at the Prince his Jav'lin threw
 With mighty Force, (his Left Hand carry'd two.)

Bend-

Bending his Knee, *Aeneas* stoop'd to ward
 The deadly Blow, and stood upon his Guard; 555
 The Jav'lin glancing on his Helmet tore
 Its lofty Crest, and off the Feathers bore.
 At last by Treachery his Patience tir'd,
 Rage and Revenge his noble Courage fir'd;
 The more that *Turnus* his Encounter shuns, 560
 And still another way his Chariot runs.
 Then *Jove* and sacred Altars he attests,
 Of Peace profan'd, and to the Slaughter hastes:
 Rais'd by Success, he gave a loose to Rage,
 All fall who with his thund'ring Arm engage, 565
 ' What God can tell, what Muse in Verse display
 ' The Scenes of Slaughter of this bloody Day;
 Who can relate the Warriors that were slain
 By *Turnus* and *Aeneas* on the Plain?
 Could *Jove* these Wars behold, and Nations bleed, 570
 Whom he before to join in one decreed?
Aeneas falls on *Sacro* (which first stay'd
 The Hero's Rage) nor sudden Death delay'd,
 Betwixt his Ribs he sheath'd his killing Blade. }
Turnus two Brothers from their Horses threw, 575
 And with his Spear, on Foot, *Amycus* slew.
 His shining Sword dispatch'd *Diores* next,
 Their Heads all bloody to his Chariot fix'd.
Aeneas Talon, *Tanais*, *Cethegus* kills,
 The Blood of three at one bold Charge he spills. 580

To the same Fate the stern *Onythes* yields,
 Born of *Peridia* in the *Theban* Fields :
 Sent from the Confines of *Apollo's* Land,
 The *Lycian* Brothers fall by *Turnus'* Hand,
 With young *Menates*, loath to undertake 585
 The Toils of War in vain, near *Lerna's* Lake,
 Liv'd with his Sire (they Fishers were by Trade)
 On a poor Farm, nor Gifts to Courtiers paid.

As raging Flames from divers Parts attack
 A sapless Wood, where Laurel Branches crack, 590
 Or Floods from Mountains foaming to the Sea
 Roll with a dismal Noise, Rocks, Sands and Clay, }
 Through Devastation force their dreadful Way :
 Thus to the Shock the warlike Princes came,
 Wrath fires their raging Souls, their Eyes dart Flame, 595
 ' Eager to kill, unknowing how to yield,
 And big with hopes to gain the doubtful Field :
 With Breasts resolv'd they scow'r the list'd Ground,
 " Give Blow for Blow, and Wound return for Wound.

Murranus bragging that his Lineage springs 600
 From Royal Blood of ancient *Latian* Kings,
Aeneas with a pond'rous Rock o'erthrows,
 On him struck down his rapid Chariot goes ;
 The Wheels which drove him tear him now he's dead,
 Unknown, his Horses crush their Master's Head. 605

Turnus rath *Hyllus* met in foaming Rage,
 And threw a whizzing Jay'lin, to assuage

And

And cool the burning Fever in his Veins,
Which through his gilded Beaver pierc'd his Brains.
' Thee, *Cretens*, bravest of the *Grecian* Band, 610
' Thy Courage could not save from *Turnus*' Hand;
' Nor did the Gods *Cupentus* Help afford,
' Or guard his Life from great *Aneas*' Sword,
Which flew like Lightning through the bloody Field:
In vain the Priest oppos'd his brazen Shield. 615
Thus *Aolus* by *Turnus*' Hand was slain,
His Giant Body loads *Laurentum*'s Plain,
Whom all the *Grecian* Troops could ne'er annoy,
Nor great *Achilles* though he ruin'd *Troy*:
His Bounds of Life set here, by Fate he dies, 620
Near *Ida* born, in *Latium* buried lies.

Their Foes the *Trojans* charge, both Armies join,
Brave *Mnestheus* and *Sereftus* lead the *Trojan* Line,
Messapus with *Asylas*, and the Force
The *Tusicans* sent with King *Evander*'s Horse: 625
Each Man the utmost dares without respite,
All Death out-brave, and all for Glory Fight.

' Fair *Cytherea* then inspires her Son,
' That with his Troops he would attack the Town,
And give a smart Diversion to the Foes. 630
He through the Squadrons after *Turnus* goes,
And darts his Looks around; the Town beheld
Free from the War, and Dangers of the Field.
Now vast Ideas of the Action fill
His lab'ring Mind, he mounts a gentle Hill. 635

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Aeneas calls his chief Commanders straight ;
 Round him and them the crowding *Trojans* wait,
 Under their Arms ; he stood aloft and said,
 What I command must be with haste obey'd.
Jove now declares for us, and I advise 640
 More Vigour for the sudden Enterprize :
 This Day I will *Latinus*' Throne o'erturn,
 This Town, which caus'd the War, to Ashes burn,
 ' Unless they now submit and yield in time,
 ' And make a just Atonement for their Crime. 645
 Shall I expect till *Turnus* please to Fight ?
 Dare thus the Vanquish'd do the Victor right ?
 This is the Source of War, since Treaties fail,
 Fall on, brave Friends, let Fire and Sword prevail.

Aeneas said : One Mind possess'd them all, 650
 To march in Battel and assault the Wall.
 ' Some Fire-Balls throw, some Scaling-Ladders bear,
 Some force the Gates, and kill the first appear.
 The Prince amongst the foremost reach'd the Walls,
 With Hand stretch'd out aloud *Latinus* calls, 655
 Blames for his Breach of Faith, a second time
 He had his Arms provok'd, renew'd his Crime.

Division through the fearful Crowd is sown,
 Some call to ope the Gates and yield the Town ;
 Some to the Ramparts force the *Latian* King, 660
 Some for Defence prepare, and Jav'lins bring.
 As when a Swain, within a hollow Rock
 A Hive hath found, he fills the Cave with Smoak,

The

The frighted Bees their waxen Forts surround,
The Caverns echo with a murm'ring Sound, 665
Produc'd by Pain and Rage, heighten'd by Despair,
The noisome Vapour mounts through open Air.

Whilst Foes and Flames encrease the *Latians* Fears,
A dismal Chance drown'd all the Town in Tears :
For as the Queen beheld the Foes come on, 670
The Walls attack'd, and Fire to Houses thrown ;
Sees no *Rutulians* march to her Relief,
No *Turnus* there ; surpriz'd with Fear and Grief,
Believes the Princely Youth in Battel kill'd,
Enrag'd, she said, (her Breast with Sorrow fill'd) 675
' I am the Cause, the Source of all this Ill,
' The curs'd Effect of my ungovern'd Will.
Dying, she tore her purple Robes, then ty'd
High to a Beam the Knot by which she dy'd.
Her Death no sooner reach'd the Womens Ears, 680
Her Hair and Face the fair *Lavinia* tears ;
Madness and Fury seiz'd the Women round,
And doleful Cries through all the Palace sound ;
From thence the fatal News o'erspreads the Town,
Amaz'd the *Latians* and their Hearts cast down. 685
' With Garments torn the sad *Latinus* goes,
' Struck with his private and his publick Woes ;
His Royal Head with vilest Dust prophanes
And all his silver Locks with Ashes stains ;
He blames himself, that ever he deny'd 690
To make *Lavinia* brave *Æneas*' Bride.

While *Turnus* finds his Coursers fainter grow,
 With Slaughter he, and they with driving, slow,
 Chasing in distant Plains the straggling Foe:
 Cries from blind Terror sent come thro' the Air,
 And Sounds confus'd, of Sorrow, Fear, Despair,
 Shoot from the Town, and strike his listning Ear.
 Ah me! he said, what Horror fills the Town!
 Hither the dismal Noise and Groans are blown.
 This said, in Rage he stopp'd his fainting Horse,
Juturna, like *Metiscus*, rein'd their Course,
 And to her Brother cries; Haste, let us go
 Where Conquest calls against the Trojan Foe;
 While bold *Aeneas* runs the *Latians* down,
 Others there are who can defend the Town:
 Let us with Slaughter his best Troops oppress,
 Our Valour and our Numbers are not less.
Turnus reply'd, Since first you rose in Arms,
 And broke the solemn Peace by fraudulent Charms:
 Too well I knew, alas, that it was you,
 In vain you have deceiv'd me then and now,
 What God inspir'd or sent you from the Sky,
 To labour thus to see your Brother die?
 What can I hope? what Help can Fortune send?
 These Eyes beheld *Muranus*' fatal End,
 I heard him call me, (Oh my best lov'd Friend!)
 Thus fell that Hero by a mighty Wound,
 And thus untimely Fate brave *Vfens* found;

He

He would not live to see us run away,
His Arms and Body now the *Trojans* Prey ; 720
There's nothing wanting to complete my Shame,
But that I stand to see the City Flame.
This Hand shall give base *Drancers'* Tongue the Lie,
Shall *Turnus* run, and *Latins* see him fly ?
Is it so hard to die? Infernal Pow'rs! 725
(Since those above declare themselves not ours)
Receive my Soul both free from Stain and Blame,
Worthy the Royal Race from whence it came.

Scarce had he said, *Sages* came on apace,
(A bloody Arrow sticking in his Face.) 730
Through *Trojan* Troops he flew with eager speed,
Imploring *Turnus* on his foaming Steed.
Pity your Friends, whose Hope's in you alone.
Thund'ring in Arms *Aeneas* rushes on,
Threatning th' *Italian* Tow'rs to overturn. 735
Consuming Flames our lofty Houses burn,
The *Latins* set their Eyes and Hearts on you,
Latinus is in doubt what he shall do,
Which of the two his Son-in-law to make,
And unresolv'd appears what side to take ; 740
Besides, the Queen's no more, your faithful Friend,
With her own Hand contriv'd her fatal End.
Messapus and *Atinas* now oppose,
Before the Gates, thick Squadrons of the Foes :
A Harvest stiff with Spears and pointed Steel, 745
Whilst you in empty Fields at random wheel.

Amaz'd he stood, drown'd in a Sea of Thought,
 Silent he look'd, then Love to Madness wrought;
 And Grief with Fury mix'd, which Shame brought
 forth,
 Boil'd in his Breast, inflam'd by conscious Worth. 750
 Soon as these stormy Clouds of Passion pass'd,
 He fiery Glances to the Bulwarks cast;
 High from his Chariot he beheld the Town,
 Saw raging Flames amongst the Buildings thrown,
 Which whirling round flew upward to the Sky, 755
 And seiz'd a lofty Turret in their way:
 This Tow'r with Beams and Planks Prince Turnus made
 With Wheels below, on which he Bridges laid.
 ' Dear Sister, hold; the Fates o'ercome, I go
 ' The way the Gods and cruel Fortune shew; 760
 To Fight *Aeneas* I resolve and dare
 Meet Death it self, and brave both it and Fear:
 You shall no more behold your Brother fly,
 Sister, forgive this Fury e'er I die.
 He leap'd upon the Ground when he had said, 765
 And through the Foes and Jav'lin's Passage made,
 Leaving his Sister sorrowful behind,
 And pierc'd through strongest Squadrons fleet as Wind.
 As when a Rock from some high Mountain torn,
 Push'd by the Wind, or by a Torrent born, 770
 Or by devouring Time loos'd from its Roots,
 Down, down the Steep with Violence it shoots;
 Bound-

Bounding aloft from Crag to Crag it's thrown,
Bears with it Men, and Trees, and Cattel down.

Thus *Turnus* to the Wall through Slaughter flies, 775
Blood stains the Ground, while Darts fly through
the Skies,

First with his Hand makes Signs, and then he cries.

Rutulians, hold, the Fortune of the Day,

Howe'er it proves, is mine. Brave *Latians* stay,

'Tis just I fight alone, and if I fall, 780

My Death shall make Atonement for you all.

All quit the Field, a spacious List appears.

When *Turnus* Name had reach'd *Æneas*' Ears,

He left the Gates and Bulwarks of the Town,

Hating Delay, leaves all things else undone, 785

Foresees Success of the important Day,

In Arms he stood all Terrible and Gay:

' Like *Erex* or Mount *Athos*, or the Head

Of *Apennine*, which leafy Oaks o'erthade,

And proudly mounts aloft his ancient Brow 790

Above the Clouds, white with eternal Snow.

Equal in hopes to gain the noble Prize,

The *Rutuli* and *Trojans* turn their Eyes;

As by consent Arms are laid down by all,

By those attack and those defend the Wall. 795

Latinus stood amaz'd, when he beheld

Hero's determin'd for the bloody Field,

And by the Sword the Quarrel to decide,

Both born in Countries which vast Seas divide.

The

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The Lifts set wide, the Combatants appear, 800
 At distance throw their Spears in full Career.
 Next with their Swords to the fierce Shock they came,
 Blows ring on Helmets, whilst their Shields dart Flame :
 No Stroke in vain, Valour and Fortune meet,
 The tramp'd Ground resounds beneath their Feet. 805
 ' As when two Bulls on Mount *Taburnus*' Height,
 Or in great *Sila*'s Woods engage in Fight,
 And with bent Foreheads charge, stunn'd and a-
 fraid,
 Their Keepers fly, the Drove's with Doubt dif-
 may'd,
 Who shall command, or who the Herd shall lead; 810
 With eager Force they push, each other tear,
 While wrenching Horns their Necks with Blood besmear;
 Each eager to o'ercome they roar aloud,
 Their Bellowings resound through all the Wood.
Aeneas thus encounters *Daunus*' Heir, 815
 The clanking of their Arms sounds through the Air.
Jove sets the Beam for both, Fate fills the Scales,
 This sinks, he dies; that mounts, and he prevails.
Turnus to end the War, himself erects,
 And his whole Strength into one Blow collects. 820
 The *Trojans* on the bold *Rutulians* gaz'd,
 Hope frights the first, and Fear the last amaz'd.
 The treach'rous Sword betray'd brave *Turnus*' Stroke,
 Fell from his thund'ring Arm, in pieces broke;

' No

' No Safety but in Flight, like Wind he flies, 825
 ' When now disarm'd an unknown Hilt he spies.
 'Tis said, when *Turnus* first to Fight drew out,
 Hurry'd with Haste in the disorder'd Rout ;
 He for his Father's seiz'd *Metiscus*' Blade,
 Which was sufficient while the *Trojans* fled ; 830
 But 'gainst *Vulcanian* Armour could not stand ;
 The Sword gave way, made by a mortal Hand,
 Like brittle Ice fell shining on the Sand. }
Turnus surpriz'd, ran swiftly o'er the Field,
 Now here, now there, in various Turnings wheel'd. 835
 The *Trojan* Troops inviron all around,
 His Flight here Fenns, there lofty Bulwarks bound.
 Yet brave *Aeneas* still pursues his Foe,
 Though by the Arrows Wound become more slow ;
 And staggering on his feeble Limbs he reels, 840
 Yet closely follows *Turnus* at the Heels.
 As in a River when a Stag is found,
 Inclos'd with crimson Toils, the deep mouth'd Hound,
 Op'ning aloud, runs swiftly to invade
 The Stag, of circling Banks and Snares afraid, 845
 ' He turns a thousand Windings to and fro,
 ' Striving in vain to shun the *Umbrian* Foe,
 Who presseth hard ; now holds, and thinks to tear
 With sounding Jaws, but bites the empty Air.
 Great Clamours rise, which echo from the Shore 850
 And neighb'ring Lakes, Heaven thunders with the roar.

Thus

Thus *Turnus* flies, and the *Rutulians* blames,
Demands his trusty Sword, and calls them by their
Names.

Aeneas vows to kill the Man who dare
Go to his Aid; Extremities of War 855
'Gainst the *Rutulian* Name, and swears to lay
Their Town in Ashes if they dare obey.
The frighten'd Foe, tho' wounded, still push'd on,
Twice five times round the list'd Field they run
To and again, for no mean Prize contend, 860
Since *Turnus* Blood the fatal Strife must end.

Amidst the Plain a bitter Olive stood
Sacred to *Faunus* the *Laurentine* God;
Where Mariners of old were wont to pay
Their grateful Vows for Dangers 'scap'd at Sea. 865
To make the spacious Field for Fight more free,
The heedless *Trojans* cut the sacred Tree.
Here stuck *Aeneas*' Spear, through Haste or Chance,
Fast in the Root remain'd the trembling Lance.

Aeneas strove to pull it at a Stretch, 870
To wound at distance whom he could not reach.
Turnus amaz'd with Fear, to *Faunus* pray'd,
If I due Honours to your Altars pay'd,
Which now the *Trojans* impious Arms prophane,
Assist, kind Mother Earth, the Spear detain. 875
His Pray'rs were heard, the Spear cleaves to the Root,
Aeneas wanted Strength to pull it out:

But

‘ But while he strives, and tugs, and moils in vain,
 ‘ *Juturna* takes *Metiscus*’ Shape again,
 To aid her Brother, and his Sword restore. 880
 The Queen of Love with Indignation bore
 The bold Attempt, relieves the Captive Lance.
 Thus arm’d, both Hero’s to the Charge advance;
 Fresh Courage cheers their Hearts, the Sword and Spear
 Their Spirits raise, they for fresh Fight prepare. 885

‘ Mean while Almighty *Jove* to *Juno* spoke,
 ‘ As she from shining Clouds beheld the Shoek.
Saturnia, shall our Jarrings never cease?
 What now remains you know, and you confess,
 The brave *Aeneas* is design’d to be, 890

A God by Fates immutable Decree.
 What new Design to linger in a Cloud,
 In humid Air? Why wound a Demy-God
 By mortal Hands! Why *Turnus*’ Sword restore!
 ‘ Why aid the Conquer’d ’gainst the Conqueror? } 895
 What could *Juturna* do without your Pow’r?
 At last forbear, let my Desires prevail,
 From me no more your anxious Care conceal;
 You’ve push’d it to the last, nor can you more
 The *Trojans* tols at Sea, nor vex a-shore, 900

Or fright *Latinus*’ House with bloody War,
 Or *Hymen*’s Rites confound with anxious Care.
 ‘ Now I command you hold. The Thunderer said.
 ‘ *Juno* with Eyes cast down this Answer made.

Because

Because I understood your dread Command, 905
 I quitted *Turnus* and th' *Ansonian* Land
 Against my Will; else why should I alone
 In airy Clouds my Care and Grief bemoan?
 Circl'd with Fire I would to Battel go,
 And push the hated *Trojans* 'gainst the Foe. 910
Juturna I advis'd (with Pity mov'd)
 To help her Brother, the bold Deed approv'd;
 But not to draw a Bow or throw a Spear,
 By the infernal Source of *Stryx* I swear,
 (The only Oath that can a Goddess bind.) 915
 But now I yield, War's loathsome to my Mind.
 I beg a Grace which Fate can ne'er withstand,
 For Glory of your own *Italian* Land.
 When *Hymen's* Rites the happy Pair have join'd,
 Both Nations Laws in lasting Peace combin'd: 920
 (May it prove lucky, since it must be so)
 Let not the *Latins* their own Name forego,
 Nor *Trojans* call, but let them still retain
 Both Speech and Cloaths, let *Alban* Monarchs reign;
 By native Virtue guard the Pow'r of *Rome*, 925
 And raise her Glory for all Times to come.
 Since *Troy's* no more, her Tow'rs in Ashes lie,
 Pray let the Name I hate for ever die.
 To her the Thunderer with a Smile reply'd;
 Can *Saturn's* other Child, my Royal Bride, 930
 Such Storms of Anger in her Breast contain?
 Give vent to Rage, which you foment in vain.

You have your Wish, I yield the *Latins* may
 Their Tongue retain, and their own Countrey way ;
 Mix'd with the *Trojans*, they shall keep their Name, 935
 Nor *Trojans* mind the Race from whence they came :

I shall to both give Laws and Rites divine,
 They shall in Speech as in Religion join ;
 Their Off-spring shall in Piety excel,
 All who on Earth or in the Heav'ns shall dwell, } 940
 Nor any Nation honour you so well.

" *Juno* consents, well pleas'd that her Desires

" Had found success; and from the Cloud retires.

Now other Thoughts the Thunderer's Mind invade,
 To drive *Juturna* from her Brother's Aid : 945
 Three Furies born in Hell to Night, and Earth
 Their gloomy Mother, at one dismal Birth,
 In Heav'n nam'd *Dire* by their Mother's Care,
 All arm'd with Snakes and Wings of fleeting Air ;
 Before *Jove's* angry Throne, stand ready still, 950
 To fright Mankind and execute his Will :
 They kindle War, spread Plagues, Diseases, Fate,
 And punish Cities who deserve Heav'ns Hate.
Jove from the Sky, sends one by rapid Flight
 T' amaze *Juturna* with her Ghastly Sight : 955

Wrapt in a Whirlwind down to Earth she flew,
 ' Swift as an Arrow from a *Parthian* Bow,
 Or poison'd Jav'lins which *Cydonians* fling,
 Unseen, unknown, through fleeting Air they ring.

Thus to the Earth the Child of Darkneſs flew, 960

' Soon as ſhe had both Armies in her view :

Into the leſſer Owl the Fury turns,

Which haunts 'mongſt ruin'd Buildings, Tombs, and Urns;

Alone by Night ſhe ſits, and mourning cries,

' The Fury thus transform'd round *Turnus* flies ; 965

Shrieking aloud, her Wings flap on his Shield,

Quick Horror froze his Blood ; with Terror chill'd,

His Hair ſtood up, Amazement choak'd his Voice :

Soon as *Juturna* heard the dreadful Noiſe

Of the dire Fury's Wings, through deep Deſpair 970

' She beat her Breſt, and tore her Face and Hair :

Turnus, ſhe cries, what can a Siſter do

To ſave your Life ? What now remains but Woe ?

How can I 'gainſt the horrid Monster go ?

" Now, now I quit the Field, forbear to fright 975

' My anxious Soul, thou filthy Bird of Night,

The flutt'ring of your Wings I underſtand,

The diſmal Sound is ſent by *Jove's* Command.

O mighty *Jove*, why do you Life Immortal give,

For Virgin Honour ? Why a Wretch deprive 980

The Happineſs to die, and end my Woe,

And go with *Turnus* to the Shades below ?

Thus ſaid, ſhe ſigh'd, then with an azure Shroud

She veil'd her Head, and div'd into the Flood.

Now ſtern *Aeneas* ſhook his mighty Spear, 985

And thus to *Turnus* ſaid, Delays proceed from Fear ;

We

We vie not now in Speed, but force of Arms,
Then change your Shape into a thousand Forms,
And all your Skill and all your Valour try,
Sink down to Hell, or mount the azure Sky. 990
Then *Turnus* shook his Head, and with Disdain
Reply'd: Proud Foe, your threatening Words are vain,
'Gainst me great *Jove* and cruel Fates declare,
None but immortal Gods can cause me fear.
He said no more, but having in his Eye 995
' An antique Stone, which did a Land-mark lie,
To ev'ry Man's Possession set a Bound,
To clear Disputes about the neighb'ring Ground.
Twelve of the strongest living in our Days,
Have scarce the Strength so vast a Stone to raise: 1000
With trembling Hands he heav'd it up to throw.
And run with mighty Force against the Foe;
Yet so disorder'd, that he hardly knew
He rais'd the Stone, or at *Æneas* threw:
On bending Knees, he stagger'd as he trod, 1005
' And Terror, cold as Death, congeal'd his Blood.
The Rock flung through the empty Air fell short,
Nor hit the Foe, nor answer'd his Effort.
As when asleep in Dreams we think we run,
Yet fainting fall before the Race begun: 1010
In vain we strive, in vain we think we cry,
Strength fails our Limbs, nor Tongue can Voice supply.
Whatever way by Valour *Turnus* tries
To shun his Fate, that way the Fury flies,

“ A thousand Thoughts his troubl'd Soul confound, 1013
 He view'd the Town, and all his Troops around :
 Through fear he paus'd, he dreads the threatening Liance,
 Knows neither how to shun it nor advance ;
 He sees no Chariot, nor his Sister there.

Aeneas while he lingers aims his Spear ; 1020
 Watching his time with all his Might he threw,
 Ne'er Stone from batt'ring Engine swifter flew,
 Nor Thunder breaks the Clouds with smarter Sound,
 Nor Whirlwind rusheth faster to the Ground.

Wing'd with Destruction thus the Jav'lin flew, 1025
 The sevenfold Shield, and Coat of Mail pass'd through,
 Transpiercing *Turnus*' Thigh ; struck with the Wound,
 The Prince on faltering Knees fell on the Ground.

His Soldiers murmur with a doleful Voice,
 The neighb'ring Hills and Woods resound the Noise. 1030
 His prostrate Looks he rais'd, his Hands held out :

I have what I deserve, no more Dispute,
 Use Fortune as you please ; yet if the Smart
 Of a kind Father's Grief can touch your Heart,
 For such a one you had, then pity mine, 1035
 And spare my Life : But if you more incline

To be reveng'd, my lifeless Corps bestow
 Upon my Friends, for you have conquer'd now.

The *Latins* see me fall and ask my Life,
 Hate me no more, *Lavinia*'s now your Wife. 1040

Aeneas fierce in Arms a piercing view
 To *Turnus* cast, his conqu'ring Arm withdrew :

He

He melts with Pity more and more, then spy'd
 Poor *Pallas*' Belt to *Turnus*' Shoulder ty'd,
 Shining with Studs of Gold. He knew too well 1045
 That *Turnus* gain'd this Prize when *Pallas* fell
 By his relentless Hand. This Sight renew'd
 His former Grief, this Trophy fir'd his Blood:
 In Rage he cry'd, while *Pallas*' Spoils I see,
 Hop'st thou to triumph twice o'er him and me? 1050
 Thus Vengeance *Pallas* pays, this Wound shall send
 Thy Ghost a Victim to my slaughter'd Friend.
 This said, on swift Revenge the Hero bent,
 His deadly Steel through *Turnus*' Bosom sent;
 Cold Death in haste pursues the fatal Blow, 1055
 His Soul fled murm'ring to the Shades below.

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